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FOREIGN STANDARD LITERATURE.

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VOL. VII.

CONTAINING

GERMAN LITERATURE,

FROM THE GERMAN

OF

WOLFGANG MENZEL.

BOSTON:

HILLIARD, GRAY, AND COMPANY.

M.DCCC.XL.

As wine and oil are imported to us from abroad, so must ripe understanding, and many civil virtues, be imported into our minds from foreign writings; — we shall else miscarry still, and come short in the attempts of any great enterprise.

MILTON, *History of Britain, Book III.*

GERMAN LITERATURE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

WOLFGANG MENZEL.

BY C. C. FELTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
HILLIARD, GRAY, AND COMPANY.

M.DCCC.XL.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE following brief account of the author of "German Literature" is translated from a recent edition of the "German Conversations-Lexicon."

"Wolfgang Menzel was born on the 21st of June, 1798, at Waldenburg, in Silesia. He was sent first to the *Elizabethanum*, in Breslau, in 1814, and, from 1818, studied philosophy at Jena and Bonn. In 1820, he visited Switzerland, and became head master of the public school at Aarau, but removed to Heidelberg in 1825, and thence, the same year, to Stuttgard, where he formed a connection with Cotta. Elected, in 1833, a member of the legislature from the district of Bahlingen, he joined the party of Schott, Uhland, and Pfizer, instead of placing himself at the head of a middle party — an intention which some persons had charged him

with harboring. He first made himself known to the literary world by his *Streckverse*, published at Heidelberg, 1823, which contain many original views on life and art, and a great deal of poetry and wit; next, by the *Europäischen Blätter*, published at Zurich, 1824, wherein he proclaimed an unsparing war of extermination against the empty forms of poetry and the applauded nullities of German literature; but, at the same time, he placed himself in a hostile attitude towards the worshippers of Goethe, by his attack upon the Goethean school. Next appeared his 'History of the Germans,' three volumes, Zurich, 1827; second edition, one large volume, 1834; adapted to the wants of the public at large, and of the schools. In the preface of this work, he explained his organic view of history, and defended himself with regard to those points where the interior truth of the subject had induced him to depart, to a certain extent, from the mode of treatment adopted by his predecessors. On occasion of the controversies between Voss and Creuzer, he wrote the little work called 'Voss and Symbolism,' Stuttgard, 1825, by which he drew down upon himself the enmity of Voss and his followers. After 1825, he undertook the editorship of the *Literatur-*

blatt, but without permitting his name, at first, to appear. He exposed himself to violent attacks from many quarters by the polemical part of his work on German literature, published at Stuttgard, 1828—a work which gave a brilliant proof of the originality and universality of his intellectual powers. But Menzel steadily pursued the course he had marked out, and, by systematically remoulding the *Literaturblatt*, established for himself a strong position, whence he not only defended his opinions, but became himself an assailant. Menzel has appeared before the public as a poet chiefly with the two tales, *Rübezahl* and *Narcissus*, which are rich in spirit and fancy, and masterly in form. They were published at Stuttgard, 1829, 1830. His 'Tour of Austria' delineates faithfully and strikingly the national character of the Austrians, particularly of the Viennese, as well as the state of literature there. His 'Annual of the most recent History,' published at Stuttgard, 1829–35, extending to five volumes, is also an interesting and valuable work."

Menzel's work on German literature was extremely well received in England, and strongly commended by the most respectable periodical publications there.

He is undoubtedly a writer of extraordinary vigor and clearness; and his style occasionally rises to eloquence. His moral and religious feelings are high and pure, his critical perceptions are keen, and his power of illustrating his ideas by the ornaments of fancy, and from a wide range of literary and scientific acquisitions, is almost unrivalled. One English critic compares him to Burke; and one of his own countrymen said of him that he wrote like an Englishman.

But, it must be confessed, there are some drawbacks to the praises with which his works have been received. His style, though frequently brilliant and beautiful, is often careless. He sometimes descends even to coarseness and vulgarity. At times he waxes mystical and obscure, to prove that he, too, is a German. Some of his sentences are imperfect, others are awkwardly or inaccurately constructed, and others again are tangled into a perfect snarl. To illustrate this last fact, it is worth while to quote a single example. Speaking of the attempts of certain theologians to clip down the Bible to their systems, he says, "Es liegt sogar, wenn man will, etwas Rührendes in der lebenslänglichen Mühe, den ungeheuern, in der

tiefsten Wurzeln ruhenden, himmelanstrebenden, mit tausend Schlingpflanzen, Ranken und üppigen Blumen durchflochtenen Urwald der Bibel durch exegetisches Ausrotten, Ausjäten und Beschneiden endlich in das kahlmäusige, mit ein Paar nach Französischer Gartenkunst mathemathisch zugeschnittenen Taxushecken durchkreuzte, und von einem kleinen philosophischen Springbrünlein mässig belebte Vernunftsystem eines Halbkantianers oder Halbhegelianers umzuarbeiten." That is a sentence compared with which the Cretan labyrinth was a mere joke.

Thus he falls, at times, into the same faults, both of style and sentiment, which he censures with so much severity in his countrymen. It shows how impossible it is to hide or escape the peculiarities of national character, and to cast off the moral and intellectual influences that surround us like the invisible air. No author of any decided character can write half a page without betraying the country where he was born. Of all German writers, Goethe is commonly thought to have had the most remarkable power of throwing himself into the characters of other times and persons; and yet the shortest passage of his most classical pieces — of the *Iphigenia* or

Torquato Tasso — will have somethin
the "manysided man" was, after all,
man, and that the German spirit br
every line of his poetry. Retsch's
of Shakspeare's Plays" are spirited,
poetical; they are among the most st
tions to which the genius of the Br
given rise; yet the least instructed eye
come from a sphere of thought far a
world of Shakspeare, — from another na
ter, — from a thoroughly Teutonic imagin
tremère de Quincy has applied the m
erudition, the minutest researches, an
unwearied toil, to his restoration of th
Jupiter. The design is magnificent, th
noble, the details learned; but there s
an idealized Frenchman, a Gallic Jupi
no means the Olympian Thunderer of P.

It must be confessed, also, that Menze
ally allows the violence of party feelin
his better judgment, and lead him to the c
of critical injustice. What he says of
be taken with large deductions, partic
wholesale condemnation he passes upon tha

scholar's translations from the ancient classics. Most foreigners will also be surprised at his unrelenting attack on the literary character of Goethe, and his unqualified and enthusiastic apotheosis of Schiller. Some of his opinions upon the moral tendency of Goethe's writings must be admitted to be correct. Some of the poet's heroes are such as Menzel represents them — simply contemptible and feeble voluptuaries. But Menzel has not succeeded in showing that the poet holds these up as models of elevated character, or as personages whom it would be desirable for any body to imitate. It is true, also, that some of Goethe's works are worthless and impure, and that the beauty of delineation, which adorns the story of the "Elective Affinities," does not afford the least excuse for its licentiousness. It cannot be denied that many passages of his other writings are of exceedingly loose morality. Now, upon all these offences, let the moral judgment of mankind pass its most indignant sentence of condemnation. They are utterly without excuse; and it is trifling with the great distinction between right and wrong, — it is tampering with the most sacred of human feelings, — it is paltering with the meaning of terms which express the moral convictions and common sense of mankind, — to set up

any apology or palliation for them. Their odious character can be softened down by no "æsthetic" disguises; their essential baseness can be cloaked by no outward garb of poetic beauty. They are disgusting and infamous; let them alone.

But there is another side to the picture. We must bear in mind that many of his poems are wholly free from moral objections, and breathe the purest spirit of art. We must remember that by far the greater part of his long life was filled up with poetical creations and scientific pursuits. Scarcely a department of human inquiry that was not subjected to his curious, searching gaze. From the minutest facts of natural science up to the broadest and most magnificent views of the universe, his versatile genius freely and boldly ranged. The example he set of devotion to all the interests of civilization, — of an industry that never tired, — of a watchfulness that never slumbered, — in the regions of art, and poetry, and science, — ought to be received as some compensation for the indifference he is accused of having shown towards what are called the great political interests of the world; for it may well be a question to the reflecting man, whether he cannot minister more

successfully to the happiness of the race by recalling their thoughts to the humanizing influence of letters and art, than by plunging headlong into every political controversy which agitates his age. We are too apt to forget that the life of man has higher aims than the common objects of party warfare. Most of the questions that stir up our passions so violently at the moment will vanish like passing storms; but the works of the artist and the poet, wrought by him in the undisturbed serenity of his genius, shine on forever, like the everlasting stars, when those storms have swept away. A century hence, and who will speak of the petty political controversies of the present day, and the petty actors who have carried them on? And who will not speak of Goethe, Scott, Wordsworth, and Southey?

But this is not the place to enter upon the discussion of Goethe's merits or demerits. A few hints only have been thrown out, by way of qualifying the severity of Menzel's judgment. American readers stand towards European authors somewhat in the relation of posterity. Remote from the literary controversies of the Old World, they study the great works of European genius with almost the same feelings of veneration and love which fill their souls

when they read the ancient classics. To many such, the attack of Menzel will seem harsh and exaggerated. The works of Goethe, so far as they are known here, have been received by American students with almost unmingled approbation. But there have been a few striking exceptions to this remark. An able paper was published some years since by the editors of the "Select Journal," wherein a most decided stand was taken against the influence of Goethe's character and works; and an eloquent attack upon Goethe, from a political point of view, lately appeared in the "Christian Examiner." These are believed to be the only important voices that have refused to join the general chorus of praise. Perhaps the thorough-going critical protest of Menzel, added to the two papers just referred to, may suggest views which will lead to a final opinion, wherein justice will be done to every part of the "manysided" character of the most distinguished man of his age.

If the object were, at this time, to offer a criticism upon Menzel, there are many other points that would be deemed worthy of consideration. Some of his views upon theology and philosophy need to be qualified. Many of his remarks upon particular works belonging to these departments of thought are too

sweeping; many of his critical judgments cannot fail to be reversed by posterity. His sarcasms, for example, on De Wette's "Theodor," will not be sanctioned by any impartial and judicious reader. But, when every possible deduction required by even-handed justice has been made, the work must be pronounced worthy to hold a high place in German critical literature, and to secure its author a rank among the most brilliant writers of the nineteenth century.

The translator takes this occasion to acknowledge the obligations he is under to his friends, Professor Beck and Professor Longfellow, for their ever-ready kindness in helping him over the difficulties of his undertaking. There are hundreds of expressions used by Menzel, so idiomatic, local, or peculiar, that one who has learned the German language only from books finds it hardly possible to catch their precise import. In all such cases, the accurate knowledge and active kindness of his friends have proved the translator's unfailing resource.

Cambridge, *May* 2, 1840.

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MENZEL.

MENZEL.

QUANTITY OF THE LITERATURE.

THE Germans do little, but they write so much the more. If a denizen of the coming centuries ever turns his eye back to the present point of time in German history, he will meet with more books than men. He will be able to stride through years as through repositories. He will say we have slept, and dreamed in books. We have become a nation of scribes, and might place a goose on our escutcheon, instead of the double-headed eagle. The pen governs and serves, works and pays, fights and feeds, prospers and punishes. We leave to the Italians their heaven, to the Spaniards their saints, to the French their deeds, to the English their bags of money, and sit down to our books. The contemplative German people love to think and poetize, and they have always time enough for writing. They have even invented the art of printing, and now they toil away indefatigably at the great engine. The learning of the schools, the passion for what is foreign, fashion, lastly, the profits of the book-trade, have done the rest; and so an immeasur-

able mass of books is built up around us, which increases every day; and we are astonished at this amazing apparition, this new wonder of the world, the Cyclopean walls, of which the mind is laying the foundation. Upon a moderate computation, there are printed, every year, in Germany, ten millions of volumes. As every half-yearly fair-catalogue gives us the names of a thousand German writers, we must admit that at the present moment there are living in Germany towards fifty thousand men who have each written one book or more. If their number goes on in the same progression as heretofore, we shall have it in our power to make a registry of ancient and modern German authors, which will contain a larger number of names than a registry of all the living readers.

The operation of this literary activity stares us directly in the face. To which side soever we turn, we behold books and readers. Even the smallest town has its reading-room, and the poorest gentleman (*Honoratior*) his manual library. Whatever we may have in one hand, we are sure to have a book in the other. Every thing, from government down to children's cradles, has become a science, and must needs be studied. Literature is turned into a general apothecary's shop for the empire; and although the empire grows the more ill the more medicine it takes, yet the doses are not diminished, but increased. Books help to every thing. What one is ignorant of, is to be found in a book. The physician writes his receipt, the judge his sentence, the preacher his sermon, the teacher, as well as the scholar, his task from books. We govern, cure, trade, and travel, boil and roast, according to

books. Dear youth would be lost indeed without books. A child and a book are things which always occur to us together.

Much writing (*Vielschreiberei*) is a universal disease of the Germans, which prevails even beyond literature, and in the bureaucracy chains a considerable part of the population to the desk. Writers whithersoever we look! And these writers only contribute by what they consume to make more beggars in the land, so that the paper-maker may suffer no lack of rags. Let us consider, however, the sedentary life, to which so many thousands are offered up in sacrifice. Had it not become the object of public ridicule, before Tissot devoted to it his humane compassion and medical advice? Is not the noble but quill-wasted Gellert, on the horse presented him by Frederick, in jest, the everlasting archetype of those poor galley-slaves chained to the desk, an image incomparably less agreeable than that of a Grecian philosopher, who, under the shade of palm-trees and laurels, thinks and talks more than he writes?

There is nothing of any interest whatever which has not been written about in Germany. Is any thing done, the most important consequence is, that somebody writes about it; nay, many things appear to be done for no other reason in the world than to be written about. Most things, however, are only written about in Germany, and not done at all. Our activity is eminently in writing. This were no misfortune, where the wise man who writes a book, does no less, but often more, than the general who gains a victory. But when ten thousand fools take it into their heads

to write books, the case is as bad as when all the common soldiers choose to be generals.

We receive into ourselves all earlier culture only to enshroud it again in paper. We pay for the books which we read, with those which we write. There are hundreds of thousands who learn only for the purpose of teaching again; whose whole existence is riveted to books; who go from the school-bench to the professor's chair, without once looking abroad into the green world. They apply also the same torture to others that they have endured themselves; priests of corruption dried up among mummies, they propagate the old poison, as the vestal virgins kept alive the sacred fire.

Every new genius seems to have been born only to rush immediately to paper. We have scarcely a larger body of peasants than of scribblers. The path of fame, which has been made somewhat tedious in Germany for the hero and statesman, and is all strown with thorns for the artist, stands invitingly open only for the writer. It is as common for an intellectual man to be an author in Germany, as to be a statesman in France or England. If he cannot deal with affairs, at least he writes.

Thus rival each other — the good and bad, the known and the unknown — in swelling this literary deluge. When this flood first began to operate, it was said, in an old popular song,

"Papiers Natur ist Rauschen,
Und rauschen kann es viel;
Leicht kann man es belauschen,
Denn es stets rauschen will.

"Es rauscht an allen Orten,
Wo sein ein Bitzlein ist;
Also auch die Gelehrten
Rauschen ohn alle List.

"Aus Lumpen thut man machen
Des edlen Schreibers Zeug,
Es möcht wohl jemand lachen,
Fürwahr ich dir nicht leug.

"Alt Hadern, rein gewaschen,
Dazu man brauchen thut,
Hebt manchen aus der Aschen
Der sonst litt gross Armuth.

"Die Feder hintern Ohren,
Zum Schreiben zugespitzt,
Thut manchen heimlich zoren;
Woran der Schreiber sitzt.

"Vor andern Knaben allen,
Weil man ihn Schreiber heisst,
Thut Fursten wohlgefallen,
Die lieben ihn allmeist.

"Den Schreiber man wohl nennet
Ein edlen theuren Schatz;
Wiewohl man's ihm nich gönnet,
Dennoch hält er den Platz.

"Vorm Schreiber muss sich biegen
Oft mancher stolze Held,
Und in den Winkel schmiegen,
Obs ihm gleich nicht gefällt."

'Tis paper's way to rustle,
And it can rustle well;
'Tis spied withouten puzzle,
Sith aye it rustle will.

In every place 'twill rustle,
  Where there's a little bit;
So, too, the learned bustle
  Withouten all deceit.

Of tatters they do maken
  The noble writer's stuff;
Thereat one well mote laughen,
  I do not lie, forsooth.

Old rags, all cleanly washen,
  That folk do use therefor,
Lift many out of ashen
  Who erst had needés sore.

The quill behind the earés,
  All pointed for to write,
Moche hidden wrath ystirrés;
  In front the scribe doth sit.

Before all other wightés,
  Sith him a scribe they call,
The princes he delightés,
  They love him most of all.

Full well the scribe they name
  A treasure of great cost;
Though folk begrudge the same,
  Natheless he keeps his post.

Before the scribe must bow
  Oft many a warrior grim,
And to the corner go
  Though it displeasure him.[1]

[[1] The poem quoted in the text, is an old piece of popular doggerel, on the dignity of writers—"*Würde der Schreiber.*" It is printed in *des Knaben Wunderhorn*, Vol. II. pp. 7, 8. The last two lines of the fifth stanza, in that work, present a different reading from that of Menzel. They are

"Thut manchen heimlich *zornen;*
Voran der Schreiber sitzt."

The reader will of course perceive that an attempt is made in the

From of old, two ages of opposite characters have alternated with each other. Either art and science suffered under the pressure of barbarism, or public life slumbered amidst the effeminate delights of the muse. The heroic and literary ages stand in inverted relations. After the terrible storms of the Reformation had passed over, we exchanged the sword for the pen, and devoted ourselves, in the long repose of peace, to the arts of peace. But this repose was, from the beginning, only the repose of slumber; and those arts served, in some part, merely to increase the slumber. A happy equilibrium between practical and contemplative activity was so far from being introduced, that, on the contrary, meditative subtilty and bookish dreams, the rioting of fantasy and an unreal idealization, now prevailed as exclusively as they had formerly been repressed by the external barbarism of life. If ever, in the ecclesiastical, or political, or moral kingdom, an idea happened to pass over into practical life, it was speedily marched back at the point of spears and poles into the dream-world of authors, and external as well as internal policy took especial care that we remained dreamers. We had always the *circenses*,[1] if not the *panem*, and perhaps the world of reality might have called upon us still more loudly without waking us up from our world of books. For we loved the prison which we had ourselves painted with such beautiful colors.

translation to preserve, in some measure, the character of the original; but to do this perfectly would require the united powers of Sternhold and Hopkins. — TRANSL.]

[1] [An allusion to the clamor of the Roman populace, under the emperors, for *panem et circenses*, bread and the games of the circus. — TRANSL.]

Whether a hostile deity close our eyelids, and enchain us, like Prometheus, in an iron sleep, as a punishment for having formed men, and the prophetic dreams be the last remains of activity which even a god cannot deprive us of; or we ourselves, from our own inclination, from an impulse like that implanted by nature in the caterpillar, weave the dark web around us to fold up the beautiful wings of Psyche in mysterious creative night; if we are forced, in the absence of action, to console ourselves with dreams; or if an indwelling genius bears us onward, beyond the limits of the noblest activity, into still higher regions of ideality,—we must still acknowledge in that luxuriant literature, in that wondrous paper world, a high significance, for the character of the nation and of the present age.

But where books only are conspicuous in the place of deeds; where faith is gone astray, the will unbent, power unstrung, inactivity palliated, time killed with letters; where the mighty memories and hopes of the people find only dead paper instead of living hearts,—there we shall have to recognize the dark side of literature. Wherever it puts a check upon fresh life, and crowds itself into its place, there it is essentially negative and hostile.

But there are words which are themselves deeds. All the recollections and ideals of life knit themselves to that second world of knowledge and poetry, which is born, purified, and transfigured, of the everlasting action of the mind. And in this world, we Germans are preëminently at home. Nature gave us a surpassing thoughtfulness, a predominating inclination to

descend into the depths of our own spirit, and to unlock its immeasurable riches. While we give ourselves up to this national propensity, we manifest the true greatness of our national peculiarity, and fulfil the law of nature, that destiny to which we, before all other people, are called. Literature, however, the copy of that spiritual life, will, for this very reason, show here its bright, sunny side. Here it works positively, creatively, happily. The light of the ideas which have gone out from Germany will enlighten the world.

Only let us guard against the error of estimating at a higher value the veil which the spirit is obliged to put on to make itself manifest, — the word which receives into itself the spirit, but at the same time buries it there, — than the everlasting and living fountain of the spirit itself. The word, the dead, unchanging word, is only the garment of the spirit, thrown aside on some sunny day, like the variegated skin which the old, and still ever young, world-serpent leaves behind him with every change. But we too often exchange the living spirit for the dead word. There is no error more common than to value a word, especially a printed one, higher than free thought, and to value books higher than men. Then the living fountain is choked up by the quantity of water which tumbles back into it. The spirit falls asleep among the very books which owe their existence to its power alone. We learn words by heart, and feel ourselves set beyond the trouble even of thinking. Nothing is so injurious to one's own intellectual efforts as the facility of living upon the gains of another; and the sloth and ignorance of mankind are shored up by nothing so much

[illegible] the freedom also
[illegible] easier way of making
[illegible] free men, than by making
[illegible] a matter of doubt to
[illegible] discovery of the art of
[illegible] special benefit to the human
[illegible] inappropriate to quote here
[illegible] that amiable philosopher. "I
[illegible] Naucratis, in Egypt, there was one
[illegible] of the place, to whom the bird
[illegible] consecrated; the name of the deity
[illegible] was Theuth; that he was the first to
[illegible] and reckoning, geometry, and astrono-
[illegible] of draughts and dice, and moreover
[illegible] Thamus reigned over the whole of Egypt,
[illegible] of the upper country, which the
[illegible] Egyptian Thebes, and the god himself,
[illegible] Theuth came to him, and showed him
[illegible] and that they ought to be imparted to
[illegible] He inquired of what use each
[illegible] Theuth related, he censured whatever
[illegible] ill said, and applauded whatever was
[illegible] it is said that Thamus proved to Theuth
[illegible] for and against each art, which it would
[illegible] at present to narrate. When, however, he
[illegible] upon letters, Theuth said, 'This art, O king,
[illegible] the Egyptians wise, and give them better
[illegible] for it was invented as a means to mem-
[illegible] and wisdom.' But he replied, 'O most inventive
Theuth, one person may indeed produce that which
[illegible] to the arts, but another must judge of the
[illegible] or harm they will be to those who are about to

make use of them. Thus thou, being the father of letters, hast, through good-will, said just the opposite to that which they are capable of doing. For this invention will create forgetfulness in the souls of those who learn it, by want of exercising the memory; for they will remember outwardly, trusting to writing by means of foreign signs, and not inwardly and of themselves. Thou hast therefore invented a means, not for the memory, but for remembering, and thou bestowest on thy disciples only the appearance of wisdom, and not the truth itself. For, listening much to thee, without instruction, they will appear to know a great deal, but, for the most part, will in reality be ignorant and dull in comprehension, having become seeming-wise, instead of wise.'"

These words should remain in our thoughts through the following discussions, and sound continually in our ears, like a low, warning voice, if we, as too often happens, dazzled by the glories of literature, should therefore become forgetful of life itself. With some reason, therefore, the practical men have been unable to endure books, because they allure the mind away from fresh, active life, into an empty world of appearance. But the genuine thinkers of all times, gifted with a knowledge of the heart, have, with Plato, more profoundly distinguished the letter from the living feeling and thought, and ranked literature, the world of words, not only below the world of deeds, but also below the inner, silent world of the soul.

The word stands infinitely opposed to life, although it proceeds from life alone. It is life grown torpid — its corpse or shadow. It is unchangeable, immovable:

not an iota can be taken from a word, says the poet; it is fastened to the everlasting stars, and the spirit, of which it is born, has no longer a part therein. The word has duration; life has change: the word is finished; life is forming.

Therefore a life given up to books has something altogether dead, mummy-like, Troglodytish. Woe to the spirit that sells itself to a book, that swears upon a word. The very fountain of life is dried up in it. In this death in the midst of life, however, there lies concealed a demon power; it is the Gorgon head, that turns us into stone. Its operations in the history of the world are incalculable: often has a marble word petrified whole centuries; and it was late before a new Prometheus came, and reanimated the torpid generations with living fire.

In life, however, if it but comprehend itself, lies the charm, which is master of the word. If it know not how to guard itself, it falls under the power of the word; if it trust to itself, it has already gained the talisman with which it overcomes the demoniac word. That which every man should do as soon as he takes one book into his hand, we must do while considering the new literature in its whole circuit. We shall go out from life to return constantly back to it; guided by this Ariadne's thread, we hope to find the right way in the labyrinth of literature. While we, in the fresh feeling of life, set ourselves above the dead world of literature, it will open to us all its secrets, without lulling us into the enchanted sleep. The living only can, like Dante, pass through the world of shadows. We shall find there many a German professor, who, in

leaden-colored wrapper, with reverted neck, looks back upon green life, but never comes forth from dim theory; we shall see Sisyphus rolling the philosopher's stone up hill, and Tantalus hungering after the fruit of the tree of knowledge; we shall find all who sought in words that which only life itself affords.

From this free point of view, then, we are first to consider literature in its mutual influence with life, and then as a work of art. It is a product of life, which exerts in its turn a reciprocal influence. It is a mirror of life, polished by life itself: used by it as a medicine or a poison, it cures or kills. In the immense compass of its dead words, it is a wondrous, and, next to life itself, the richest work of art. Although it is difficult to find one's way in the midst of these riches, it is still more difficult to avoid being perfectly dazzled by them. Many see in literature the clearest mirror of life, although it is only the most comprehensive: many regard it as the highest product of life, only because it promises the longest duration. They set the ruins which remain from the wisdom of all above the dwelling-house of their own wisdom, and the image of all actions above their own act. At one time they are too sluggish, and wish only to enjoy the fruits of another's thinking and acting, which, however, constantly flee away from sluggishness, as from Tantalus; and at another, they are afraid that they are no longer able to rival the ancients, and so become sluggish from resignation.

Indeed, literature mirrors life, not only more comprehensively, but more clearly, than any other monument, because no other mode of representation furnishes the

compass and depth of speech. Yet speech has its limits, and life only has none. The abyss of life no book has yet closed up. It is only single chords that are struck in you when you read a book; the infinite harmony which slumbers in your life, as in the life of all, no book has yet entirely caught. Never, therefore, hope to find in those note-books the key to all the tones of life, and bury not yourselves too much in the school-rooms; but rather, willingly and often, let your inward Æolian harp be moved, freely and naturally, gently and stormily, by the fresh breeze of life.

Let literature be only a means of our life, and not the end, to which we would offer it up in sacrifice. It is indeed a glorious thing to mirror and form the present upon the memory of past life, to influence our contemporaries by means of the word, and to transmit to posterity a memorial of our existence, if it deserve a memorial; but let no man yield his spirit captive to the letter.

The earlier races did not recognize the great significance of literature, because they, too much devoted to the enjoyment or the action of the present moment, lost themselves in the reality of the world, rather than sought to behold themselves in its mirror. Later times have gone quite to the opposite extreme, and man steals, as it were, from his present, to transport himself into a foreign world, and is deafened with the wonders which his own curiosity has gathered around him. Then people lived more; now they wish to know life better. Literature has drawn an interest to itself, and attained to an influence which was unknown to earlier times.

The invention of the art of printing has given it a material basis, from which it can unfold its great operations. Since that time, it has become a European power, in part ruling over all, and in part serving all. It has mastered mind by the word, ruled over life by the image of life, but at the same time has furnished an acceptable instrument for every struggle of the age. In her golden book, every one has registered his vote. She is a shield to righteousness and virtue, a temple to wisdom, a paradise to innocency, a cup of delight to love, a Jacob's-ladder to the poet, but also a fierce weapon to party spirit, a plaything for trifling, a stimulant to wantonness, an easy-chair to laziness, a spring-wheel to gossip, a fashion to vanity, a merchandise to the spirit of gain, and has served, like a handmaid, all the great and little, pernicious and useful, noble and mean interests of the time.

Hence, in multiplicity and extent, it has reached such a monstrous growth, that the individual who falls in for the first time with the world of books, finds himself transported to a chaos. Constantly busy in comprehending every thing else, it has not yet comprehended itself. It is a head with many thousand tongues, which are all talking against each other. It is an immense tree, which overshadows the living generation, but the eyes of all its blossoms are looking abroad, and the widely-extended branches are standing apart from each other. Every where we behold sciences and arts which exclude each other, although one soil supports them, one sun ripens them, and their fruits enrich us in common. On all sides we see parties striving to annihilate each other by the same opposition

by which they are themselves mutually generated and upheld. The mind which comes to this literature a stranger, knows not what to make of the abundance, nor how to separate that which falls into subordinate spheres. It contents itself with the little, because it knows not the great; with onesidedness, because it sees not the other side; and further still, as the multiplicity of books increases the difficulty of the survey, the prevailing parties confound judgment itself, and generate, besides ignorance, that frivolous contempt for the unknown, or the half understood, which has in the most recent times reached such a ruinous extent. Finally, the present moment claims its right — novelty, fashion. The stream of literature appears, in its windings, each moment, only like a contracted lake; and to the ordinary reader, the wide world of books closes into a narrow horizon. Every thing is good for every body, but only one thing is good for one, and much only for the moment. Thus our literature furnishes the most variegated chaos of minds, opinions, and styles. It descends from the sunlit summits of genius to the deepest slough of vulgarity. At one time it is sage, even to mystical profundity; at another time, dull or foolish, to doting. Now it is subtile to unintelligibleness, and now rough as the rocks. A just proportion of views, of sentiment, of understanding, and of language, is no where discernible. Every view, every nature, every talent, asserts its rights, regardless of the judge; for there is no law existing, and minds are living in wild anarchy. The wondrous concert of literature is incessantly played upon all instruments and in all tones; and it is im-

possible for him who stands in the midst of the noise to find harmony therein. Still, if one raise himself to a higher point, above the times, he hears the fugues changing every half century, and the discords finding their solution. There is somewhere a place wherein the labyrinthine passages terminate in a beautiful whole. In this multiplicity the secret harmony of an infinite work of art lies concealed, which an æsthetic impulse is ever impelling us to criticise. Sprung from *one* life, this literature is itself a single whole.

In contrast to the luxuriant vegetation of the South, the North produces an immeasurable world of books. *There* nature, *here* the mind of man, delights in an ever changing play of the most wonderful creations. As the botanist endeavors to survey that world of plants, to arrange it in order, and unfold its secret law, the man of letters may try to do the same in the world of books. The want of a general survey has become more urgent, the more our books threaten, on all sides, to tower up over our heads. On this account, periodical literature has been for a long time prepared to control, like an administrative court, the anarchic elements of the writing world; these enumerating, classifying, enrolling, judging bureaux have themselves, however, been seized upon by the anarchy, and irresistibly whirled away into the universal chaos. They might, indeed, like the dogstar, hover freely over the blooming summer; but as they themselves shoot up from the ground, they too are controlled by the wild impulse of vegetation, and only cling, like parasite plants, to the different branches of literature. Yet the deep necessity of discovering, in that immeasurable multiplicity, a regular inward har-

mony can never be set aside. Many have examined pretty comprehensively the surface of literature, but very few have looked down into the substance, into the inmost depth, from which so rich a world could bloom out upon the surface. Every eye sees the world to be round; but how deeply it sees into it, is another matter.

It is one of the greatest misfortunes of our literature that parties have so little concentration. If, in Paris or in London, ten distinguished authors strive in harmony, and with a skilful distribution of materials for a definite object, some hundreds of authors do it in Germany, with proportionally less talent, without harmony, and without taking notice of each other. Though it is very easy, in Paris or London, to survey the field of battle, in Germany it is almost impossible. Every year a thousand theological writings make their appearance. Who can read them all? Their authors themselves are not in a condition to know all their antagonists or supporters. They fight, in a manner, in the dark. The poor village pastor has before him a dozen books and half a dozen college essays, and so he writes a new book, not caring if fifty of his associates may be writing at the same moment just such a miserable work. On occasion of the cholera, there appeared in Germany several hundred works, very few of which indicated that the author took a high and comprehensive view. So also, since the last political excitement, a huge mass of books have been written on administration and constitutions, the greatest part of which only had reference to definite localities and particular moments, to examine which, in order to draw from them useful

results for the whole, is in the highest degree difficult. We Germans have begun to acquire very sound ideas in all branches of politics; but the sum of our political wisdom is scattered, as it were, in the smallest kind of coins, and we have no means of melting them down into one great capital. Even belles-lettres form no exception; for the most zealous novel-reader is unable to cope with the quantity which every fair furnishes for new reading.

This much writing has become in Germany such a mania, that the less chance a new book has of making its way through the huge crowd already existing, the more eager are the good people that every one, even the most insignificant, should be printed. Hence, in the most recent times, the literary sweepings, the collections of letters, and remains, of every far-famed man. Scarce a visiting-card or washing-bill of Matthison, of blessed memory, is permitted to remain unprinted. Of Jean Paul, we know at what precise date he got his first suspenders made; of Voss, what he devoured at every inn, on his short journey; of Schiller, in what equipage he called upon Goethe; and other like matters, with which the many hundreds of biographies, and volumes of letters of this sort, are crammed. And the Protestants and Rationalists are the very persons who have gone most zealously into this modern worship of relics, though they condemn its far nobler prototype among the Catholics.

In some respects, writing much may be necessary and unavoidable. Posterity, indeed, must always content itself with a selection of the best and weightiest from the earlier literature; but yet literature has, in

regard to communication and discussion, a distinct value for the present age. Many an experiment and preparatory labor must be lost before the result can be transmitted to posterity in a few words; and the present age has interests of its own, which it must satisfy, without posterity's needing, in general, to take any notice of them. The Germans, however, as I have already observed, know not how to concentrate discussion, but multiply it to a prodigious extent, and talk all together, without being able to hear each other, at the same time; and, besides, they confound constantly the practical want of the present moment with care for posterity. They not only are thoughtful to say something at the right time, but they address their discourse to posterity likewise; and posterity and the public are identical ideas to them, even where they must necessarily make a distinction. With truly Chinese pains-taking, they are anxious that nothing be withheld from poor posterity; and so they write on every grave-stone immortal words, which the very next shower washes away.

I have often been solicited by learned Frenchmen to furnish them with a clew to the labyrinth of German literature. I imagine to myself the Bramin, who recently arrived in England, approaching the endless German world of books, and asking me, "Is there no book of books, in which one can find all this wisdom together in a nutshell?" "No," I must reply; "since the time when the beasts dwelt together in Noah's ark, they have so innumerably increased, that at present the Linnæuses, and Buffons, and Blumenbachs, and Cuviers, can never complete the task of finding among the individ-

uals, merely the species." See there, worthy Gymnosophist, the Low Dutch cattle-piece of our religious literature, — whole walls, entire halls, full of priestly merchandise, gingerbread for souls; works of confirmation; books of devotion for educated daughters; consecration of the Virgin; Christian women at home; Selithas, Theonas; Witschel's morning and evening sacrifice, hours of devotion, chimes of the bell, &c. Would not the converted Indian, who had come to Europe out of admiration for Lutheranism, say that there was here a great necessity for a Christ to come, and to scourge from the temple, with his lash, the theological milliners and dealers in knick-knacks? I know a corrupter of youth in Germany, who escaped with difficulty an infamous punishment, as but too many of them escape the righteous vengeance of injured humanity, by the usual way of hushing up. In my presence, a young bookseller, who belonged to the class of those who desire to grow suddenly rich, at any price, said to this good-for-nothing fellow, "Write me a book of devotion for ladies." "Agreed," he replied, and in fact they struck a bargain for a book, which, a couple of years ago, was still found in the fair-catalogue. O, had all noble mothers and pure maidens seen these swindlers' faces, they would have cast the holy book into the fire. And have other books of this kind an origin a whit more pure? No, indeed; the hypocrite writes a book, laughs in his sleeve, and pockets the money. From a true priest of the Lord, no such fashionable book of piety proceeds; for genuine fear of God flatters men not, and obtrudes not itself so officiously upon silly women. I would

gladly apply the torch to this heap of theological literature, of which there is scarcely a tenth part that is not ungodly.

Our political literature has improved; but were we to admit that every thing which has been written on politics in different parts of Germany contains wisdom, we should then be objects of pity, for not having ears enough to listen to a wisdom with so many tongues. For a long time our political authors have been suffering from short-sightedness and far-sightedness; and what is not, they see, generally too near, and what is, too far off. The monstrous spectacles through which they see are, besides, cut into eight and thirty fields of vision[1]; and Mr. Alexander Müller and Dr. Zopfl are unable to complete the collection of the materials for the labyrinth of German jurisprudence; and, moreover, even if an author were to construct it completely, no reader, at least, could find his way out. It is a task, even for one who has nothing else to do, to keep himself familiar with the affairs of Saxony and Hanover, or of the Electorate of Hesse and of Baden together. The complaint has often been made, that the German troubles himself so little about affairs of state; but when he sees before him a broad table covered with gazettes, and four long walls lined with books, all of which he must read through, in order merely to fix his position, he cannot be blamed if he look upon all this as very troublesome.

The zeal which has lately been devoted to the im-

[1] [This appears to be an allusion to the number of members in the German confederacy, viz., thirty-four monarchical states, and four free cities. — TRANSL.]

provement of education is certainly very desirable; but I should like to know the pedagogue who has read every thing that has been written on this subject, and is still written in some hundred new books every year in Germany. Where can a new teacher be found, who would not much rather write a new book than read the old ones? It is now almost grown into a settled custom for every one to bring forward a new method, or at least to write a new compendium for his immediate sphere of action. Hence the frightful quantity of books of instruction, which nobody can even look over, and of which there is no selection to be made. Count up the "Natural Histories," and "Geographies," for young scholars, the "German Histories," and particularly the entertaining books for children, which are, throughout, sheer speculations on the purses of the parents. Thus we have obtained a literature for children, which yields but little to the literature for grown up people. My son might have a library of fifteen thousand works, which have been written and printed in Germany for readers under sixteen. Now, good father, set thyself down; first read through these fifteen thousand works, and then select the best for thy son!

Or turn we to poetry. Since 1814, there have been not less than five or six thousand new novels manufactured. Were they all good, they were too many, for the plain reason that nobody could read them all; and if they are bad, then they should never have been written. They are, in fact, for the most part, bad; probably there are not a hundred of them which a rational man can lay down without blushing for the people who produce such novels. There remained therefore more

than five thousand novels, which, within this short time, have not only uselessly consumed a great capital of money and time of authors, publishers, printers, readers, &c., but, by their demoralizing, or, at least, enervating influence, have essentially injured the nation. This monstrous quantity of novels would have been, in the ages of ancient wisdom, an object of political observation. A Greek lawgiver would as surely have condemned them, as the more recent political economy must condemn them. But such an observation, in our age, has no other effect than to make our romantic readers smile.

I shudder when I read the many names of new booksellers. They will increase the already artificial craving for books still further; for they wish, not merely to live, but to live in the widest sense of the term. There never will be wanting literary cattle for their modern stall-feeding; for our political wisdom has not yet succeeded in checking effectually the rush to academical studies, although it has often enough forbidden it on paper. There are consequently so many poor devil scholars, supernumerary *auscultants*, and desperate candidates in theology, that they might easily fill up the literary stalls, like flocks.

He who can take pleasure in such a literature must be beside himself; truly so, for nobody but one beside himself would collect a library, the books of which, for the most part, are empty behind the title, or filled up with saw-dust and spiders' webs. In the first place, a reflecting man does not make the intellect of the nation to consist in books; nor, in the second place, the worth of the books in their number. Instead of taking pride in our riches, we ought only to be anxious

to compress within a narrow compass the results of our book-wisdom, that we may get something from it; for without some such management, we shall for a long time see empty heads running about in the midst of our book-abounding Germany.

The most recent period is the most difficult to survey, because it has not only produced a far greater number of books than earlier times, but because these works, crowding so rapidly upon each other, cannot be so expeditiously registered in the manuals of literature. A comparison of the Leipsic fair-catalogue, since the restoration, gives the following result: — In the year 1816, there were published in Germany, for the first time, over three thousand books; in the year 1822, for the first time, over four thousand; in the year 1827, for the first time, over five thousand; and in the year 1832, for the first time, over six thousand: thus the number has increased about one thousand every five years. From the peace of 1814 to the close of the year 1835, there have been printed in Germany not much less than one hundred thousand works.

Now, if we add to this the share of the preceding tens or hundreds of years, we have some little cause to be frightened at the quantity of German books.

Since the beginning of the preceding century, there has indeed been no want of works, in which this mass has been brought under review to a certain extent — of German book-catalogues and literary histories; but the special histories of single departments of literature are alone of much value — e. g. the Histories of old German Literature, by Büsching and Von der Hagen; the History of the Revival of the Sciences before Luther,

by Erhard; the History of the Drama, by Gottsched and Augustus William Schlegel; the History of Comic Literature, by Flögel; the Ecclesiastical Histories of Schröckh, Engelhardt, Gieseler; the History of Mysticism, by Arnold and Schmid; of Philosophy, by Tennemann, Rixner, Ast, Reinhold; of Medicine, by Kurt Sprengel; of Chemistry, by Gmelin; of Jurisprudence, by Eichhorn, Savigny, Mittermeier; of Political Science, by Pölitz, Raumer, &c. On the other hand, the German Universal Histories of Literature leave much to be desired. The works of the venerable Wachler certainly merit the greatest distinction. But in his General History of Literature, he has not sufficiently distinguished between the peculiar spirit of the German scientific character, and the efforts of other nations; and in his book, devoted particularly to German national literature, he has treated only of the popular works, and those written in the German language, with the omission of all the books written by Germans in Latin, and of all strictly professional literature. Thus he has rendered it impossible for himself to exhibit, in the one case as in the other, German literature in its collective character, and as a complete whole. Moreover, his references of literature to life, and to the historical development of the German nation, where he introduces them, are too scanty: he says too little of the peculiar manner in which the direction of literature points to the circumstances of the times, which are its cause and origin. Finally, he is too much of the mere collector, too little of the critic. His mind is not master of the enormous material; he knows not how to illustrate the single from the whole; and if he, abstaining

from objective judgment, succeeds only in a subjective and entirely isolated one, he has at least the merit of being guided in it by morality and patriotism; yet his want of deeper insight leads him frequently to mistakes. Thus he deifies, with moral and patriotic ardor, the immoral and unpatriotic Goethe. Wachler, however, is the first who endeavored to throw a bridge over, from the cold wisdom of the schools, into warm life. Eichhorn's "Literary History" is as cold and dry, is as proudly and scientifically aristocratic, as every thing else that comes from Göttingen. Guden's "Tables" are defective, and he ought not to have bothered himself to pass judgment upon all German authors, when he certainly has not read the twentieth part of them. The new and large "Book-Lexicon" of Heinsius; the account of books arranged according to departments, by Ersch; the account of authors, by Meusel; the sketches of old books, by Baumgärtner; the excellent researches into the literature of the middle ages, by Hamberger; and Jöcher's "Lexicon of Ancient Literature," bombastic, but rich in information, — have at least the merit of initiating us into names, titles, and dates.

Thus, also, but little has been done to arrange the mass of the literature critically and historically; to separate the significant from the insignificant; to restore that which is undeservedly forgotten, and that which is unjustly condemned, to honor; and, on the other hand, to sink in oblivion obtrusive emptiness and vulgarity; to show the nation what it really has in its literature, and to bring it to a full consciousness of its intellectual riches. People scarcely look into the above-named literary histories, or they turn back terrified at the in-

numerable names and titles recorded there. So they arrive at no general view; they know not literature in the very midst of the books; see not the forest, on account of the trees.

In natural science, the value of comparisons is well known. We begin not to pursue astronomy, or chemistry, or geology, or mineralogy, alone, but to refer them to each other, compare their results, and therein discover higher and more general laws of nature. This method ought long ago to have been universally applied to literary history. Comparison gives conclusions, to which the onesided pursuit of a single science, or poetical school, has never attained. One thing explains and completes another. It is only from comparison, that a just judgment, at once comprehensive and impartial, springs. One can hardly observe minds in all their manifold and diversified directions, without recognizing, in the opposition from which they have sprung, the poles of all life. One cannot also take his position impartially above parties, without comprehending the battle under an epic point of view, and surveying the mighty picture. In the whirl of life itself, in antagonism with, and involuntarily seized by such manifold and pressing interests, we may side with a party; but on the height of literature, nothing but a free and impartial glance at all party views can satisfy us. Life lays hold of us as its creature, the mass as its member; we cannot break away from communion with society, with place and time; a wave of the living stream, bearing it, and borne by it, we must share the lot of all mortals; but in the inner sanctuary of the mind, there is a free place, where all contest may be hushed, all

opposition reconciled; and literature furnishes the means of eternizing this fixed star of the human breast in an intellectual universe.

While we behold literature, in its entire circuit, comprehended in mutual influence with life, we distinguish in a threefold manner the influences which nature, history, and intellectual cultivation exercise upon literature. Nature furnishes it a local, national, and individual peculiarity; she acts upon character, as upon language, and calls out the varied tones in which the nation modifies the primeval utterance of the race, and the individual, the primeval utterance of the nation. But as Nature asserts a deep influence over the creators of literature, so does history over its objects and external intercourse. The interests of active life find their expression in literature. Each new mind is seized by the stream of parties, and must adhere to or make a party. In fine, though, inwardly, nature, history, and mind are blended together in united operation, we must distinguish the peculiar developments of a particular science or art, and their influence on literature, from the influences of national and individual characters, as well as of the prevailing spirit of the time. Every science and art must undergo various modifications, when seized by peculiar natures or the spirit of the times; but it marches right onward through men and centuries, and is never subjected to one man or one nation, or one age alone; it is by no one wholly fathomed and perfected. Accordingly, let us first consider the general, natural, and historical conditions of our literature, and then each of its departments separately.

NATIONALITY.

LITERATURE has become, in the most recent times, so much the most conspicuous manifestation of our nationality, that we can interpret the latter from the former, rather than the reverse. We have now scarcely any thing else but mere books by which to make our existence observable. As the Greeks were at last distinguished only by the sciences and the arts, so we have nothing more that makes us worthy to carry forward the German name. Is not, in reality, our national existence in books alone? Does the Holy Empire assemble any where else than at the Leipsic fair? Inasmuch, therefore, as this mysterious elective affinity with books appears to be the profoundest trait in our national character, we will call it intellectuality.

In the most ancient times, the Germans were a fantastic nation; in the middle ages, they became mystical; and now, they live entirely in the understanding. At all times, they manifested an excessive strength and fulness of mind, which broke out from within, and took little heed of external things. At all times, the Germans were, in practical life, more helpless than other nations, but more at home in the inner world; and all their national virtues and vices can be traced back to this introspection, intellectuality, speculative-

ness. It is this which makes us eminently a literary people at present, and stamps at the same time a peculiar impress upon our literature. The writings of other nations are more practical, because their life is more practical; ours have a dash of the supernatural, or the unnatural — something ghostly, strange, which does not accommodate itself to the world, because we have always in our eye only the wondrous world of our inward being. We are more fantastic than other people, not only because our fantasy branches out from reality into the monstrous, but because we choose to consider our dreams as truth. Like the imagination, our feelings run out from silly domestic sentimentality, to the extravagance of Pietistic sects. But the understanding diverges most widely into the air, and we are every where decried as speculators and system-makers. But as we know how to realize our theories no where except in literature, we give to the world of words an undue preponderance over life itself, and people call us, justly, book-worms and pedants.

Meantime this is only the dark side, on which we certainly do not wish to deceive ourselves. On the other hand, our intellectual and literary activity has also a bright side, which is much less appreciated by foreigners. We strive after a universal cultivation of the mind, and sacrifice to it, not in vain, our active energy and our national pride. The acquisitions which we gain might indeed be more useful to the human race than some so called great actions; and our eagerness to learn from foreigners ought to do us more honor than a victory over them. There lies in our national char-

acter an entirely peculiar tendency to humanity. We desire to grasp all human things rightly at the central point, and, in the endless multiplicity of life, to solve the riddle of the hidden unity. Therefore we lay hold of the great work of knowledge on all sides. Nature furnishes us with a sense for every thing, and our mind gathers, from the widest extent, the objects of its eager curiosity, and penetrates to the inmost depths of all the mysteries of nature, life, and the soul. There is no nation of so universal a spirit as the German, and what the individual does not reach, is reached by the many. The numerous organs are distributed throughout the mass, by which knowledge is imparted to all.

German intellectuality was always united with a great multiplicity of peculiar blossoms of thought, (*Geistesblüthen.*) The inward wealth of the nation seemed to have the power of developing itself in the mass only, as it was bound to no peculiar model. Nature has opened the inexhaustible fulness of peculiar minds in our nation more than in any other. In no nation are there such various systems, opinions, inclinations, and talents, such various manners and styles of thinking and creating, of speaking and writing. We see that these minds are deficient in form and training; they have grown up wild, here and there, differing in nature and cultivation; and their confluence in literature produces an incongruous mixture. They speak in one language, as they live under one heaven; but each one comes with a peculiar accent. Nature gains the victory, how rigidly soever the discipline of certain schools may root out this so called barbarism. The German pos-

sesses but little social pliancy; therefore so much the stronger is his individuality, and it will express itself freely, even to caprice and caricature. Genius breaks through all restraints, and even among the common people, mother-wit peeps out. If we take a review of the literature of other nations, we observe more or less formality, or French gardening. The German alone is a forest, a meadow, covered with a wild growth. Every mind is a flower peculiar in form, color, and fragrance. Only the lowest occur in entire species; and only the highest unite in themselves the conformations of many others: in some, a great part of the nation seems as it were personified; and in a few geniuses, humanity itself seems to open its great eye — geniuses who stand at the summit of the race, and reveal the law which slumbers in the masses.

Genius is always *born* only, and the rich originalities in the German intellectual world are the immediate workings of nature. The great variety of the German races, conditions, and materials of cultivation, may work, by means of education and life, upon German authors; but this variety is itself only a consequence of the nature of the people. This has, under all circumstances, made formality impossible. Among all nations, the German has always presented the richest multiplicity, the most numerous ramifications and gradations, both externally and internally. This multiplicity has been constantly nourished from the very heart of the people, and has never accommodated itself to a regularity imposed on it from the upper classes. All that is noble in the German character has grown up with it free and wild from the soil.

One thing only is common to the mass of our writers; that is, the little reference they have to practical life, and the preponderance of inward contemplativeness. But precisely for that reason, their views have become the more diversified. Within the narrow limits of practical life, German minds would have had to combine in small parties, and for simple objects. In the endless world of fantasy and speculation, every peculiar spirit found the freest career. The German seeks instinctively for this free element. Hardly ever do we come out of our dreams, and lay hold on practical life; and when we do, it is only to draw it within the jurisdiction of fantasy and theories; while, on the contrary, the French borrow of speculation and imagination only the lever of public life. The Frenchman wants an idea in natural philosophy only to apply it to medicine or manufactures; the German uses physical experiments, to his greatest satisfaction, to build up on them wonderful hypotheses. The Frenchman invents tragedies for the purpose of working upon the political opinions of the nation; to the German, nothing is left from his actions and experience but tragedies. The French have a poor language, but admirable speakers. We might discourse much better, but we only write. They speak, because they act; we write, because we only think.

The original, characteristic essence in German literature, which resists all formality, is still, as in the time of the Chronicles, genuine *naïveté*, to a greater degree than many an author, who has had in his eye Greeks, Romans, English, or French, may perhaps know. If, however, this *naïveté* of German literature is capable

of being strictly defined, it must not be confounded with the so called German honesty. Certainly great good humor and uprightness still prevail among authors; as may be seen from their iron, though often fruitless labor, and from their diffusiveness, and from the visible struggle after clear information, although one might with some reason doubt their many assurances of honesty and love; but even these sentimental asseverations show but too clearly that we have already deserted the state of innocence.

The German language is the perfect expression of the German character. It has followed the German mind in all its depths, and in its widest circuit. It corresponds exactly to the multiplicity of intellectual characters, and has bestowed upon each the peculiar tone which distinguishes it more decidedly than any other language possibly could. The language itself gains by this variety of usage. A diversified nature and a variety of forms belong to it and become it well. A field of flowers is nobler than a simple field of grass, and the most beautiful countries are exactly those that have the richest variety of regions and temperatures. All attempts to impose on German authors a regular usage in language, have been ignominiously wrecked, because they fought against nature. Every author writes as he likes; every one may say of himself, with Goethe,

> "I sing as sings the bird
> That on the branches lives."

It is certainly a national trait, that our scholars and poets have not even a settled orthography, and that this so rarely strikes us. How many words there are,

which are written now in one way, and now in another! and how great caprice prevails in the composition of words! and who finds fault with it, save now and then the grammarians, whose advice the author heeds as little as the artists that of the theorizers on taste?

The grammatical diversity appears insignificant only in comparison with the rhetorical and poetical; in comparison with the endless affluence in style and manner, in which no people on earth equals us. It may be doubted whether any other language admits so much *physiognomy;* but certain it is that in no other is so much physiognomy actually expressed. This unrestrained mode of external manifestation, together with many other traits of our nature, comes down to us out of the ancient forests, and all the free glory of our poetry rests upon it. The better the tone of conversation, the poorer are the poets, as in France. The worse the court style, the more original the poets, as in Germany. Every new Adelung will be held in derision by a new Goethe, Schiller, Tieck. Titans make use of no fencing school, because they break through all the rules of fence. The great poet and thinker is possessed by his genius, the common man by his inborn nature, all by the universal absence of rule, a law-giving taste, all being removed from the restraint of an Attic or a Parisian censorship.

On the whole, the German language has gained on one side and lost on the other. During the last five hundred years, it has lost its purity, a mass of radical words, a wonderful richness of delicate and

sonorous inflections. On the other hand, it has made so much the better use of all that remained. In the language, now poorer and less harmonious, much has been thought and sung, which makes us regret the lost sounds. Distinguished masters, however, have had the skill to form this new High German speech to a peculiar beauty, by fastidiousness of usage; and they have begun likewise to adorn it anew from the treasury of the past. It is by no means one of the smallest merits of the Romanticists, that they have attuned the German language again to the ancient pitch, as far as the present instrumentation will admit.

This living organic renovation of the pure old language, by which the foreign parasite plants have been removed, is the finest proof of the inborn strength of our nationality, in opposition to the affected strength with which we have striven to behave ourselves like foreigners. This organic development of the original German language throws, at the same time, the mechanical attempts of the purists entirely into the shade. Nothing is more miserable than the purism of a Campe and others, who sought to revive once more in grammar the doctrine of atoms, which had disappeared from philosophy, and to weld together the atomic German syllables, according to a coherence which lay not in the organism of the structure of the German language, but only in the analogy of the foreign word; who made for us words out of syllables, as Voss made out of words a language, which was neither German nor Greek, and

which had first to be translated into Greek in order to be understood.

Purism is praiseworthy, when it teaches us to express the same idea which a foreign word expresses, as comprehensively and intelligibly by a German word, but is to be rejected when the foreign word is more comprehensive or intelligible, or when it signifies an idea entirely foreign to our language. The communication of ideas is the first end of speech; significancy of words, the means to that end. If we can add a foreign idea to our own, let us always take the foreign word too. Thought should not be impoverished, that speech may thereby plume itself upon its purity.

As false purism is to be rejected, so genuine purism, as Luther has very ably managed it, is in the highest degree serviceable. Indeed, there are among foreign words, which we must respect as the garment of foreign and new ideas, a great multitude of others, which have slipped in, in place of good, and, therefore, for us, better German words, which express old and well-known ideas, and which have been used by us only from a ridiculous vanity or love of novelty. The scholar must needs show that he is versed in ancient languages; the traveller, that he has heard foreign tongues; the rest of the people, that they are acquainted with wise and experienced men or books; or the more stylish class wish to show that their higher conceptions are separated from the popular way of thinking by being clothed in a foreign language also; and the people aim at being stylish by aping

them in these foreign sounds. In some such way as this has the confusion of tongues in Germany sprung up, so far as it was not compelled by necessity to borrow new words with new ideas; and so it is to be entirely rejected as a blemish to the nation and its literature. Would that the purists might free us from it forever! Every century frees us at least from the folly of the preceding. Klopstock very justly remarks —

"In the times of Charles V., people mingled Spanish up with their own, probably out of gratitude for the noble and imperial idea, that the German was a language for horses, and that thereby the Germans might neigh to him a little more softly. What has been the fate of these words we know; and we see from it, at the same time, what will be the fate hereafter of all the intermixtures of the day: so disastrous, namely, that some one will then rise up and tell how, at that time, (meaning our time,) words were again intermingled from this or that foreign tongue, but the language which had once rejected such a medley was again made sick by it."

Although the German language has come off victorious from its contests with other tongues, yet it has, in the mean while, greatly neglected its internal improvement. In the age between Luther and Lessing, in the very period of that contest, the passing tediousness of the time impressed upon the German language a permanent expression of phlegm. From that time we inherit that accursed phraseology which says, in the most circumstantial manner, with a greater number of words, what it might have said much more pow-

erfully and simply by a single one; e. g., "to bring into claim," instead of "to claim;" "to draw into inquiry," instead of "to inquire;" "to lead into temptation," instead of "to tempt;" "to bring into computation," instead of "to compute."

If we give up these long-tailed phrases, and limit, as far as possible, the use of the verbs *haben*, *seyn*, and *werden*, by an allowable omission of them, and, instead of the harsh-sounding imperfects and participles,—e. g., *fragte*, *biegte*, *wagte*, *gedingt*, *entspriesst*,—use the full-sounding ones,—*frug*, *bog*, *wog*, *gedungen*, *entsprossen*, &c.,—our ungainly modes of speech will be much improved. Another fault that has its origin in the same period, is an excess of learned terminology. Let a person read a philosophical work of Hegel, and ask himself if there ever was a nation in the world, who would acknowledge such a language as its own.

True, the German language, since the time of Lessing and Wieland, and particularly in the present century, has greatly improved; has more and more renounced its ancient tedious phlegm and learned pedantry; has become elastic and flowing, and enjoys a more rapid rhythm; but it does not appear to me that it will come to a stand at its present degree of development; and in my mind's eye I see the reader smile, into whose hands this book may fall five hundred years hence, and whose eyes may rest upon this passage.

German genius, however, and German merit, are not dependent upon language. With the exception of poetry, absolutely every thing great, in a scientific view,

which German literature had produced, was written in Latin, without being any the less German on that account. Indeed, our ancestors in the middle ages received the Latin language, and with it their first scientific impulse; but they developed it by degrees, in a very peculiar manner, in the *naïve* style of the Chronicles; in the profound systems of mysticism; in the marvellous views of nature; in Gothic art, and in legislation and jurisprudence. Here the German spirit prevails throughout, clothed in Latin speech; and therefore I would not, like Wachler and others, exclude from the German national literature the works of our ancestors, written in Latin, if it were my purpose to treat in general of our more ancient literature.

the same inspiration which urges him to perseverance and reform.

Great good is incontestably connected with the guild spirit. The fidelity with which the treasures of tradition are preserved; the dignity which is vindicated to authority; the enthusiasm and piety with which the consecrated, the approved, the believed, are honored; — all these virtues, which usually accompany a dependence upon the old, must be recognized in their full value, if we compare them with the frivolity of many innovators, which overthrows so frequently all moral authority, all historical tradition, and, with the old school, old experience likewise.

The weakness of the guild spirit, however, is the principle of stability; still-stand, where there is eternal progress; limitation, which sets boundaries where there are none. From this flow, of necessity, on the one side, a hierarchical system, domination of caste, party spirit, proselyting, heretic-hunting, and nepotism; on the other side, a petrified, contracted knowledge, with forms ever returning upon themselves, endlessly repeating themselves, and degenerating into monstrous prolixity.

Against these sins of the antiquated guild spirit, comes forth, in full dignity, the living power of the innovators, who liberate knowledge from the narrow limitations of the school, and characters themselves from the uniform dominion of caste; and, even though we admit that they strip off all those stiff forms from nature, full of living power, and fresh emotions,

yet, after the victory, they fell back into the ancient error.

The relation of all the sciences to religion introduced into scholarship a certain priestly tone, full of unction, which has been still retained in the faculties, and infects even the naturalists. Our writers are too ready to deliver oracles, and seek to spread around themselves a certain *nimbus*, and to mystify the reader, as the clergyman does the layman, and the schoolmaster his scholars. In England and France, the author is, as it were, a speaker on the tribune, and delivers his opinion as in a society of his peers and of cultivated men. In Germany, he preaches and plays the schoolmaster.

The retired, monkish life of the learned has, without doubt, increased the tendency to profound contemplation, learned refinements, and extravagant fantasies, by which their want of practical sense, and of the enjoyments of life, may likewise be explained. Even now, the greater part of our scholars and writers live like Troglodytes in their book-holes, and, not having the sight of nature, lose at once the sense for it, and the power of enjoying it. Life, to them, is only a dream, and dreaming only is their life. Whether the slater has fallen from the roof, or Napoleon from his throne, they say, "Ah! ah! indeed! indeed!" and thrust their noses again into their books. But, as fruits, which have been stored up in a damp cellar, are destroyed by the mould, so the fruits of the mind are destroyed by the learned air of the study. The father imparts to his spiritual children, not only his spiritual, but his physical weaknesses.

We can discover in books, not only the obduracy, heartlessness, or hypochondria, but also the gout, the jaundice, the ugliness, of their authors.

The scholastic impulse has led to learned pedantry. A healthy, immediate intuition has given place to a hypochondriacal reflection. People write books out of books, instead of taking them from nature. People no longer represent things simply, but, in addition, deal out all the stores of their knowledge. They deviate from the original end of the sciences, and turn the means into the end. They forget the results in the learned auxiliary means. We see scarcely a theologian or jurist — only theological and juridical philologists. All the historical sciences have become unpalatable through philological and critical learning. People inquire not after the substance, only the shell. They investigate the correctness, not the importance, of quotations. They take a childish pleasure in showing, like diplomatists, that this or that expression has been really used, without troubling themselves to determine whether it has any inner truth likewise, and, in general, whether there is any thing in it. They heap up information with unspeakable industry, from which one must gather, with equal toil, the little that is worth remembering. They sometimes spend a year's study, to find out the true reading of an ancient poet, and frequently one who had better have remained utterly silent. Even the more recent poetry has been pressed down under the load of learning. The language of natural feeling, and of living intuition, is but too often supplanted by scholastic reflections, allusions, and

quotations. There is no branch of literature on which scholastic learning has not exercised an injurious influence.

A mechanical method of proceeding, a going over and over again the same beaten track, reigns in scholastic learning, properly so called; that is, in the sciences which are studied merely as a means of subsistence. The universities have been converted into manufactories for books and book-makers. Nobody deviates from certain formulas of the schools, and every new generation performs its exercises accordingly. But the original truth is darkened by endless commentaries. The matter which is properly in hand disappears at last under the load of citations designed to illustrate it. Life escapes under the anatomical knife. That which is of most importance becomes tedious, and that which is worthiest of honor, trivial. The mind is not to be tied down to compendiums, and nature struggles mightily through the paragraphs which dare to imprison her.

The mouldering pool of learning has been stirred up by polemics, and the mephitic vapors are spreading abroad. The unnaturalness of the retired scholars shows itself nowhere more strikingly than in their polemic writings. Here the good old proverb is verified, —"The more one knows, the worse he grows." On the one hand, they are so exceedingly wise, that it is difficult for a healthy understanding to follow the labyrinthine paths of their logic; on the other, they are so ignorant of the commonest affairs, that a peasant might teach them. At one time, they are so

refined, they jest with so much Attic wit, and make so many allusions which would do honor to an Alexandrian librarian, that the honest German is utterly amazed. At another time, they avail themselves of the most dishonest quibbles or the coarsest sallies, of which the populace itself would be ashamed.

Even the corruptions of the German language, for the most part, are to be set down to the account of the scholars. That they should adopt foreign terminologies with foreign ideas, was natural; in their pretended superiority, they affected a sacred obscurity, to make themselves more respectable in the eyes of the laity, or were too indolent and too little constrained by necessity to make any sacrifice to popularity. The faculty people like to express themselves in such a manner in German that no uninitiated person understands them; and the philosophers often do not understand themselves.

True cultivation is always an affair of the people; scholastic learning, an affair of a class, of a caste. Learning, however, among us, exercises jurisdiction over culture still; the caste still domineers over the people. This is an incongruity which must of necessity be removed. The assumed precedency of the learned is only a beggarly pride, which will come to disgrace. If our wisdom would become efficient, it must first be universally intelligible; and that can only be when it has thrown off the yoke of scholastic learning. People are afraid of popularity, because they confound it with vulgarity. In respect to literature, however, the only public is that of an extended

caste. A salutary and cultivated middle class may be free from the pedantry and arrogance of the latter, as it is removed from the vulgarity of the former.

When we call to mind the time of the migration of the nations, and the beginnings of the German empire, and behold there, among bloodthirsty barbarians, a number of cultivated and intellectual monks, who scattered abroad the seed of the sciences and literature, we must pay them our thanks and admiration. When we call to mind, still further, the abominations of the hierarchy and of feudalism, in the time of their triumph over imperial power and popular rights, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and behold, in the very midst of the priests and knightly robbers, a number of scholars, educated in the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity, who founded universities and schools, we cannot withhold our thanks even from them, in spite of their being, at the outset, in the pay of the hierarchy, and animated by an anti-national spirit; for, at least, they laid the foundation of intellectual culture, and through that of intellectual freedom; and, although, a century earlier, they took sides against Huss and the reform, yet it was they, who, a century later, after the fruit of culture began to ripen, gave a powerful support to Luther, and secured the victory to reform. And lastly, when we call to mind the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, and see there, amidst the darkest superstition, and the funeral piles of the witch trials, a numerous class of sturdy scholars, belonging to the guild, who cultivated, laboriously but indefatigably, single departments of the historical and experimental sciences, in the

broadest paths, and to the most circumstantial extent, to them likewise we must, in spite of their prolixity, render due thanks; for we are, in the first place, indebted to their labor in collecting, and to their critical investigations, for the earliest results of historical, political, and physiological knowledge, purified from prejudices. On the broad foundation of their preliminary studies, the better heads of the eighteenth and of the present century were first enabled to build their luminous systems, and, by the concentrated light of historical and natural science, to banish the ancient night of error.

We ought also to hold the schools in high honor. Has not this often ludicrous pedantry of the schools, with all its tediousness, guarded us from a national misfortune, under which we see the Spaniards, Italians, and French suffering? I mean the sudden transition from superstition to unbelief. Those nations, who passed through no such profound and long-continued discipline, were not sufficiently prepared for the new knowledge, whose results came upon them too much by surprise.

This would be the bright side of scholastic learning. But did light proceed first from the school, or did it not always enter the school from without? Were not freeborn spirits always obliged to purify anew the school from its collected filth, and clear it from thick darkness? Were the great movers of their time, the discoverers of novelties, the creators of new modes of thinking — were Abelard, and Huss, and Thomasius, and Lessing, schoolmen? or did they not rather struggle against the school? Was it not always an

evil that clung to the school, that it killed the spirit in the letter, changed freedom to bondage, turned light to darkness, until new teachers from without, furnished with great natural gifts, put an end to the disorder for a short time, and established new schools, which in their turn likewise degenerated?

And does not this degeneracy lie necessarily in the very essence of a school? The love of scholars for the master leads to excess; they swear *in verba magistri.* The word which in the master's mouth had life and motion, is fixed and unchangeable in the scholar's. The spirit which was free in the master is shackled in the scholar. The zeal which was noble in the master becomes obstinacy and the spirit of persecution in the scholar.

When a school is once established, it raises up its own external interest, its worldly advantage, or becomes subservient to another's. Thus the old scholastic learning was subservient to the popes, and thus, the modern, is subservient to kings. Every school is servile in proportion as its members are called to worldly advantages and honors. The cunning adapt themselves to the times; their sophistry shrouds the truth, and, as power is on their side, no one dares resist them. The dull ones, however, the learned understrappers, who add a certain enthusiasm to falsehood, form the chorus, because they are really enthusiastic for that which brings them bread and dignities. It is the curse of schools, that they are not satisfied with a few masters, but must needs have a multitude of subalterns, trained upon principles of handicraft, whose uselessness is increased in proportion

to their number. These people, who were formerly priests, (slaves of the hierarchy,) and now are the scholars, (state servants, slaves of the state,) — these are they, whose numbers produce a spirit of caste, over which their masters and rulers rarely fail to retain the control, and who corrupt the church and state.

This process repeats itself at all times, and under all forms. Scholastic learning was formerly a department of the church; the professors had ecclesiastical titles: now it is a department of state; the professors enjoy titles from the court. On this account, we may predict that our politico-servile scholarship is to go on, step by step, in an ever-increasing degeneracy, just as, formerly, the hierarchical servile scholarship went down the same rapid path. On one side, the political confession of faith will more and more influence academical appointments; and, on the other side, professional study, the degradation of all the sciences to a mere branch of traffic, will become more and more gross, and a political professor will train up the young candidates for public employment, with as much mechanical formality as the Jesuitical professors formerly trained their black herds. This is the uniform course of power as often as it makes mind subservient to its own purposes.

INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The love of imitation, for which the Germans are well known, prevails also eminently in their literature. People think themselves fortunate, and find fault with themselves at the same time, for hobbling and stammering after foreigners. People have disputed for more than a thousand years upon this phenomenon in our national character, as if it were an inclination of the heart, which morality seems to forbid. Even in the times of the Romans there were two parties in Germany, the imitators and the purists. The apes, who are always capering after foreign purple patches,[1] are contemptible, and the degenerate fools, who are ashamed of being Germans, are equally so. The prejudice that German nature is a sort of bearishness and rusticity, which would at all events need a foreign dancing-master, could only be propagated and maintained among those who were really vulgar themselves. But those blockheads are ridiculous who strive to free a primeval Germanism, an original German element, from all foreign alloy, who erect around

[1] [An allusion to Horace —

"Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus," &c.

Epist. ad Pisones, 15, 16. — Transl.]

the German borders a moral custom-house system, and would forbid the sun himself to shine upon any other place than upon Germany.

Culture is as universal as light; and its happy influence extends, with certain modifications of climate, over the whole earth. Nowhere have impassable boundary lines been drawn. Commerce unites all countries, and spreads abroad their material products. Literature should, in like manner, scatter the intellectual treasures of nations. Every country ought to adopt from others whatever its nature bears, and whatever brings it increase; and so there should be transplanted into the spirit of a people, whatever it bears, and whatever may give it a nobler development.

Although there is much which only one nation can possess, and by which it is peculiar, yet there are many higher goods which belong exclusively to no one, and which are the property of the whole human race. The phenomenon of Christianity alone rebukes the zeal of the purists. We ought properly to unrol the whole past history, in order to free ourselves from foreign influences, since all our modern culture rests upon the romantic spirit of the middle ages. We should have to run naked in the woods, were we to strip ourselves of every thing we have borrowed from others. Apart, however, from that mutual instruction of the nations which springs from necessity, which is founded in nature, and exists in the remotest ages of history, we Germans are eminently distinguished by an extraordinary predilection for the foreign, and a rare aptness for imitation, which lead, on this very account, to extrava-

gances and an unnatural forgetfulness of our own worth.

The deepest fountain of that propensity is the *humanity* of the German character. We are thoroughly cosmopolite. Our nationality consists in wishing to have none; but to substitute for national peculiarity something which shall be of universal application to the race. We have a continual craving to realize in ourselves the idea of a philosophical model people. We wish to appropriate to ourselves the culture of all nations, all the blossoms of the human mind. This inclination is stronger than our national pride, if, indeed, we do not seek our national pride in it. Other nations also desire to be models, and without this faith there would be no national pride; but they are by no means willing to renounce themselves; they only wish to stamp their own impress upon all others. Other nations also prize what is foreign, but do not throw themselves away in exchange for it. But self-negation has also its good and its natural foundation. A rigorous self-renunciation is peculiar to love. Nothing does more harm to the interest felt for what is foreign, to that love from which all culture originates, than egotism, and nothing does more harm to culture than national ignorance. A certain resignation is necessary, if we would become perfectly susceptible to foreign influences. If we investigate the hinderances that have checked the progress of culture in so many nations, we shall find them less in their rudeness than in the self-complacency and prejudices of their national pride. The noblest nations have always been at the

same time the most tolerant, and the basest alway most vain-glorious.

Meantime, it is not only that philosophical ten of our character, our capacity of culture, and l knowledge, and the love of development, and ot aspirations, which inspire us with a love for the but also a poetical tendency, a romantic inc A poetical illusion hovers over and beautif thing foreign, and takes our fancy captive. is foreign excites in us a romantic feeling, is inferior to that which we have long ourselves. For this reason we adopt so m notions, which are far from promoting our opment; and the imagination first makes pernicious, which the understanding must while it moderates it. When the imaginat extravagance, we commit two errors at onc of a blind and slavish devotion to what is that of a blind misapprehension of ou possess the poetical gift of mystifying changing ourselves, as it were, into d acters, and surrendering ourselves up illusion. Many scholars think themsc pletely into Greek, many romanticists s the middle ages, many politicians so fa and many theologians so deep into the B seem no longer to know any thing of a on about them.

This condition is somewhat like fr leads to frenzy. The uncommon apt thought and speech for culture comes t

in this manner. In literature, they admirably a foreign speech, and they liar spirit of the German language, in duce strange gods. They scoff at every declines to follow their example, and are highly ant if even Nature herself chooses not to accom- date herself to Art. These extremes, however, come into collision with each other. Were there but one nation besides ourselves, we should probably study ourselves into that so completely, that nothing would be left of us. But, since there are a great many, all of which we imitate in succession, and as they stand in direct opposition to each other, the equilibrium is always restored. Thus the superfine propriety of the Gallomania must come in collision with the coarse humor of the Anglomania, the correct Græcomania with extravagant Orientalism, the shallow spirit of rationalism with mystical romanticism, and the reverse. The different periods of our rage for imitation depend not only on the external appearance of foreign excellences, but also upon moving causes which are subjective, or within ourselves. The same models are always standing together before our eyes; and yet we take an interest only in one class at a time, and are entirely blind to the others. This depends upon the internal progress of the development of our nature, and upon the mighty external progress of history. We always take an interest in that particular foreign thing which harmonizes most, at the moment, with the degree of our culture, and with our own state of mind. When our understanding began to free itself from the narrow bonds of faith, the wise and enlightened ancients were our models. When feeling, which

had been entirely neglected or ill-managed, rose in rebellion against the tyranny of a superficial rationality, the middle ages were, in their turn, compelled to serve for models. When the German attained to a consciousness of his clumsiness, he surrendered himself to the training of the nimble-footed Frenchman. When, in his sluggish political slumbers, he dreamed dreams, the images of England and America, or of the ancient republics, thronged around him. When, at length, he felt the inconvenience and unnaturalness of his old Frankish habits, his instinct must needs lead him back again to Grecian airiness — nay, even to nudity. When, by destiny and disaster, he had sunk in poverty, the material prosperity of the Britons must needs be his model.

Like foolish children, however, we break our playthings to pieces, or throw the school-book in the corner, when we are tired of them, or have no further use for them. No one is so slavishly devoted, no one so ungrateful as we. No one can misapprehend his own worth so profoundly as we; and no one can so frivolously put off his own faults upon others. Fifty years ago we regarded the French as a species of demigods; twenty years ago, as a species of demi-devils. We were brutish enough to crawl before them, and more brutish still to scorn them. In place of the blockheads who gave French nurses to babies, and even billeted French companions on the mothers, there came up other blockheads, who trampled under foot, with stupid, Scythian insolence, the noble blossoms of French genius for social life. German politicians put on an edifying look, and preached against the Gallic anti-

christ, and this and that simple historian sought to cheat himself and others into the belief that the French sprang from the ignoble races of Asia, and had no title to the honor of being called Europeans. With equal barbarity, each party rejects the idolatry of the others. The classicists are outrageous against the middle ages and the East, and the romanticists still make the sign of the cross sometimes before the ancient heathens.

This predilection for foreign literature naturally expresses itself first in translations. It is notorious that translating is carried on to a prodigious extent in Germany, precisely as if by machinery. While at most one work out of thirty of the best German authors is translated, and that badly, in other countries, the entire works of every English or French author of the least consequence are twice or three times translated in Germany; nay, they even enjoy the honor of having the translator's own fabrication printed under their names, as is the case with Walter Scott. Undoubtedly the glory and advantage are on our side. Even if we should be found deficient in many of the virtues of foreiguers, we do not share with them that aristocratic narrowness which ignores whatever is foreign with a shrug. It does us honor to know the great English; it does the English no honor to know nothing of the great Germans.

Translations are certainly better than imitations; and he who translates a foreign poet for us has surely done more than he who merely copies him in his own poems. On the same ground, free translations are of less value than faithful ones. By fidelity, however, we understand

so much, that it is impossible to attain it entirely. A translation cannot be faithful in all its parts; to be so in one part, it must sacrifice another. Hence translators are divided into two classes. The one sacrifices the substance to the form, or the thought to the word, the sense to the sound; and the other class, the opposite. The one wishes to render the beauty and melody of the foreign expression; the other, only its clearness and perspicuity. The first predominates. A good sound, a pleasing rhythm and rhyme seduce the ear, and draw the attention away from a defective meaning. Most metrical translations boldly sacrifice the substance, in order to preserve the harmony, the proportion of the verse, the rhyme. Translations true to the sense, but inharmonious, we cannot well endure; and whenever, for the sake of understanding him truly, a poet is translated into prose, nobody can read him. Here, however, we are quite in the wrong. Undoubtedly a great part of the charm with which a poet captivates us, lies in his rhythm and rhymes, but only so far as these serve to clothe certain poetical images and thoughts; and in this lies the greatest charm: that external drapery of harmony is merely subsidiary. If these images are obliterated, or these thoughts darkened or falsified, the harmony itself loses its charm. Our metrical translations leave this but too frequently out of consideration. In regard to the originals of antiquity, they reproduce artificially the metre; in romantic works, the number and the intricacy of the rhymes. In order to accomplish this difficult undertaking, they inconsiderately sacrifice perspicuity, nay, sometimes truth itself. They dislocate and distort the construction; they leave out,

and weave in, and often use wholly different images and words, because the right construction and the right words will not fit into the metre or rhyme. Tautologies are the universal help in time of need. If the patch-word only has a similar meaning, the translator thinks he has done enough, provided the metre and rhyme fall pleasantly upon the ear. But tautologies can by no means be allowed. He ought to use, not a similar word, but the one right word: if rhyme or metre requires something else, that is no excuse for him, since it is not the rhyme, but the meaning, which is the main point. It is to the fault just reprehended that we must ascribe the extraordinary difference in translations, even of the same author, and, on the other hand, the extraordinary similarity of the most dissimilar authors, when translated by the same hand. We have several very different German translations of Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Camoens, in which almost every verse is differently construed and rhymed; and, on the other hand, Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Shakspeare, &c., are as much alike in the translations of Voss, as one egg is like another. In both cases, the character of the original is falsified, though the sound of the words is so skilfully copied.

Imitations spring inevitably from the clear perception of foreign excellences. Why should we not imitate that which is useful, or beautiful, and noble? In general, however, we commit the error of imitating merely forms, instead of realities. We ought to seek to attain as harmonious a cultivation for our time, and in our way, as the Greeks attained in their time, and in

their way. But we make ourselves ridiculous if we reproduce the Greek forms, without the spirit and life from which they originated. We ought to cultivate our social relations with as much refinement, according to our own peculiarities, as the French do theirs, according to their peculiarities. But we are apes if we awkwardly mimic French scrapes and bows. We should try to think and act in a free and manly style, like the English and Americans, but not to hope for salvation from aping their external forms. We ought to revive among us the hardihood and the deep spirit of the middle ages, but not to affect laboriously ancient costume and language.

Formal imitations resemble fashions, and meet with a similar fate. For a time, they enjoy exclusive honor, and he is called an oddity who does not go along with them. Afterward they all appear ridiculous. Even in Rome, the Greek taste was once the rage; but who will hesitate to value the power and gravity of the Romans in their own intellectual productions infinitely higher than the affectation of Attic refinement in their Grecian copies? For a long time past, the French have appeared to us, in their antique tragedies, merely comical; but, however we may boast of copying more skilfully, the copies of Voss, acknowledged to be masterpieces, are no less ridiculous. We did justice long ago to the gallant Cervantes; but many of our romances furnish abundant matter for a new Don Quixote; and Fouqué has written a multitude of them without knowing it himself.

The trial of so many shifting fashions, which always oppose and annihilate each other, seems not to have

remained without good effects. So many parties now prevail, that people begin to seek after a reconciliation. After having learned to know all the cultivated nations, and admired and imitated, in order, the Romans, Greeks, French, English, Italians, Spaniards, we have, for a moment, got home again, and are bethinking ourselves. We observe that we have always advanced rapidly from our first acquaintance to an extravagant admiration of a foreign nation, and a perfectly slavish imitation of it, but then we have become disgusted with this extreme; whereupon a new and calm examination has brought up to our view, and appropriated to us, those foreign excellences which are worthy of imitation, and can be imitated. We gradually distinguish the noble power of transporting ourselves into the spirit and times of other nations, the poetical talent of adopting every foreign illusion, from mere mechanical aping. In the former, all objects find their place beside each other; in the latter, they destroy each other.

Fancy may, in one moment, transport us into Greece; in another moment, into London; but we ourselves still remain sitting quietly in Germany. In the frenzy of our enthusiasm, we committed the error of laying aside our own peculiarity, for the sake of jumping, neck and heels,[1] into the peculiarities of foreigners. We observe now, that, together with our sensibility alive to what is foreign, we bring with it, at the same time, our peculiar mode of taking it up — generally an inward, imaginative, and profound method,

[1] [*Mit Haut und Haar;* literally, "with hide and hair." — TRANSL.]

which, so far as we allow it to prevail, fuses down all the excellences of foreigners into our own nationality.

But we must make a broad distinction between this genuine philanthropic fusing together of the good distributed among single ages and nations, which will ever continue to be the highest task of civilization, and the merely formal blending of heterogeneous mannerisms. Since we have recognized, not only the ancient classical civilization, but also the romantic, and finally even the Oriental, in all their ancient estimation, a mania for mingling up different manners has gained ground among the poets of the day, after the mighty example of Goethe, which deserves to be severely censured. Goethe amused himself in playing with foreign manners, and cultivated his *dilettanteism*, not merely in many-sidedness, but in fantastic mixtures. Thus he introduced the West-Eastern, the antique-romantic, which was, in his mind, properly speaking, nothing more than an optical confusion of colors, and is best illustrated by his *Farbenlehre*. Though the inventor may be pardoned for this playfulness, considered as such, yet it is not in good taste to sanction it as a manner, to go on in it, and to make a serious matter out of it. Fouqué, Ernst Schulze, and many other epic poets, have made a motley mixture of the tones of Homer, Ossian, the Nibelungen, the Edda, Tasso, Ariosto, &c.; and our lyric poetry is still more attuned to all possible national instruments in the world; and it produces a singular effect to hear the same poet jingle out at one time his Oriental gazelles, at another Alcaic hymns, then old German, and finally old Spanish ballads.

As I have expressed my opinion upon this subject most pointedly in a review of the "Sketches of the East," by Stieglitz, I venture to quote it here.

"German literature is like a madhouse, in which some hundreds of madmen imitate the costumes and manners, the speech and turn of thought, of a hundred different nations of ancient and modern times. Gallo-maniacs, Anglo-maniacs, Italo-maniacs, Hispano-maniacs, Normano-maniacs, Græco-maniacs, Turco-maniacs, Perso-maniacs, Indo-maniacs, Chineso-maniacs, Iroquoiso-maniacs, these good German Philistines set together in harmonious discord, and play universal history. The madness is, that they are all perfectly serious in it. Were they but masks, it would be the merriest of carnivals; but the madmen make a very serious matter out of the thing.

"We might rightly and properly appropriate to ourselves the poetry of other nations; for all that is beautiful belongs to all that recognize it. Thanks, therefore, to the men who have opened to us the treasures of Oriental poetry. But that is not saying that we are to ape this poetry; that the first short-hand writer is to set himself down and require us to esteem him a second Hafiz. We may well take delight in pictures of the East, which Eastern painters have themselves designed for us; but, when the first sign-painter takes it into his head merely to imitate these warm and living pictures in his feeble water-colors, is it not sheer folly? What can be more agreeable than to see a people exhibit itself in its own peculiar and beautiful manner? And what can be more disgusting than the affected imitation of foreign

and unapproachable peculiarity? Hafiz and Stieglitz, Saadi and Stieglitz, Montenabbi and Stieglitz, Firdusi and Stieglitz, Djami and Stieglitz, Kalidasa and Stieglitz!

"There is only one case in which imitation is not displeasing, and that is when a great poet is able to introduce a higher spirit into the borrowed form. That, however, Stieglitz has not done. All the thoughts and images which we find in him are borrowed, feebly copied after Oriental originals. We find nothing new, profound, elevated, and, in general, nothing peculiar, save here and there a sentimental sweetness, but little adapted to the subject. In the first place, he conducts us to Arabia, and sets a number of hordes to fighting in the desert, whereupon several well-known traits of Arabian manners are introduced. But how infinitely diluted, colorless, and wishy-washy are these pictures, in comparison with the seven radiant Pleiads! the Moallakat suspended in the ancient temple of Mecca, inscribed in gold! To what purpose this thin and miserable imitation, when we have the original in Hartmann's delightful translation? Stieglitz then conducts us to Persia, and shows us scenes from the harem, from the fragrant gardens, from the bazaar, which we also know far better from the originals. Where is the splendor of Zoroaster, the fancy of Firdusi, the sanctity of Sjirin, the sweet intoxication of Baki? It is all a mere counterfeit.

"Granted, that even in this counterfeit the beautiful traits of the original reappear; still we must utterly reject this copying mania and mannerism. What, in comparison with the originals, are even the copies

of a Thomas Moore, a Rückert, and a Platen, which are by no means deficient in poetry? We cannot endure them by their side. It is so much the more a matter of reproach, because people seem to forget the originals in the ever-increasing extent of imitations. Of Sjirin, that divine poem, which is surpassed by nothing but Homer and Shakspeare, we have only Hammer's translation in a single edition, while Moore's comparatively unmeaning imitation, "Lalla Rookh," has already been translated three or four times. Much that is excellent is either not translated at all, or partially or badly translated. And who troubles himself about the originals, or turns his attention to them? If Goethe's West-Eastern Divan had contributed to this, it would have been entitled to applause; but he has only shown our young poets how easy it is, by affecting Orientalism, to string together a chaplet of poems, which make a good hit, as a new fashion. Stieglitz has not hesitated to play the formal *precieux* with his pictures of the East, in imitation of Goethe, as if he had made the world a present, wonderfully deserving the world's thanks. He describes to us, with ceremonious self-respect, the course which his mind had taken before he formed the great idea of the pictures of the East. And he is so *naïve* as to acknowledge that the works of engravings in the Berlin Library have particularly inspired him. This shows, in the best manner, the fantastic and spectral character of our modern poetry. Remote from reality, remote from nature and life, these poets study every thing from books alone; they draw all their ideas and images from paper, to

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THE BOOK TRADE.

If we look back to the time when every book existed only in a few manuscripts, we easily perceive what an immeasurable preponderance the literature of the day has gained by the machinery of the press, and by the book trade. Although a blessing for all times has sprung from it; although we Germans may forever enjoy the fame of its invention; yet this ought not to blind us to some disadvantages, which the extension of the book trade brings with it. Scarcely, for instance, has the natural want of literary communion and multiplication been satisfied by the beneficent mechanism of the press, when an artificial want springs up from it into full power. The preparation of books has become a profitable trade; and authors and booksellers, particularly in the most recent times, have speculated in it, and addressed themselves to all the weaknesses of human nature, and the fleeting fashions of the age, in order to recommend their literary fabrics to the public. But few booksellers have gained a name in history, and the warm thanks of their country, by the disinterested promotion of the true, the good, and the beautiful, when it stood in need of their support.

The publisher, when his means are abundant, has a noble sphere of action. He can play into the hands

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is governed by the wants of the buyers. Whatever finds the greatest number of purchasers, is good ware for the bookseller, even though it be a disgrace to literature. That which finds no purchaser is bad stock, though it were revelations from all the seven heavens. That a book may find purchasers, it must be adapted to the known taste of the public, or flatter its inclinations and weaknesses, and have the power to originate a new fashion; on this account the publishers favor what is trivial and what is full of incident. That the public may know that the book harmonizes with its taste, the title must be an attractive one. A good title, therefore, is more valuable to the publisher than a good book; or the latter is valuable only by means of the former; and booksellers rival each other in contriving the most taking titles. Whence, however, does the bookseller obtain such wares as he acknowledges to be good? They do not grow wild so often that he can grow rich by them. They must be produced by art. Instead of the rare pasturage of the Alps, stall-feeding of authors, a thing every where practicable, has been introduced. The publisher keeps them, and they supply him with milk, butter, cheese, hide, and bones. Is a publisher ever in want of such bondmen? More than he wants crowd to his free commons. The more is fabricated the worse it is, and the worse it is the more persons are qualified for it. Particularly, since the rush to studies has become so great, Germany swarms with people, who, in want of employment, put what they have learned out at interest in the book trade; and thus the world

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[illegible] book-makers is Bäuerle, [illegible] giving out some new [illegible] upon the Imperial House, and [illegible] of the state, unless they are [illegible] considered bad subjects, to buy his [illegible] precious gold.

[illegible] other men distinguished and celebrated [illegible] the speculating booksellers, in [illegible] advantage of the credit of their name, [illegible] ten or twenty bad works to a [illegible] have pleased with one, because it was [illegible] every old paper is raked up, and [illegible] according previous; and Reminiscences, [illegible] Correspondence, contain, in long rows [illegible] volumes, the most common-place, every-day [illegible] which the public is good-natured enough to [illegible] in pure respect to the author's name.

The greatest outrage in the German book trade, is [illegible] of pirating, which drove a [illegible] business, particularly in Austria. Even [illegible] where I am living, swarms with these [illegible] who recommend their goods, in the [illegible] with a shamelessness worthy of all [illegible], take credit to themselves for the thieving, [illegible] the legitimate publishers at defiance. It is [illegible] that some eminent or inferior book-[illegible] their wares at a higher price than justice [illegible]; and this high price is regulated by pirating, [illegible] very beneficial to the reading public.

This accidental advantage, however, does not justify the theft. Crispin, who stole leather, to make shoes for the poor, was none the less a rogue. Pirating, though not so mischievous, is yet quite as contemptible as counterfeiting.

Pirating will soon disappear from the German soil; the fabricating of bad books will remain. But we will fight against them; we will be as merciless towards the literary populace, as towards the literary aristocracy.

He who writes once for money, has already given up shame; one from despair, because he must; another with deliberation, like a buffoon, to draw more spectators. The common sins of the bookmakers are these — a dishonesty, which revolts from no means of exciting attention, or of getting, at least, a rapid sale; a brutal insolence towards honorable authors, with whose business they intermeddle; flattery of base and secret inclinations, and palliations of vice, partly to cultivate a productive field, which the better authors have left them, and partly to make their readers their accomplices; — hypocrisy, when the game is to levy contributions upon piety or honesty; shameless stealing and patching up from better works, if these have been successful; finally, that all embracing, all penetrating triviality, the unsavory broth in which every thing is dished up.

Ever since the invention of printing, the warfare of confessions of faith has deluged Germany with theological writings. When people grew gayer, belles-lettres blossomed out. When the numerous advantages which authorship secures to self-interest and

vanity had been fully recognized, every thing was pressed into it; and even those who would have remained silent, saw themselves compelled, by friends, pupils, attacks, and bad books, to the composition of books for themselves. Finally, the booksellers found out what profit they might draw from the public, by communicating to it whatever was interesting in the province of knowledge, which had hitherto been shut up by the initiated; they profaned what was sacred, nationalized what was good in foreigners, immediately established manufactories, and took into their pay book-makers for all ranks, sexes, ages, — for the people, for youth, for the ladies, and especially for all together, since they, being most numerous in the mass, were able to pay for books in the mass.

The influence of this connection on the intrinsic value of literature is various, and has both its good and evil side. It is certainly a noble sign of the times, that intellectual cultivation universally promotes the general diffusion of knowledge. But it is equally certain that the original light of improvement, broken into such variously-graduated colors, is so obscured that what is gained for the mass loses in quality. Heaven does not lavishly scatter abroad the gifts of genius. Many are called, but few are chosen; of a hundred German authors, scarcely one. What the unintellectual write is like themselves; and no work belies its author. Good books are but too easily driven out by bad ones; and, as the mass of readers shun laborious effort, they readily forget the profound author, who appears difficult, for the

shallow scribbler, whom they understand. They feel a sort of reverence for what is printed; and, if they see their common-places printed, they cease to accord to better books a higher rank. That so much miserable stuff is written in Germany is accounted for, to a certain extent, on physical grounds. Every body knows that geniuses do not grow up like forests, but singly, and at great intervals. The many thousand German books are not written by mere geniuses, but by crowds. I will not, however, derogate from the honor due to so respectable a body of German men. One may be the best, even the wisest of men, and yet not achieve a good book. Many an excellent man appears to us a little simple, for the first time, when he writes for the press; and, on the contrary, many a one seems to be inspired, for the first time, when he takes the pen in hand.

We have many bad books, just as, in revolutions, many bad men rise to the top. For one moment, they are all-powerful; in the next, they fall back into their nothingness again. If the pious sigh, the people laugh. If the prophet raves, the people venture to despise him. All attempts to defend truth, justice, and good taste, are wrecked upon the impudence of the fashionable scribblers. Wherever many bad men are united, there springs up a certain *esprit du corps*, which is as heroic as if it were in the most sacred cause. We may declaim about this, but we must not imagine we can change it. Like Tacitus, we can only paint the corruptions of the present age, without assuming to reform them. We can only bide the time. Bad books have their season,

like insects. They come in swarms, and are destroyed before one can think of it. What has become of the theological polemics of the seventeenth century? Whither has the taste of the eighteenth — whither has Gottsched departed? How many thousand bad books have gone the way of all paper, or are mouldering in libraries! Ours do not last as long, because the paper itself is as bad as the contents. Fashions only change, and folly and vulgarity always know how to bring themselves into vogue again under a new form; but the old offenders certainly have their reward. The present tolerates no judge, but the past always finds the most righteous one. Even our blockheads know and despise the old ones, without anticipating that they will fare no better themselves. By virtue of a lucky instinct of human nature, we select, from the literary inheritance of the past, only the best, or at least the most weighty. Of three good writers, one, at least, enjoys his apotheosis in the future; and, among a hundred bad ones, who shine in the present, not more than one carries his evil example down to posterity.

There are bad principles, which are expressed in literature, and every party considers that opposed to it bad. But every one enjoys the privilege of expressing itself, and the worst principle may be kept in countenance with much show of ability, and in the splendor of literature. A perfect devil is always more interesting than a half angel, who is flat and trivial. Not vicious principles, but vicious energies are chargeable with the corruption of literature, as well as of life. Mediocrity, stupidity, fear of genius,

hatred of greatness, the impudence and arrogance of the literary rabble, silent or loquacious factions against nobler and loftier spirits, — in brief, the vulgarity of authors, — is the original sin of literature. Men have imperceptibly taken the place of principles, and thrust themselves in their stead, as in the French revolution. Instead of hostile principles of opposite parties, the good and bad of all parties are struggling against each other. There are a few good books; but they belong to every party: bad books are innumerable; and they again are of every party. While the masses are wrangling about their principles and opinions, the few really cultivated men are roused up in opposition only to the vulgarity of the masses. They honor all energy, even be it hostile; only what is neither one thing nor another, only falsehood, weakness, is their irreconcilable foe.

Circumstances contribute much to the appearance of such a multitude of authors without a calling. Art has become profaned. They think they no longer need the control of a master. Every one thinks himself as well qualified to write as to speak. The learning of caste went to such a pitch of absurdity, that the sound sense of the laity stirred up a rebellion against it, and won an easy victory. Suddenly from the dregs of the laity, publicists and romance-writers broke forth, like other Marsellais and September men, among the ancient perukes, and even *poissardes* were not wanting. How could it be that women, in whose minds sound masculine understanding clings always, as it were, to the root, should not make their sentiments and natural feelings appreciated? Why should they

must be treated in popular discourse, and the feeble tone which steals into it, are partly to be excused on account of the public, by whose powers of comprehension the author must be guided, if he would be heard and understood. Meantime, it is not to be mistaken, that it is only the multitude of obscure authors who do here also the most mischief. Even the shallowest head assumes to write for the people, while he would be ashamed to write for the educated. Every body considers the people good enough to make an audience, and bad enough to have the most stupid stuff palmed off upon them. Nothing appears so easy as to write for the people; for the less art one devotes to it, the sooner is he understood; the more negligent he is, — the more vulgar and commonplace stuff he writes, — the more he harmonizes with the mass of readers. The more he descends to the narrowness, the brutality, the prejudices, the unworthy propensities of the mass, the more they are flattered, and he is flattered by them. Hence it is easy and profitable for bad writers to write badly for the people; hence the work is carried on to a criminal excess. But to write well for the people is a very difficult thing, and therefore is so rarely done. If one would improve and ennoble the mass, he incurs the danger of displeasing them. If one would instruct them in higher things, it is extremely difficult to strike the right tone. Either he has the subject too exclusively before his eyes, and discourses upon it in too learned and unintelligible a style, or he regards the multitude too exclusively, and profanes the subject by a mode of treatment altogether too trivial, and

honor and place are at stake, and necessity breaks through stone walls.[1] The productions, however, are what might be expected, and we see in them all that pains-taking of which they are unworthy.

Efforts are every day increasing, to write in a popular style, to impart to a majority of the public whatever of utility or instruction has been gained from foreigners or by erudition. Even the severest sciences have undergone such a preparation, that the uneducated get a taste of them. We have — "Mythologies for Ladies," "Popular Lectures on Astronomy," "House-Dispensaries and Self-Doctors," "Universal Histories for Youth," "Universal Knowledge in a Nut-Shell," and "Theology, in eight volumes," or "Hours of Devotion," and the like. As at Christmas, a general fair is held for children, and all the booksellers' booths are hung full of writings for the fashionable world, the people, the educated classes, the ladies, German women, the maturer age, more delicate and dear youth, sons and daughters of noble descent, citizens, and countrymen — for every body, for all sorts of readers — in short, for as many as the bookseller can drum up.

In and by itself, the effort to write intelligibly, and to instruct uneducated contemporaries, is as laudable as the learned pretension, which flourishes away with its hieroglyphic speech, and prides itself that the great mass cannot understand it, is contemptible. Even the little accuracy with which scientific subjects

[1] [*Bricht auch den eisernen Schädel;* "breaks even the iron skull."—TRANSL.]

must be treated in popular discourse, and the feeble tone which steals into it, are partly to be excused on account of the public, by whose powers of comprehension the author must be guided, if he would be heard and understood. Meantime, it is not to be mistaken, that it is only the multitude of obscure authors who do here also the most mischief. Even the shallowest head assumes to write for the people, while he would be ashamed to write for the educated. Every body considers the people good enough to make an audience, and bad enough to have the most stupid stuff palmed off upon them. Nothing appears so easy as to write for the people; for the less art one devotes to it, the sooner is he understood; the more negligent he is, — the more vulgar and commonplace stuff he writes, — the more he harmonizes with the mass of readers. The more he descends to the narrowness, the brutality, the prejudices, the unworthy propensities of the mass, the more they are flattered, and he is flattered by them. Hence it is easy and profitable for bad writers to write badly for the people; hence the work is carried on to a criminal excess. But to write well for the people is a very difficult thing, and therefore is so rarely done. If one would improve and ennoble the mass, he incurs the danger of displeasing them. If one would instruct them in higher things, it is extremely difficult to strike the right tone. Either he has the subject too exclusively before his eyes, and discourses upon it in too learned and unintelligible a style, or he regards the multitude too exclusively, and profanes the subject by a mode of treatment altogether too trivial, and

often burlesque. In this matter, authors fail as often as preachers.

In the mean time, much good is beginning to develop itself from the chaos of books, printed out of mere speculation. While wants have been excited or artificially generated every where, in order to be supplied with new books, the real wants, like those of nature, must at length be discovered, and the satisfying of them must, under all circumstances, be the most lucrative for the book-makers. To this belong, first, editions of the most distinguished works in literature, of unexampled cheapness, which secure at once to the public the advantage of appropriating all that is noblest in literature at small expense, and to the publisher the certainty of enriching himself, in spite of the cheapness of his price, by the prodigious rush of purchasers.

To this belong, further, the encyclopedias, conversation-lexicons, pocket libraries, *resumés*. Although they are, for the most part, chargeable with superficiality, still they prepare the way for better books of the same kind; and who can deny that a great variety of knowledge is diffused through all ranks by such cheap collections. The "Conversation-Lexicon" of Brockhaus, for example, leaves a great deal to be desired, and is sometimes too long, sometimes too short; but being in the hands of all, it scatters among the middle classes a prodigious amount of information.

But before every thing else, it is periodical literature which satisfies the want of a rapid survey. Without it, the quantity of books would only resemble an immense city, full of houses, but destitute of streets

and open places. We may now readily observe that the Germans find it more and more irksome to be shut up at home, that they visit the market more frequently than before, that private libraries are diminishing, and reading circles and museum and coffee-house readers are increasing. Still we Germans are very far from the immense circulation of the English and French journals. Our political dismemberment, the many small states and cities, with their local interests and local papers, would even then diminish this great business, if the only unity which we have—the restraints on the press—did not clip it down, wherever it might otherwise unfold its wings. Our political gazettes live an everlasting death, if they are servile, and die an everlasting life, if they are liberal. The other journals, distributed among all the circles of Germany, are divided into the [illegible] [illegible]-grown literary gazettes, of single uni-[illegible], and belles-lettres papers, which, for the most part, are calculated only for female readers. We will [illegible] upon this matter by single departments.

As the political press in Germany has generally [illegible] a sluggish immobility, humdrum wisdom, [illegible] mechanical book-making, with other modes [illegible] nothing, so, on the same principle, the spirit [illegible] is corrupted by the censorship, the good [illegible], and the evil promoted. Many a flower [illegible] closed in the shade, but mushrooms shoot [illegible]. The restraints of the press reach [illegible] branches of literature; yet in others, [illegible] prunes, offences are none the less [illegible] We can only say that the restraint of the

press has thrown a general damp over the spirit of the nation, by repressing some single manifestations of it, as the whole body suffers if a single limb is maimed.

The power which writing exercises on opinions, and the influence of opinion on conduct, make literature an important subject of policy. So far as every state claims a right to its own existence, and by consequence recognizes in itself not only the right, but the duty of self-preservation, it must of necessity take care that literature spread abroad no opinion that might be dangerous to that existence; and this object it seeks to attain by means of the censorship. Whether that object which the right of the state sanctions be not in opposition to the rights of man; whether it can, therefore, be attained; whether the means, that is, the censorship, be the right means,—these are other questions.

Man has an original right of communication. All culture springs from communication; and culture is the highest end of humanity. If a state prohibits communication, it checks culture. If the first state had originally possessed both the right and the power to prohibit the communications of its subjects, all culture would have been impossible, and we should still be standing on the very first step. We have already left many steps behind us, and by what means? Either by the state not having checked that communication, or by the rights of man having been victorious over the rights of the state, or having abolished rigid states by revolutions, and created freer ones in their place.

We might not to derive right from power, but power from right. Power, however, has as little right to [illegible] trees and put children to death, as to the censorship. But is it possible to bring a censorship which restrains the freedom of the press — a general political regulation, by which future evils are prevented — into such harmony with the freedom and welfare of all, as the judicial regulations, by which crimes actually committed are punished! If society is jealous of the judicial power, how much more must it be jealous of that preventive power, which, more terrible than a secret tribunal, judges not only in secret, but before the fact! It is notorious that the only security for a right administration of justice is its publicity. The censorship requires at least an equal security; but publicity is irreconcilable with its nature. Its object is to prevent the publication of certain opinions. How, then, can the censorship be carried on, without admitting arbitrary and unjust decisions? In the [illegible]gious variety of possible thoughts and modes of [illegible]ssion, no fixed rule for approval or disapproval [illegible] found; we have no fixed measure to put into [illegible]ensors' hands, but must commit the decision to [illegible] as to the jury in a court of law. But the people [illegible] watch over the jury. Who keeps any over the [illegible] condemning in darkness?

[illegible] law of the press, which punishes every [illegible] already consummated, seems to [illegible] the security of the public weal, [illegible]ordinated to right. But so soon [illegible]ver subordinates right to itself, [illegible] up the censorship too. This is in

the nature of things. Thus, in France, the monarchical censorship gave way only to the democratical; thus the censorship always returned with power, and indeed with every power.

The principal advantage that comes from the perfect freedom of the press, is the disarming of the insolence of the press. This insolence is only powerful and dangerous, in proportion as it is unusually bold and daring. As soon as it becomes common, it loses all its influence. England has shown this for a long time. There they regard the most venomous sallies of the press as no more than what they are — the ineffectual attempts of a defeated minority. People are no longer surprised at it: that is the mystery of the freedom of the press. An everyday boldness is no longer any thing bold, but merely something everyday. The licentiousness of the press must be forbidden, to give it the charm of what is forbidden. Permitted malice is malice no longer. Many hundred libels and caricatures were published against Pitt; yet his great fame was not in the least injured by them. We probably shall be astonished at Kotzebue's "Barth with the Iron Brow" for a hundred years to come, while in Paris or London such libels are forgotten the next morning. Among us, one whom Kotzebue ridiculed in that work went mad; in Paris and London, he would only have laughed at it. The difference consists only in getting used to it. There is certainly no better means of conquering calumny, hatred, and envy, than by allowing them to prostitute themselves in public — to cry themselves down. Freedom of the press is the sun, which gently extracts

its strength from the poison exposed to its rays, while the poison retains its strength in the shade, to show it when opportunity occurs. Freedom of the press is the free air, in which steam disappears; while confined in a narrow space, it acquires a destructive power. The French ministry have certainly managed with great want of skill, in raising the press again to the dignity of martyrdom, when it was beginning to make itself so contemptible, and to waste its strength.

What the censorship robs us of is less to be regretted than what it confers upon us. That it sometimes represses the truth is an evil; but that it should call out falsehood and half truth, is a much greater evil. It has, no doubt, some part in that empty fantasy which shuns practical life, and still more in those distorted judgments which are every where heard in political literature. We are allowed to indulge in extravagant reveries, particularly in an unintelligible philosophical language; but we are not allowed to think of the practical application of our theories, even [illegible]. Many a one, who wishes to tell the [illegible] is so thick a cloud that a common censor, [illegible] reader too, is unable to see through [illegible] the other hand, the practical men study to [illegible] the most [illegible], beaten track of empiricism, [illegible] take good heed to pay no attention to better [illegible] and this obedience is palliated by reasons [illegible] there are many writers, who, lying [illegible] eternal snow, reach [illegible] who, without being treacher- [illegible] without lying, yet dare not [illegible] and, in a miserable, half-and-

half state, endeavor to be at once on good terms with the spirit of the age and with the censorship. Their element is generally this half-and-half condition; and, in an age like ours, they are perfectly at home. Much as they exhaust themselves in tirades against the censorship, it is as convenient for them as for the ultras. They knowingly seat themselves on the tripod, and give out their oracles, with finger on nose, commanding a mysterious silence if a truth is in question, rejecting every something as too much, and defending every nothing as at least something. People who would never open their mouths in a time of commotion, now talk to satiety. They now make amends for their long silence. They do not attempt to deny that their writings are somewhat shallow, but they slyly whisper us that it is done with a purpose: one must step softly, give out but little to be understood, but a great deal is kept in the back-ground.

Next to this flat, half-way course of those who undertake to speak of great and serious matters, parades itself the still worse content of the utterly vulgar literary cockneys, to whom the ideas of country, and honor, to whom every thing great, are unknown; who draw down far over their ears the night-cap of domestic sentimentality, and know nothing outside of the house, except the theatre and its personal gossip. Nearly all our entertaining literature is calculated for these fortunate Phæacians,[1] who eat, drink, sleep, and play

[1] [An allusion to the description of the Phæacians in Homer's Odyssey, who were placed by Nausithous in Scheria, ἐκὰς ἀνθρώπων ἀλφηστάων; "far from human kind." *Od.*, *Lib.* vi. — TRANSL.]

a small romance, but take absolutely no notice of great political life, of the history of the world, of the disgrace and glory of nations. But can a people sink lower than to have within itself so considerable a public, which is thoroughly effeminate and childish, and either fears, or never once happens to speak of any thing that elevates the soul of man?

In this sense, I believe perfectly, that the freedom of the press is entirely indispensable to our intellectual emancipation. This alone is able, by permitting the more manly minds to express themselves freely, to put to silence those women, children, and eunuchs, and raise German literature from the slough in which it is at present sunk.

For the rest, all minds do not allow themselves to be unmanned. The censorship, even when it is coupled with the greatest tyranny, cannot prevent the deep-drawn breath of life — intellectual respiration. If the beak of a bird is bound up fast, and his wings broken, he can still live and breathe through the hollow bones.

The truth is not lost, though not to be encountered in every street. It takes root deeper in the spirit, the less it can be communicated and uttered aloud. A nation on whom restraints of the press are laid, is commonly cultivated enough to have the power of thinking what it may not say. It is certain that new severities of restraint upon the press, new mental interdicts, if introduced, are of as little use as the former.

There is only one form of incantation which

controls spirits. Its name is Freedom and Right! He who forgets this form may bind spirits with cords and steel; he binds not: he may bury them alive, and sprinkle lime over them, year after year; of a sudden the spirits again are roaming free above the grave, and laugh him to scorn. But, it often happens, that, in the place of good spirits which have been driven out, evil spirits enter uninvited in. He who has not chosen to conclude a peace with the good spirits, is often forced to wage a war, against his will, with the evil, who in grim wrath destroy the exorcists. The pure and temperate air of freedom is healthy for all, and the true element of quiet and order. It is only the parching sultriness of intellectual restraint that generates those national storms which descend with crushing thunderstrokes. Men have often haggled with moderate-minded *doctrinaires* about a little seed of grain, where afterwards the anarchists have gathered by the bushel. The word must be spoken. Let people see to it, *who* speaks — that, when one ceases, others may not begin, whose speech is like the roar of the lion, or the break of the sea. Wherefore did Tarquin allow the first six books of the Sibyl to be burned? In them prosperity was foretold. The three last only remained, which predicted nothing but calamity.

The German nation has proved that it can think, in spite of the censorship. For a time it appeared, as if it had resolved to give utterance to its thoughts. In the year 1831, a brisk improvement of the press was observable.

Even without the freedom of the press — even in the

constraining bonds of the censorship — the public spirit, in the present crisis of European affairs, has operated beneficially upon our literature. Let one read, with impartial eye, the numerous political journals that are continually springing up around us, and he will be obliged to confess, that, in part by reason of the subjects which are discussed in them, and in part by the spirit in which those subjects are handled, they are very honorably distinguished from the journals which preceded them.

If we compare the spirit of political journalism in Germany, at the present day, with the spirit which prevailed from 1813 to 1819, we must be convinced that we have recovered from the dreaminess and prolixity of those times, and that empty theories and romantic fantasies are no longer treated, but experimental principles, and positive rights, and definite local wants. If we glance at the great number of essays, written with knowledge and talent, which appear daily in different German papers, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact, that political education has penetrated deep into the masses; that it dwells no longer with single Coryphæuses of literature, many of whom must rather retire in disgrace before the public spirit of the masses.

In our general views of literature, we have regularly followed the course of intellect; and often as we have recorded and commended the extraordinary labor and happy progress of historical and physical studies, we have just as often been compelled to complain of the misuse and degradation of philosophy, theology, political and legal science, and poetry — in short, all

branches of literature, in which the arbitrariness of the understanding and the fancy has but little restraint. On these branches of literature, the restraint of the censorship, the intellectual pressure of the times, has exercised a cramping and negative influence; and it is matter of fact, that no former period of our German literature has produced so much that is bad, and unworthy of the human mind, as the last period, from the time of the Carlsbad protocols. Although every one has encountered this or that lying theory, yet books are too many, and not every one keeps an account of them; so only the few, who, like us, have always had literature in view, can measure the whole extent of evil which has resulted from the restraint of the press. We might perhaps endure that many a good book is prevented from appearing under such auspices; but it is scarcely to be endured, that so many bad books have appeared instead of the good ones. Let him who doubts this, only go through the works of the last seventeen years, or cast back a glance and make the comparison. How often have we been compelled to observe, that German philosophy, formerly always independent, nay, almost always liberal, has, in the systems which have become prevalent most recently, been carrying on a vigorous flirtation with political power! How often have we been obliged to see, how theologians, formerly more conscious of their higher calling, have become the servants of power, on both sides; the rationalists and freethinkers, in surrendering the church wholly into the hands of civil power; the pietists, by battling with peculiar zeal against the passion for worldly

RELIGION.

Religious literature is entitled to its ancient and consecrated preëminence. Divine things are justly placed above all human things. The sacred subject retains its dignity, even if it appear to be treated in a more unworthy manner than the profane. Should we devote more intellect to worldly sciences and arts than to religion, the latter would yet remain the most exalted object of intellectual efforts.

Religion is the impulse, implanted in men, to recognize a Supreme Being. The idea of the Supreme Being is one and the same in all men, of heavenly origin, and independent of earthly modifications. The mode and manner, however, in which men recognize, develop, and set forth this idea in themselves, are as various as men themselves, and fall under the condition of every thing earthly — are subjected to opposition and gradual development.

People are always talking about the influence which religion ought to have on men, and think too little of the influence which men reciprocally exert on religion. The religious sentiment, like the light of the sun, is something entirely simple; but a variety of religions spring out of it, just as simple light, absorbed by earthly objects, is refracted in many colors. If we turn our glance, for a moment, away from the sun

and arrest, for a time, the career of the uncorrupted Muses, we still place our hopes in the return of the happy day, which is to bring us prosperity, and the fine arts of a peace no longer treacherously concealing a secret war, but a true and righteous peace — in a word, a peace of freedom, and not a peace of slavery.

and unreserved recognition of all the good in all religions — the harmony of all genuine religious tones. But, as men are different, from their very nature, and these original, climatic, national, and physico-psychological differences will always remain, it is not certainly to be expected that all mankind, or any one people, should draw out that perfect religious harmony in themselves. Meantime, we cannot see why men should not at least come to a clear perception of their partial views, and consequently give up exclusiveness, and submit themselves to serve, each with his own voice, the universal harmony. It is certain that the religious feeling of one people or individual will express itself more in a mode addressed to the senses or fantasy, in the æsthetic creation of religious symbols, mythi, and ideals; that of another, in a more ethical manner, in will and conduct; that of another still, more in a spiritual manner, in feelings, inspirations, and ecstasies; and that of another again, in a rational manner, in thinking upon the divine nature, and forming religious systems. But why should each, who partially follows one direction, feel himself of necessity obliged to gainsay or denounce all other tendencies? Why should not each come to the conclusion, at last, not merely to tolerate the religious opinions of others, but to acknowledge them with a conviction of their truth, — just as, formerly, in a different stage of religious culture, in pagan antiquity, each did homage to some favorite divinity, without denying other divinities? He who is urged, by preëminent powers of thought, to scrutinize the divine nature in the depths

of the understanding, should, at the same time, acknowledge that other tendencies and other powers slumber in the human soul, which are no less fitted to approach the divine nature, though by different avenues, and should cease to look so haughtily down upon those who are impelled, by the power of will, by æsthetic perceptions, or by over-mastering feeling, to distinguish themselves less by religious thinking than by religious conduct, imaginations, and ecstasies. And *vice versa*. The Italian of lively sensibility, who has attained to the loftiest religious ideals in his creative art, and church music, in the æsthetic way, must not despise the thinking theosophist, the austere moralist, nor the enthusiastic pietist. On the other hand, the moralist ought to acknowledge, side by side with his controlling strength of will, the rights of freethinking also, of æsthetic taste, and of pious feeling; and, finally, the enthusiast ought to surrender himself to all his religious ecstasies, without wishing on that account to kill thought and will, and to condemn all external and sensible things as worldly trifles.

It is certainly the greatest mistake of all religious parties, that they adopt exclusiveness as if it were a necessary postulate of reason, and entertain not the least doubt, that there can be but one true religion, and that one can only be their own. On the contrary, the truth is, that no religious view excludes others, but, quite the reverse, presupposes and requires them, — since each one, by itself, proceeds from a right but one-sided point of view. We must unite them all; supply what is wanting in one,

by the others; what is excessive in one, moderate by the others; what one denies, demonstrate by the others; and purify and strengthen all of them as different musical tones, by the harmony in which their monotony as well as their dissonances disappears. It cannot be the purpose of God to permit one alone of these sounds to prevail monotonously, and to silence the others; still less, to allow all of them to keep up an everlasting dissonance; but rather should all blend harmoniously with each other, in one immeasurable fugue, in the hymn of all mankind.

By reflection upon history, and by examination of the powers of the human soul, which lie originally at the foundation of all historical phenomena, I have arrived at an inward and immovable conviction, that, in the religious sense, there is no absolute unity, but, as it were, a confederation, or, to keep up the musical figure so appropriate to this subject, only a harmonious concordance of different voices, and that the course of human improvement, in reality, leads to this unity, and no other. Colors appear one after another only to consummate their beautiful union at last in the rainbow.

History unfolds whatever slumbers in the soul of man, as in a germ. It is the same thing, whether we look back from the historical phenomenon to the psychological causation, or the reverse. In both the, we must always arrive at the same results; for y and psychology mutually confirm each other, ere is no psychological phenomenon, which was foundation of a historical one, and no historical

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phenomenon, which may not be the consequence of a psychological one.

The soul is the inward paradise, out of which the four sacred streams flow into the world. The first fountain is opened in the senses, the second in the will, the third in the feeling, and the fourth in thought. From the first all the æsthetic, from the second all the ethical, from the third all the pathetic, and from the fourth all the intellectual phenomena of life flow out; and all of them divide the religious element between them. In the religious element they take their common origin, and into the religious element they struggle in every way to return. The divine discloses itself to sense as to the will, to the heart as to the understanding; it appears in visible images as well as in actions, in the feelings as well as in the thoughts. They are the four elements of the human soul, in the coloring of which the divine beam is refracted. As there is no light except in some color, so there is no religion except in intuitions of the senses, in moral conduct, in feelings of the heart, and in thoughts of the understanding.

The soul of man, however, is so constituted, that one element in it always prevails over another, and the compensation is to be found only in the harmony of all these souls, which are imperfect by their constitution. We call this partial constitution of the soul the temperament; and there are consequently four temperaments according as one of these four primeval elements predominates in the soul: sense prevails in the sanguine temperament, will in the choleric, feeling in the melancholic, and understanding

in the phlegmatic. These temperaments are divided among individuals, and form all the different classes, according to sex, age, race, and climate. They are an inheritance which man receives from nature, and which he cannot alienate. The temperament settles unchangeably the character, and all the external manifestations of the man. In this temperament, one of the four above-mentioned streams of life conspicuously discharges itself. All the external manifestations of man's life proceed from this original fountain, and on all the phenomena of history, the temperaments stamp their impress, each in its own way. How this is peculiarly the case in all religious phenomena, we proceed in the next place to consider.

The sanguineous temperament has a predominating tendency to the senses, and indeed is more passive in the enjoyment of sensible impressions, or more active in the creations of the fancy. Hence, it seeks for God every where in sensible form or sounds; it wishes to behold God bodily, or at least to feel the breath of his spirit, or the thunder of his might; and if a more spiritual religion takes from it the god of nature, it studies still to bring the most spiritual within the cognizance of the senses, in symbols and ideals of art, or at least to operate, by means of architecture and church music, through the senses upon the religious feelings.

In the choleric temperament, the will prevails, and that equally, whether more passive in that which is determinate in the dispensation under the law, or more active in daring aspiration and heroic deeds.

Hence it seeks God in a moral law; it wishes to reveal the unknown will of God in prophetic heroism, or to execute the will of God already made known by the law; it will live, act, fight, and die for God.

The melancholic temperament is distinguished by the predominance of the feelings, inasmuch as it resigns itself either more passively to inward ecstasies or agonies, or more actively to the outward and stormy passions. Hence it seeks God in love, in the voluptuous outpouring of a holy spirit, which sends through the whole world a stream of felicity. An endless longing for endless rapture, the torment of unsatisfied desires, the voluptuous indulgence of inward enjoyment if this satisfaction is attained; — these are the symptoms of the religion of feeling.

In the phlegmatic temperament, in which sense, will, and feeling, seem to be perfectly stilled and deadened, the cold, calmly observing, and reflecting understanding takes the lead, and that, too, whether it be more passive in apprehension and combination, or more active in penetration and philosophical speculation. Hence it seeks God in an idea; it thinks God, and endeavors before all things to inform itself of the existence, and then of the constitution of the divine nature.

If we inquire now in what manner these temperaments are distributed among men, it strikes us, in the first place, with regard to the distinction of sex, that in the male, the will and understanding, in the female, feeling and sense are predominant. As to differences of age, sense always seems to be developed

feeling most easily with sense, as among the south-eastern nations.

The will stands in a more remote affinity with feeling, and sense with the understanding.

Hence it follows that an ethical religion takes into itself more understanding, less feeling, and least sense; a religion of the senses, more feeling, less understanding, and least of an ethical character; a religion of feeling, more sense, less will, and least understanding; finally, a religion of the understanding, more will, less sense, and least feeling.

These are the anthropological discords and harmonies, which we must fully understand, if we would resolve the infinite confusion of religious tones. They are susceptible of a geometrical demonstration, and are laws of nature, against which we cannot and ought not to contend.

There is, besides this point of view, which enables us to pass judgment upon religious phenomena, from below and from nature, another and higher point, which permits us to contemplate them from above. The greater part of men move carelessly, amidst the variegated play of colors, over the surface of religious life; but a few only are urged on, by an inward compulsion, to a depth of view, where the divine mystery discloses itself more really before them. Mysticism is indeed closely connected with the distinction of the four religious elements; yet insight in mystical symbols is distinguished from common sensual idolatry; mystical love from pietistic sensibility and delight; the magical power of the mystic heroes and prophets from fanaticism and vulgar

asceticism; and, finally, the piercing thought of the mystical theosophist from ordinary theological dialectics. A strange character every where appears in these higher powers and gifts of the mystics. Internal illumination, which, though the fruit of long preparation, yet remains an involuntary one, is a matter of fact on which no false systems nor irrational claims should be founded; which should by no means be put to an ill use, but which yet can by no means be reasoned away.

Christianity has a mysterious depth, towards which all deeply-penetrating minds are struggling, and not merely a variegated surface, on which superficial spirits divide themselves into sects, under the influence of nature, as it were, according to climates. In general, this varied landscape is significant only so far as it is referred to the sun, whose rays it receives. As the inmost essence, so the beginning of Christianity was mysterious; but, in its further development, it fell into contrarieties like those of nature. Catholicism originally aimed at being universal, and has long preserved the idea of a divine manifestation for *all* the organs of men which are capable of receiving it. It adopted the religious activity which sacrifices itself with joy, or fights with heroism for heaven, the inward love of God, sweet devotion, and the deepest affection; it adopted the exhibition of the divine nature in space; it adopted art, a sacred sensuality, and, finally, philosophy too, a profound investigation of the divine. It opened to men every path that leads from the earthly to the eternal.

Action, image, thought, feeling, pervaded all, and

were in the whole, but one. And it was that, properly, which lent such great power to Catholicism over men, and which, even now, as a still-existing idea, does not fail to inspire the opposers of Catholicism with reverence.

But the reality very soon parted company with the idea. Unable to continue the beautiful harmony of all the powers, they divided into extremes, and these extremes were arrayed in mutual hostility, but without the least right to do so; for their reproaches mutually counterbalanced each other. Down to the end of the middle ages, the external aspects were more obtrusive; — the heaven-devoted will, Christian action in the martyrs and heroes of the primitive church; afterwards, the heaven-inspired fancy, and the senses consecrated to God in Christian art. The reformation, on the other hand, brought out, in a clearer light, the inner aspects; in pietism, feeling absorbed in God; in philosophy and rationalism, the understanding reflecting upon the divine nature.

Each of these two periods has advantages and deficiencies in its partial views, which are unknown to the other. Before the reformation, there prevailed among the hierarchy, in the absence of feeling, a hardness of heart and cruelty, which appeared but too terribly in their violence and persecutions; and in the absence of thought, a coarse idolatry and superstition, for which we should be altogether unwilling to exchange the finer feeling and the enlightened character of modern times. Our age alone, in the deficiency of religious activity, and of heroism devoted to God, and in the want of a sense of art, consecrating and adorning nature, is devoid of so much that was great and noble in the past.

Any Catholic, any poetical spirit even, who feels himself compelled to believe in a sensible manifestation of the Divinity, will not deny that the religion of the middle ages had too far degenerated into a coarse sensuality; that the divine idea was as it were stifled and prostrated under the load of sensible forms and signs; that wonder had been made common; and that the senses had assumed a dominion, under which the reflective understanding, and the inward feeling, suffered a pressure, against which they must of necessity rise in rebellion. The dominant church distrusted the understanding, and the inhuman means by which she endeavored to destroy it are known. She distrusted feeling, and sought to stupefy it by external works. He who was obliged to count his prayers could no longer pray. What wonder, then, that the understanding, with its all-penetrating lightning, should rend the proud structure of that church at last? But when it had once arrived at dominion, it was equally natural for it to fall into a one-sided excess in its turn. It distrusted the senses, to which it had once been subjected, and, with the external sign, denied the manifestation of God in beauty; nay, many of its champions chose deformity by preference, in order to resist the influence of beauty. Feeling, however, could not come out in opposition to the polemic circumspection of these followers of the understanding, who recognized in it, not an enemy, but an ambiguous neighbor, with whom the enemy might easily take up his quarters; they therefore laid upon it the chains of the word, as Catholicism had formerly forced on it those of works.

Then the ill-used heart, the absorption in God (*Gottrunkenheit*) of devotional souls, took refuge with the persecuted sects of pietism. But they also have fallen into a rude exclusiveness, in which persecution does a great deal to keep them. They are, as it were, intoxicated and dissolved in feelings, and can neither grasp the reality of the divine nature, like the Catholics, nor the law of the divine nature, like the Protestants. They float in the cloudy and the formless. They distrust the senses, because they regard them as a chain, because they strive to transport themselves from the solid foundation of the earth, into an invisible kingdom of felicity. They distrust the understanding, because it acknowledges limitations every where, and rejects excess altogether.

This is the great schism of communities in our times. The idea has again been decomposed into representation, conception, and feeling, and their reunion must be sought in a higher development.

At the present moment, the parties stand on the footing of peace. If, on the one side, the controversies of learned theologians continue to rage, without much participation of the people, on the other, approximations and conversions are taking place. The present peaceful condition proceeds partly from the weariness of former struggles, partly from the predominance of worldly tendencies and efforts, among which religion is neglected. In the last century, the sciences and arts drew us away from the contemplation of religious controversy; in the present, politics do the same. Although, for the last twenty years, religious controversy has again been more talked

about, yet the spirit of the times is by no means preëminently suited to this subject. Later ages will be the first to solve the riddle that lies in our religious confusion.

The influence of former relations upon our present condition shows itself nowhere so strikingly as in the state of our ecclesiastical affairs. Every thing we see of it bears the impress of the past, — and of what a past! of a state of war, which ended in both parties being petrified in the attitude of battle. We look upon the powerful giants, which stand forever in the midst of the animated market-place, and shudder a little at the greatness, or the fury, or the deathlike expression, of the mighty forms. In point of fact, we find ourselves, in relation to the church, in a situation altogether singular. That a different belief should belong to separated races, or at least ranks; that the multitude should believe and pray in a ruder, the educated in a more refined fashion, — would be nothing strange; but that one and the same nation, with the same natural parts, the same destinies, the same culture, and crowded together on the same narrow soil, I will not say, has divided itself, but only keeps itself divided into such completely different churches, without reference to rank or culture, is, indeed, however we may have accustomed ourselves to it, ever extraordinary. The origin, however, of these phenomena, the cause of this state of things being still maintained, and not completely discommoding us, lies in that force of habit which must have crept in by degrees, in which both parties could neither conquer, nor fall, nor fight any

longer. It lies, however, still more in the circumstance that ecclesiastical questions are somewhat set aside by scientific, economical, and political ones, and people can no longer be exclusively interested in the affairs of the church. In the midst of peace, however, from time to time, arms are assayed, and threatening demonstrations are made, which are again swallowed up by political commotions. We may affirm, that our age is so much ruled by political interests, that the religious commotions which manifest themselves are mere consequences of the political; that they are even artificially produced by them. The only independent and purely religious movement which has been fostered, but by no means organized, by the pressure of political relations, is the pietistic; and on this ground we must ascribe more real power to pietism than to the worn-out machinery of other parties.

While nearly all nations around us follow exclusively this or that one-sided religious tendency, we Germans exhibit them altogether, in their entire multiplicity and ever-enduring warfare. This is a trait of our national character, of the great affluence of intellectual capacity, which I have already indicated as peculiar to us. We have somewhat mystical in us, which, if its harmony goes out into the external discord, displays the whole compass of intellectual tones; and for this cause, we were the source from which first Christian art in its perfection, then the reformation, and finally the now prevalent, critical culture of all religious parties proceeded. What nation has done more for the development of Christianity? What nation could have done more?

The present religious condition of Germany, in its apparent chaos, furnishes a very instructive picture.

The entire history of Christianity, nay, even of paganism, and perhaps even of Christianity in the future, has its representatives in Germany and in her literature. In the Catholic church, the Episcopal and Papal parties stand in opposition to each other; and from time to time, mystics, dominicans, and reformers, in succession make their appearance. The Protestants represent partly the ancient Christians, partly the future; and we not only observe among them all the weapons, which have ever, at the remotest times, and from the most opposite sides, been directed against Catholicism, but so far as their doctrines are positive, they contain the germs of future developments. Those who look to the future, find in the present Protestantism many defects; and consequently very opposite opinions prevail in this party. Finally, paganism has maintained a voice for itself, both in the traditions of the Catholic church, and in the loose notions of some of the Protestants. Can we, then, wonder at the prodigious variety of opinions and judgments which prevail in regard to religion? The voices of the thousands of years that are gone mingle with those of to-day; and if we would understand them all, we must take a view of all times. No age has been so rude, that it might not discover a representative in ours, and we may also say with truth, none will be so noble, that at least a sublime foreshadowing does not correspond to it in the present. With its foot in the abyss and

the mire, this generation reaches with its head to the distant sunlit heights.

We speak first of Catholicism. In all that is said for and against it, much depends upon what we think particularly to be the essence of this Catholicism. Most people see in it a dead letter, very few a living soul. Its defenders themselves attribute to the system of statutes and precepts the power which sustains and supports it; and its opponents aim at nothing else, when they contend with the letter against the letter, and seek to destroy one statute by another statute, one exposition by another. The essence of Catholicism, however, is not to be found in any book. It rests not upon letters, but upon men: burn up all its books, and there will still be Catholics as before. These books have as little to do with the matter as the name. Names are sound and smoke, enveloping the glow of heaven.[1] Catholicism, indeed, corresponds even now preëminently to the sensual tendency; but it has still a yearning after that mysticism of the middle ages, which binds the hearts of the people to it. There is also in it a tendency towards an organic knowledge and worship of God, which shall embrace the whole man. The senses, the affections, the understanding, and active life, have still a like share in the religion of the Catholic. In this sense alone is the Catholic a universal church; for that organic knowledge alone, like the earth, presents all its sides to the light of heaven, and on this account is the only

[1] ["*Name ist Schall und Rauch*
Umnebelnd Himmelsgluth." Faust.—TRANSL.]

one that can lay claim to universality. What here has been uttered as an idea, lies in the soul of the uneducated Catholic, at least as a dimly-shadowed want, which he finds to be satisfied, after a rude manner, in his church. He beholds his God; with reverential emotions he feels himself possessed by his being; he thinks of him, and acts for him. On this account the Catholic religion satisfies the uncultivated man more than any other; and even the most cultivated would be content with it, and recognize no other, if some one organ had not the predominance with him, or were not cultivated to the neglect of another; if the age were so far advanced, as to be able to embrace all that perfect Catholicism requires in respect to culture. The idea of apprehending and worshipping God with every organ, in contrast with all other religions, in which one organ predominates, is extremely simple; but to realize a church corresponding to this idea transcends the power of all the generations which have lived hitherto, or which live now. I repeat therefore, the satisfaction of that want, as the common Catholic finds it in a rude manner in his church, is alone the sustaining power, is the essence of Catholicism, and the books which the people never know, are only one-sided effluxes of that power, for the learned, and against opponents, and subjected to all the defects of science. He who assails them has an easy task, but meets not genuine Catholicism in them. All the misapprehensions, nay, all the infamies of those whom the people's voice, the genuine voice of God, denounces as priests, have been able to rob

the sublime idea of none of its dignity, if we understand only how to distinguish the thing from the men.

Catholicism is more powerful out of literature than in it. It disdains investigation; it is satisfied with tradition; and it must, therefore, set itself in opposition to the deluge of writings, which might throw this tradition into the shade. From early times, tradition and writing have been at war. When Omar conquered Alexandria, he caused the vast library in that city, where were deposited all the treasures of the learning of that time, to be burned, alleging this reason: "If these books contain what is found in the Koran, we have no need of them, for we have the Koran already; if they contain any thing different, they must be destroyed, for God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet, and the Koran is his word, and whatever is beyond that is of evil." In a like manner thought those monks, who pointed out the art of printing as the black art; and, in fact, a conflagration like Omar's is more effectual and logical than a *catalogus librorum prohibitorum*, though the principle of both is one and the same.

Although Catholicism, since the reformation, in spite of the new philosophy, and the worldly tendency of the whole age, still asserts its ancient power, Catholic literature contributes little or nothing to it. This literature had already degenerated in the hands of the schoolmen, and afterwards, in those of the Jesuits, into a mere sophistical pugilism for the secular power of the pope — completely removed from the innocence and piety of the laity — a real devil's

chapel, hard by the ancient church. All noble minds fled, and took refuge, first in the mysticism which opposed the Popish scholasticism, and afterwards in the reformation. Only a very small number of the Jesuits, in proportion, exhibited, in childlike innocence, the ancient Catholic spirit, as Angelus Silesius: their best heads, so far as they did not serve the lying spirit, gave themselves up to secular sciences, particularly the mathematical, and so far were lost to Catholic theology, whose Jesuitical spirit, since the reformation, finds no apology even in the most indulgent and partial eye. Here all was black, black as hell; and if the pure deviltry — the whole system of lies aimed at the stupefaction and deterioration of the human race — has prejudiced the Catholic church no more than has really been the case, this is to be attributed only to the circumstance above mentioned, that the proper inward life of this church is wholly distinct from the world of books.

That old Jesuitical literature, which reaches far into the preceding century, was finally, at least in Germany, put to utter shame. It had resisted Protestant literature, so long as this was itself possessed by the dark spirit of bigotry; but it was compelled, like this, to give way to the genius of human improvement, which, in the preceding century, had banished the ancient offspring of night.

The pious hallucination of the Jansenists and Illuminati has since then succeeded to the place of the poisonous falsehood of the Jesuits. The educated Catholics saw into the profligacy of Jesuitism, and crossed themselves before it, and now first sought

salvation in just the opposite, as is always the case, namely, in an approximation to Protestantism.

They formed the moderate party, or the *juste milieu* of Catholicism. Many of them would have become Protestants, had they not hoped to be able to operate with better effect upon its reformation in the pale of the Catholic church than out of it. Others observed one-sidedness and degeneracy even in Protestantism, and wanted a new reformation, without the excrescences of the old. The greater part, however, were content to save morality, to substitute, in place of the old falsehood and license of the church, a noble simplicity of manners; and this they were able to do without surrendering the poetical charm of their ancient dogma, and without falling into the dry prose of the Protestants. It were indeed surprising, if the austerer morality of Protestantism should gain no advantage, without Protestant pedantry and common-place Dutch plodding.

The impulse proceeded from France, partly from the influence of Voltaire, which opposed youthful satires to stupidity, superstition, and ecclesiastical vices; partly from Jansenism, which, without prejudice to the dogma, wanted only a moral reformation, whose patriarch was Fénélon, the ideal of his numerous followers in Germany also. Besides this French example for the German church, a closer acquaintance with the philosophy and poetry cherished by the Protestants, exerted the mightiest influence upon the Catholic renovation, and finally, the age of universal improvement, the age of Frederick II. and Joseph II., was propitious to them.

As early as 1763, Hontheim, under the name of Justinus Febronius, engaged in a severe criticism on Popery, and Isenbühl in 1778; but both were subjected to the power of the clergy, which was still unshaken in Bavaria, Salzburg, and the provinces of the Rhine. In Austria alone, Joseph II., in 1773, not only expelled the black vermin of the Jesuits, which had so long annoyed the Ferdinands and Leopolds, but narrowed the power of the Pope, in his dominions, emptied the cloisters as nests of stupidity and lust, promoted instruction, every form of toleration, every kind of human culture and improvement. But he went almost too far; for he suffered the two shallowest heads, Blumauer and Alxinger, the one to play the Voltaire, the other to play the Wieland in Austria, and to add to the ancient licentiousness, which they merely continued, the most frivolous and insipid unbelief—writers who became extremely popular, and contributed not a little to the superficiality and rudeness of the half-educated classes. The philosopher Pezzl was not much more endowed with intellect; he wrote the well-known "Faustin," "Letters upon Catholicism," and a "Life of Joseph II."

While improvement was thus celebrating its triumph in Austria, in Bavaria, on the contrary, it found itself placed wholly under a bushel. The Jesuits were here still active: the reformers were compelled to carry on their operations in secret; and their well-known union, under the name of the Illuminati, was exploded and severely persecuted, in 1786, by the influence of the Jesuits. Meantime the warm beams of the sun had pierced through even the ice-cold walls of the

cloisters. The celebrated romance of the cloister *Siegwart*, by Miller, and the autobiographies of the fugitive monks, Schad and Brenner, are interesting monuments of the literary history of that time, and show, very significantly, what an irresistible charm, the secret reading of new Protestant books, and particularly of the later poets, exercised over the youth educated by the Jesuits in the Latin churches, and how impossible it was to withstand, by ancient dulness, the charms of the new light and life.

Since the beginning of the French revolution, the situation of things has been reversed. Austria, which had been improved by Joseph II., sank back into darkness, and Bavaria, shortly before ultra-jesuitical, as well as the Anterior Austrian provinces, became tolerant, and cultivated that moderate Jansenism, which Joseph II. ought before to have introduced into Austria, and which would have been much better there than the principles of Voltaire. From this time Catholic theology entered the lists with Protestant, and busied itself in a noble rivalry for pure morals, and a circumspect criticism, precipitating nothing, and handling nothing roughly.

The school at Freising, which had silently ripened for reformation, gained great influence. The Benedictines themselves, mindful of former times, when their order alone represented all learning, and of their present position as rivals of the Jesuits, adopted the principle of the new times. In this remarkable school, Werkmeister was formed, who also drew after himself many disciples. His contest against the worship of the saints, and the hypocrisy and sensuality of the worship

of God, had led to the result of a simpler, more spiritual, and moral apprehension of Christianity in the very bosom of Catholicism. He wished to appropriate to Catholicism all the excellences of Protestantism, without its defects, and without a formal conversion. Particularly, he was urgent for a German liturgy, and for the banishment of Romanism.

The real Coryphæus of this tendency was the venerable bishop Sailer, of Regensburg. More fortunate than any body else, he united with a truly Catholic reverence for mystery, a serene prudence, a sound common sense, adapted to modern improvement, and a very popular eloquence. His "Doctrine of Reason," and "Christian Morals," his "Wisdom in the Street," his books of devotion, which were in every body's hands, were the measure of Catholic improvement in Germany. As he addressed himself principally to the understanding, so the respectable coadjutor of the Bishopric of Constance, Baron von Wessenberg addressed himself to the feelings. The moral and poetical writings of this variously-gifted and highly-cultivated man aimed less at enlightening opinions than at the ennobling of the sentiments. In one of his poems he has glorified his ideal, Fénélon, to show how well this gentle French teacher of the moderate Catholic party serves as a model. Wessenberg is, however, still more remarkable for his contest with Rome, and for his defence of the German Catholic church, in opposition to Ultramontanism.

Many interesting men have ranged themselves by the side of these heroes of reformed Catholicism, diverging more or less towards certain extremes.

character of the Jesuits in Bavaria. The times have quite lately turned again in favor of the Ultramontane party; so have the ecclesiastical historians Katerkamp and Stolberg. The valuable old Catholic monuments, published by Binterim, are purely antiquarian, and Carové assumes an altogether peculiar point of view, in his writings on the history of opinions, which trace out critically all the modern phenomena in the Catholic world and Catholic literature, and are the most faithful mirror of its internal confusion.

Before we quit this moderate party, we must say a few words in general about it. It is the younger sister of the reformation, but has not, like her, deserted the ancient mother, but cherishes her with filial indulgence. It has not stepped aside from the regular succession of Catholic centuries, but has gone back to the ninth century, to the independence which the German church, and to the purity which opinion possessed in the time of Rhabanus Maurus. This party wants a German national church, in the place of Ultramontanism, and an independent church in the place of the secular power: it wants an intelligible German worship, to the exclusion of Latin incantations: it wants school education in exchange for ancient ignorance; a serene philosophy instead of dark superstition; toleration in the place of persecution. But this party has not yet become fully conscious of its calling. Standing in the midst, between Rationalism and poetic Ultramontanism, it has not yet gained a firm footing, and feels more inclined to the former and to the Protestant side. Hence the dull prose that still clings to it; the dry morality and watery sentimentality; the jejune trans-

to bring the modern philosophy, the philosophy of the Protestant high schools, into application in the Catholic jurisdiction. Thus Zimmer was a zealous follower of Kant; the original Cajetan Weiler, as the disciple of Jacobi, contended, in a temper by no means worthy of his gentle master, against the followers of Schelling, who supported the reaction. Salat in Landshut went beyond even this fury, for he fancied that he had become the victim of reformation in this reaction. When the university was transplanted from Landshut to Munich, he had been left behind, and that he could not put up with. With Sailer and Wessenberg, Mutschelle of Munich, Riegler of Bamberg, and others, took sides as moral writers and preachers. Graser of Würzburg gained the greatest celebrity as a reformer of the Catholic schools. As the Bible, together with reason, had been applied to the criticism of the decretals of the church, and as the Catholics were determined to remain in no respect behind the Protestants, the Bible was very carefully translated by Leander Van Ess, D. Brentano, Babor, and Dereser. As these translators were unwilling to shock their Catholic readers by any reminiscences of Luther, they could not make use of his powerful and nervous language; and hence their works appear too modern and flat in comparison. Ecclesiastical history was likewise studied and written with new zeal, as by Michl, Tannermayer, Röyko. Wolff's excellent history of the Jesuits had already attracted much attention, and contributed not a little towards making this sect completely unpopular. Von Bucher, at a later period, renewed this hatred, by documentary expositions of the

character of the Jesuits in Bavaria. The times have quite lately turned again in favor of the Ultramontane party; so have the ecclesiastical historians Katerkamp and Stolberg. The valuable old Catholic monuments, published by Binterim, are purely antiquarian, and Carové assumes an altogether peculiar point of view, in his writings on the history of opinions, which trace out critically all the modern phenomena in the Catholic world and Catholic literature, and are the most faithful mirror of its internal confusion.

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lation of the Bible; the fear of all imagination; and finally the propensity to political servilism, that vaunting liberalism in church affairs which thunders against Rome, but flatters and fawns upon the pettiest German court. These phenomena, which have lately appeared here and there, and which mar the picture presented by one of the most respectable parties, are not, fortunately, the prevailing ones; the great mass of this party, by a certain freedom from assumption, which waits, and a certain reserve, which does not permit itself to be carried away by the first good counsel, shows rather evidence of sound sense and understanding. Many symptoms indicate to us, that the abolition of celibacy is to be the watchword for a contest which will separate, in no distant time, this party from the Ultramontane, and bring it a step nearer Protestantism.

It would be a remarkable circumstance enough if Portugal and Spain had taken the lead of the Germans in this.

In the beginning of the century, it seemed to be well understood that the whole of Catholic Germany would always advance in the path of reformation. But the contrary was the fact. A zealous Jesuitical and Romish reaction followed. This is very simply explained by the fact that one extreme leads to another. The poetical element of Catholicism, too much misapprehended by the reformation, avenged itself victoriously by infecting Protestantism itself. The mystic idea, misapprehended by the feeble sophistry of the understanding, avenged itself by a second birth in the very bosom of Protestant philosophy. Many other circumstances occurred, which favored the Catholic

and Romish reaction. The French revolution had overthrown faith; Napoleon had overthrown the pope himself; now, when all were arming against France, Catholicism returned to its ancient rights, was smilingly recognized at first as a brother in arms, then, nearer seen, was admired and deified. Who would have believed — so people seemed to think after the restoration — that there was so much of the beautiful in the old priestly license? And each one took thence whatever he pleased; the German patriot took Gothic ornaments; the poet, legends, heroic ballads, and love songs; the statesman, the historical principle and blind obedience.

As to the rest, the reaction began quite moderately with the attempts of certain Bavarians to transfer the philosophy of Schelling to the Catholic dogmas. Of this description were Buchner and Thanner. On the other hand, the rough Cajetan Weiler was the opponent of the system of Schelling in Bavaria. This warfare of theories would have excited no attention, had not poetry and politics laid hold of the system of Schelling, and promoted from other quarters, likewise, the Roman reaction. Frederick Leopold Count Stollberg, together with Bürger, one of our earliest romantic poets, full of chivalrous reminiscences and ancestral pride, raged furiously against the French revolution, which destroyed every thing old, and threw himself, for this very reason, to the opposite extreme, became Catholic, and, like a German Chateaubriand, wrote, with enthusiastic love, a poetical history of religion, as an apotheosis of the so-long-misapprehended Catholicism. But feeling and fancy ruled him almost exclusively, and

he had something of the sanguineous temperament, a certain softness of heart, which he could never disguise. A deeper seriousness and an acuter understanding first entered into this new Ultramontanism, when several Catholics by birth brought the philosophy of Schelling, the revival of old German poetry and art, and the mysticism of former times into connection with it.

The wonderful discovery was made, that in the old Catholic countries, on the legendary Rhine, among the still-existing monuments and more numerous ruins of the middle ages, where no Protestant culture has penetrated, where still all the ancient charm of child-like and superstitious Catholicism prevailed, genuine hearts also of the middle ages were still beating, and that spirits of former times reached into the very midst of our philosophical century. Unquestionably characters have existed at all times, who are to be regarded as the representatives of another age, in the future or the past. As Arnold von Brescia, Petrarch, and other forerunners of the present times, in the middle ages, were thoroughly penetrated with the Protestant republican spirit, so the present age again has its representatives of the middle ages, who are united to that past, not in an external way by predilection, but, inwardly animated by its very essence, have blended it with every fibre of their being. They live, think, and feel, only in the spirit of the middle ages; every thing is regarded from this point of view; and if they have assumed the culture of modern times, this culture does homage to the mediæval idea, and serves only to radiate its light in a new world of images, thoughts, and feelings. Thus Joseph Görres,

of Coblentz, one of the greatest and most remarkable minds of our time, seems entirely original in his mediæval illusion. I can compare the expression of this mind only with that of a Strasburg minster, or a cathedral of Cologne. As Winckelmann is said to be an intellectual sculptor, and Tieck an intellectual actor, so Görres may be said to be an intellectual architect. At least, all his writings remind us, by their logical elevation, and rich, fantastic ornaments, of the art of Erwin. The profundity of the Gothic freemason is manifested in all his works of natural philosophy, mythology, politics, and history. In point of taste, all these works are to be regarded no otherwise than as churches, wondrously projected, raised on a perfect plan, from the lowest foundations to the pyramidal summit — works of art of inexhaustible richness, but which are very clearly distinguished from all other structures of the mind of man, by the expression of the Christian, the holy and the ecclesiastical. Hence it happens that Görres enjoys so little popularity in our times. People who pretend to understand and love art understand and love almost universally merely the outside, and are too short-sighted to penetrate into the depths of a work of Görres, and to take a comprehensive view of the splendor of its spiritual architecture in all its parts People, however, who are occupied in thought, have become too profane in the Propylæa, not to be repelled by the spirit which breathes from the writings of Görres, as from the Holy of Holies. The wits content themselves with calling him bombastic; the school-philosophers, with calling him mystical; and thus one of the richest and profoundest minds remains

not only alien to the nation, but even scorned by it. Görres has written on Nature, (*Organonomie und Exposition der Physiologie;*) on the Mind, (*Vorrede zu Suso, Kleine Schriften*, &c.;) on Art, (*Aphorismen und Aufsätze in den Heidelberger Jahrbücher;*) on Ancient History, (*Mythengeschichte;*) and on Modern, (*Europa und die Revolution, Deutschland, und die Revolution;*) and in all of them, with the exception of some youthful Jacobinical writings, the Roman Catholic view is taken; and it is in the highest degree interesting to see what a figure all our modern wisdom makes under this point of view. A hundred thousand writers have told us how the ancient Catholic world looks from a modern point; but how our modern world looks from that old romantic point of view none but Görres has told us. As a disciple of Schelling, he has clearly pointed out the affinity of Schelling's philosophy with the ancient Catholic mysticism, and in opposition to Oken, who took his departure only from nature, and to Hegel, who took his departure only from spirit, Görres has taken his departure from history, and has set forth the whole world, and God's works in the world, as an animated scene of ever-new existence, (*lebendiges Werden,*) as a circle of destinies, imitating in this his great countryman Rupert von Duiz, whose mysticism brought up the same historical principle in opposition against the other systems of the middle ages, which were founded more upon the spirit of repose, or upon nature, as I shall show in another work on the ancient German literature. Görres defines, in a rigidly Catholic manner, the fundamental forces of all historical life to be a power earthly, separating, destroying, and degrading

to a lower nature, and a power divine, uniting, sustaining, and guiding towards a higher nature; and in the warfare of these two powers, which is to end with the victory of the latter, he sees the predestined movement of the history of the world, now rising, now falling, but always advancing. As these powers stand opposed to each other, now the one, and now the other gains the advantage, and then both are in equipoise; as they first combat in the physical life of nations, then in the intellectual life, and in the great periods, the working days of the world's history follow each other, according to the numbers two, three, four, and six, and finally a Sabbath, a last time consecrated by the victory of the Godhead, is to bring them to a close. Those who are unable to place confidence in such cabalistic relations of numbers, we must at least remind that the world appears of necessity very different, if we leave the point of view of the immediate and very narrow present, in order to view it in the whole of its wide circuit, embracing in one circle the past and the future. If, in the contemplation of the most recent history of the world — if, in looking into the simple and practical aims of nations, and the vulgar intrigues of parties, in which every thing goes on so naturally — our thoughts inevitably wander to the back-ground, to the mystical past, to the prophetic distance of the future, to the sacred origin and sacred destination of the human race, then God, Providence, the sacred destiny of the world, is always the same, and an irresistible feeling tells us that we shall once more approach nearer that venerable back-ground of the ages. No frivolous present can delude us in regard

to the deep seriousness of the history of the world; and it is wholesome sometimes to ask ourselves, Whence came we, and where is our goal?

Francis Baader, who takes his departure from the historical evolution of the Godhead to its inward mystical nature, harmonizes in sentiment with Görres. In the mean time, however, Francis Baader seems to linger with the middle terms, who, like Jacob Böhme, unite our age with the mysticism of the crusades, and is not yet so completely mediæval as Görres.

Two external circumstances contributed essentially to the restoration of the ancient Catholic spirit, to the Roman reaction against Jansenism — first, the revival of the old German poetry and art, as well as the triumph of the Romantic taste in modern belles-lettres; and, secondly, the political restoration, the reaction of feudalism and legitimacy against liberalism.

Sulpice Boisserée displayed before the eyes of the astonished artistic world the charms of Gothic architecture; Cornelius, Overbeck, &c., brought about a return from the corrupted French taste in painting, to the old German and old Italian taste; but before all, Ludwig Tieck led back German poetry to the romantic wilderness of the middle ages, where, chasing after adventures, with waving plumes, it reined up the snorting white steed before the darkling chapels of the forest, and prayed. Although Tieck and the old German studies penetrated not to the people, yet they exerted a great influence. Think only how great favorites Fouqué's romances were, which grew entirely from this romantic mania.

Politics, meantime, although only for a period, ren-

dered the old Catholic school still better service than poetry. It brought to her, in Genz, Frederick Schlegel, Adam Müller, Haller, Jarcke, Pfeilschifter, &c., proselytes, who, in a political interest, bribed, or at least remunerated by power, went over from Protestantism to Catholicism, and sold their talents to the Ultramontane principles. It is true that neither of these gentlemen is properly a theologian. Frederick Schlegel and Adam Müller supported the above-mentioned principles in the province of art and philosophy; Genz, Haller, Jarcke, Pfeilschifter, in the province of political science and political journalism; but they exercised still a great influence on the Catholic world, and formed in it a school, which, in conjunction with the new French Jesuits, and with Rome itself, grew up into a powerful party. Ligorians (new Jesuits) again overshadowed the palace at Vienna, like rooks, and in Bavaria monasteries were again restored. Periodicals, as "The Catholic," "The Eos," &c., preached up loudly, and without concealment, ancient Popery, and Görres lent them the aid of his genius, because he is delighted with every thing that mirrors before him the middle ages.

I have great fears that this haste to bring back the middle ages, and the foul mixture of the pure and noble mysticism of a Görres and a Baader, with the baseness of the political Jesuits, so far from preserving the old Catholic ideas, will be much more likely to accelerate their downfall. Jansenism alone may possibly preserve whatever is beautiful and meritorious in these old ideas, because it shows that it is not in opposition to the passion for freedom and the under-

standing of our age. But if a thoroughly unprincipled party takes refuge behind that which is noble in these ideas, in order to offer its poison in a consecrated chalice, the poison will probably burst the cup, as formerly the cup in Luther's hand was burst by the same poison, which he was unconsciously on the point of drinking. Our age endures, nay, requires a Catholic church, which is externally Jansenist, internally mystical, but none which is externally Popish, and internally only ministerial. In general, all blessing, for the Catholic church, as for every other, must come from the people — from below, not from the higher classes.

The hierarchy cannot be maintained, because it is supported only from above, and the ground beneath it is giving way. Misled by a kind of poetical enchantment, we may wish to restore it, in all its ancient splendor, as it was six hundred years ago, or at least to preserve it in its present decaying condition, by cunningly bowing and cringing to the secular power, while the church is offered to it as a form of police: neither the one nor the other can be done. The love for the ancient church is gone, and until it finds that love again, the church cannot recover.

Faith is the loveliest object in the kingdom of mind, as woman is the loveliest in nature. Both are distorted to the last degree of ugliness, if they find hate in the place of love, and struggle in a feeble, but endless conflict. The despair of an unnatural relation drives both of them to a perversion of their own nature, which changes at last into a different nature. The sweetness, confidence, and silent power of love, become poison, treachery, and violence.

It is, in truth, a sublime and genuinely tragical spectacle, which the ancient church presents to us — now Medea, now Niobe, exciting at one time terror, at another pity. Fatally wounded, she cannot die. Enlarged by a fulness of ideas within, she finds room nowhere. Accustomed to dominion and love, she finds no arms, no hearts. Like old King Lear, she was repelled, and forced to beg of the imperial sons-in-law — was ill-treated, plundered, captured, and saw the beloved and misunderstood Cordelia, the deep faith of the heart, cruelly murdered. At present she has been freed again; her old age is reverenced, and she is allowed to reign once more, under a gentle guardianship. She lives again; but what is to become of her? With her claim to the highest authority, she rushes again into the midst of so many other claims, which have power, possession, and the age on their side. She should rule with love; and the slaves who crowd to her service know nothing but stratagem and force.

The Ultramontane spirit has deeply felt, since the reformation, the necessity of speaking with a double tongue, with the divine and the human; to give her commands with the one, and with the other to prepare the minds of men for implicit obedience. The second voice was intrusted to the Jesuits. As long as the times were rude, uncivilized, and shameless, the Jesuits were obliged to make particular use of subtlety, because they could only attack the enemy in the rear. But now, in this very school, the age has become sufficiently subtle, and they must needs change their hand and make trial of impudence, since they come thus unexpectedly upon the cautious enemy

directly in front, and put him out of countenance. True to this mode of warfare, even the crafty among them study dulness, and affect as much brutality as possible, which is, indeed, partly necessary, because they have to keep an eye upon the people; while they formerly had only the upper classes to overreach. At the time of the reformation, it was for their interest to limit the claims of the people by the princes; now it is for their interest to limit the claims of the princes by the people. Hence the extraordinary alliance between the Jesuits and republicans, of which we had some traces in German literature, before it was carried into full effect, in the party struggles of France and Belgium.

Our German states are too well organized, by the bureaucracy and police regulations, for the political Jesuits to be able to accomplish any thing among us, or to be any thing else than servants of the state in masquerade. We have poetical enthusiasts so much the more.

The poetical Catholics are inspired by the beautiful aspect which Catholicism presents to the senses, by the mysticism of its ideas, and no less by the miracles it has accomplished in history and art. Their sensitive temperament loves the elevated impressions of church splendor; their passion for the beautiful deepens in the magic of religious art; their glowing feelings luxuriate in devotion and inspiration, and surrender themselves, at the holy place and in the holy hour to the delightful intimation of a nearer presence of God; their active imagination finds, in the multiplicity of religious mythi,

images, and usages, all the satisfaction which it requires; their inclination to what is above the senses, their tendency to mystical enigmas, their profoundness, which always most readily selects as the object of its contemplation that which lies beyond the boundaries of knowledge, and even the boldness of their acute understanding in investigating the original foundation of being, in speculations more and more profound, find rich nutriment in the mysteries of the Catholic faith; finally, that predilection for the ancient, which seems to belong peculiarly to poetical spirits, finds in the recollections of Catholicism, in the powerful and exciting images of the middle ages, both the noblest objects of enjoyment and the most precious materials for the impulse of creative art. As we cannot deny the existence of many warm, sensuous, and poetical souls, so we must also admit that they cannot fail of being preëminently captivated by Catholicism, and their most important works sufficiently demonstrate that their enthusiasm is purely a matter of taste, and by no means of hypocritical pretence. It was one of the *follies* of their infatuated opponents to smell out among them Jesuits in masquerade, and to consider and pronounce all their poetical inspiration to be a mere false show, behind which nothing but the mischievous refinement of priestly designs concealed itself. This detestable opinion has been openly expressed by Voss, a man who seems to see every where only black and white, and no shades of color. The poetical Catholics have made themselves felt in devotional outpourings of the heart, in historical and poetical delineations, and partly in

controversial writings. As the beautiful worship of God, addressed to the senses, is the object of their affections, so the jejune and rational worship is the object of their aversion. Besides this, it is usually the severe opposition of their inborn nature and their adopted faith that converts them into such ardent defenders of Catholicism; they are commonly those who were originally Protestants, and were not satisfied in their own church, and so became proselytes. Those who are born Catholics are accustomed to their church from youth up; to the Protestants it appears new and wondrous, and contrast, which leads to their conversion, awakens in them also that zeal which distinguishes all proselytes.

It has been particularly observed that the greater part of these poetical spirits have been converted in Rome; that the aspect of that city makes on them the impression which brings them over to so bold a resolution as this cannot be denied to be. This, however, shows at once on which side they contemplate Catholicism. It is not so much faith, which is the same here and there; it is the miserable village church which leaves them here so cold, and magnificent Rome which enchants them there with the powerful impressions of art.

A multitude of poor sinners, about whom the Protestants have raised a prodigious outcry, have joined the poetical Catholics. There are many men, of sensual character and weak understanding, who are as strongly inclined to sin as they are fearful of the dark destiny which is to punish them. These take refuge, particularly in old age, in the bosom of a church which

can assure them unconditionally the forgiveness of all their sins, while Protestantism imposes upon them the severe condition of reformation. After they have enjoyed all physical and intellectual pleasures, they seek out the only beatific mother, and would be glad to go to heaven alive, sustained by her love. But there are others again who live a tolerably moral life, but have an altogether miserable terror of the old Adam, of original sin, and of all the errors which they commit unconsciously, and which they denounce in order to secure salvation. In order to be sure in all events, they submit themselves to the grace of the apostle, who holds the keys of heaven. In proportion to their sinfulness, the first make more noise about grace than the last, and deafen themselves and others with their assurances. But, however ably some of these fallen angels have commended Catholicism, they always leave a remainder which is not used up, their earthly portion of self-deception or defilement, which then comes into most striking contrast with the holiness they claim, and justly provokes to anger every honorable man.

Those politicians, as well as these poets, cannot have been commissioned to restore the ancient church in a worthy manner. This can only be done, as I said before, by the moderate and liberal party, which has gone forward in the spirit of the age. But it can only be done, if these moderates and liberals do not fall into the opposite extreme of the most jejune rational faith, but, on the contrary, cherish and cultivate the mystical element which belongs to their faith. They, the pure, the free, must adopt mysticism, not the impure

and the slavish, who only misuse it. The most beautiful faith of the world must have its youth renewed from the depth of a youthful, warm, and clear inspiration, but not by frenzy, not by the stings of conscience from pleasures run wild. In a word, faith must come again from the people, and not from courts, not from scholars and poets.

If we turn now to Protestant literature, it cannot escape us, that, unlike the Catholic, it has a higher significance for the Confession, and a greater influence upon the household of the Confession. The Catholics propagate their system by simple tradition and external symbols; they require blind faith and obedience, without any reflection. The Protestants, on the contrary, wish to convince and be convinced, and demand a constantly-renewed demonstration of the system. For this reason the word and the Scriptures are the foundations which they cannot do without. Instruction, sermons, and books are inseparable from the doctrine of the Protestants. This naturally lends Protestant literature a disproportioned preponderance in quantity and erudition over the Catholic, but exposes it to all the mischiefs of much writing.

In Protestantism, every thing is referred, not to an idea alone, but to a book at the same time — the Bible. The study of the Bible; the purifying of the text, the illustration of it; comparison of the doctrines therein contained with the doctrines of reason; the agreement between theology and philosophy; not only the silencing, but the ingenious hunting up of every possible doubt; controversy against all possible errors; and hence a profound investigation of ecclesiastical history, —

all this is the problem of the Protestant theologian. Hence our young ecclesiastics are formed on books from childhood up, and learn God and their duty only in black and white. Their initiation into the office of a carer for souls, of one skilled in human nature, and a friend of man, as every genuine priest ought to be, rests on a painful and pedantic examination in the schools. He has the highest estimation who has studied his cheeks thinnest and whitest, and who has seen no more of the world than his study-lamp shines upon.

The very same reproach that has been so often cast upon Catholic priests educated in the cloisters, that, being accustomed to mechanical, external works, with no knowledge of life and of men, they are not suitably prepared for the cure of souls, may be applied with like justice to many Protestant preachers, also, who enter upon their parish duties with a knowledge of books alone, and none of men. It is unquestionable that the preponderating influence of philology and dialectics in literature has been prejudicial to faith. Under the overwhelming burden of quotations the heart is easily contracted, criticism chills, and the barriers of the Scriptures, as well as those of the symbolical books, require a mechanism of forms, which as frequently expels the spirit by stereotyped forms of speech, and dead-letter lumber, as the outward activity of the Catholics has expelled it.

This theological caste, brought up among books, keeps up its habit afterwards, and is giving the world new books only instead of new saints. If we consider that a thousand and more theological works are printed every year in Germany, and that at least nine hundred

of them assert claims to which formerly the apostles were entitled, we can but laugh at the folly, or be offended with the lying spirit of this world. It is sheer madness to expect a new salvation from so many thousand books, simply because there are so many of them. The worst of it, however, is, that this Protestant book-madness is taken advantage of by the spirit of gain, and that people pervert morals and religion, to furnish regular materials for books of devotion and edification. But I abstain at present from going into details upon this subject.

Apart from this perversion of Scripture, who would not acknowledge that the mighty revolution in the power of thought and in language which has introduced that high degree of literary culture, for which we are now distinguished, is immediately connected with the sources of Protestantism. Like that Titanic hero, who seized the lightnings of the capitol in his mighty hand, and hurled them against the ancient gods, it was at once preëminently master of the word and the Scripture, and laid deep in its German Bible, the rock on which the new church is founded; thus the spirit, whose forerunner it was sent to be, has more and more cherished the cultivation of thought, with the freedom of thought; and nearly all the erudition of science, language, and literature, has proceeded from the Protestant schools and universities.

Meantime, this new spirit has not been able to free itself, even in the Protestant church, from the fetters of authority, which furnish a stopping-place to every church, and, indignant at the galling chains, they give theology up to its mechanism, and have thrown them-

selves with all the powers of their nature upon secular sciences and arts. Under the external protection which the Protestant church secured, philosophy, natural science, jurisprudence, history, and philology, gained all that freedom, without which they would never have been able to arrive at that high cultivation in which we find them at present; and thus theology was indirectly the bearer of the loveliest blossoms of culture; but it immediately resolved itself into a system of retrospections and limitations, which pressed upon it like necessity, and, even in denying and protesting, must needs hold fast to something positive, and could not do without the principle of authority, legitimacy, and stability, although it had reproached Catholicism with it, and adopted it only under entirely new forms.

The dark side, the source of all the disgraces, weaknesses, and errors of Protestantism, is the church's going but half way; this applies both to outward ecclesiastical law and the internal dogma. Protestantism has stopped half way; it is the *juste milieu*, which has been introduced into ecclesiastical affairs since the reformation, as we have lived to see a similar *juste milieu* since the revolution in political affairs. It has thrown off the fetters of the old church, but has gained no liberty. Luther, who freed the mind from the captivity of the church, instantly set bounds to it again, and allowed it to proceed as far as the outer court, but not beyond the walls. Motion must be opposed to torpidity, life to death, an eternal *Becoming* to an unchanging *Being*. In this alone has Protestantism found its great importance in

the history of the world. With the youthful power, which aspires after a higher development, it has resisted the stiffness of old age; it has made a law of nature its own, and with this alone can it conquer. Those, therefore, among the Protestants, who have fallen back into another kind of torpor, the Orthodox, have given up the point which is properly involved in the struggle. They have remained stationary, and cannot justly complain that the Catholics have also remained stationary. We must win by continual progress, or not win at all. Where one stops, is as much a matter of entire indifference, as where a clock stops; it exists, provided it goes.

The Orthodox can turn towards Popery only the same aspect that Popery turns towards them. There we saw progress arrested, and we see it again here — there infallibility, and so here — there fanaticism, and here — there a priesthood, and here — there many ceremonies and few words, here many words and few ceremonies.

The rationalists, who resisted the paralysis of the book-believers, have gone to the other extreme, and their aversion to the eternal exaltation of faith, in opposition to thought, and the utterly tasteless and perverted extravagances in the everlasting babble about the Lord, has advanced to a decided unbelief, and even to a hatred against the person of Christ, which is often akin to the passions of the Jews. If this extreme had always come forward openly, it would speedily have worn itself out in its own unnaturalness, or been resolutely put down; but in most cases, unbelief and the rejection of Christ have played the hypocrite, have put on a theological mask, have given out unchristianity for

true Christianity, and wish to demonstrate it learnedly. By this means theology has become demoralized.

Here also the half-way course has gained the victory. A true unbelief were easier to overcome than a pretended faith.

The inward faults of theology were partly the results of the oppressed outward condition of the Protestant churches. This must of necessity operate to demoralize it.

The Protestant church was notoriously, at its first beginning, an instrument of worldly policy, and continued dependent on worldly power. The higher the Romish church set herself above the princes, the further the Protestant fell below them. At the outset, when a religious enthusiasm and fanaticism still glowed, the Protestant clergy played a grand *rôle*, as princely carers for souls, high court preachers, and *diplomats*. But that ceased with the age of Louis XIV. The black-coats were displaced by the green-coats. In place of sleek father confessors, jolly hunting companions and mistresses succeeded. The Protestant clergy sunk back into the category of inferior placemen.

It is not a long time since country parishes were given by coarse and dissolute country squires, "under the apron," that is, on condition that the poor *candidatus theologiæ* married the cast-off chamber-maid, who was no longer wanted as a mistress. Rabner, in his letters, and Thümmel, in his Wilhelmine, severely lashed this disgraceful custom, about the middle of the preceding century; but Nicolai, in the romance of Sebaldus Nothanker, has most completely described

the lamentable condition of the Protestant church in his time. If a poor preacher ever had the boldness to cross the humor of any petty prince or count in the German empire, or his mistress, or his marshal of the household, or to oppose a brutal court chaplain and superintendent, he was, without ceremony, hunted from his office, and deprived of his bread, and found protection nowhere.

Things of this kind do not occur now. The greater decency, which the courts and the bureaucracy study to assume at present, has had a beneficial effect upon the church. Although places in the church, as well as professorships, are still bestowed "by the apron," it is only through the influence of the respectable daughters and cousins of those who have places to bestow, and all goes on very decently.

But dignity has not returned at the same time with decency. All dignity depends on freedom; and our Protestant church is still, as formerly, enslaved.

When, a hundred years ago, the Jesuits in Dillingen, undertook to demonstrate the proposition, that the Catholic faith was more useful to absolute monarchy than the Protestant, the prelate, Pfaff, in Tübingen, drove them victoriously from the field, with the counter proposition, that no church was more servile than the Lutheran. When a court preacher in Copenhagen, Dr. Masius, dared to write publicly that princes must become Lutheran, not so much from fear of God, as for the sake of their worldly advantage, because the Lutheran faith alone asserted immediately a divine origin of princely power, without the interposition of a higher spiritual power, and because among the

Lutherans alone the temporal monarch was bishop also — at once emperor and pope; — when Masius asserted this, and the chivalrous defender of truth and right, the never-sufficiently-to-be-praised Thomasius, among all his contemporaries, alone had the spirit to censure so impious a work, every body fell upon this honest man; his opinion, that religion was useful for any thing else than for strengthening absolute monarchy, was called an act of treason; he was compelled to flee from Leipsic, where all his property was confiscated, in order to escape imprisonment, perhaps even death; and in Copenhagen his reply was solemnly burned by the executioner.

Thus was it then. In the main point no change has taken place since. The episcopal dignity is always inseparable from the secular monarchs, and the church is governed by orders of the cabinet. The consistories appear indeed to have a certain aristocratic power, but it is in appearance alone; they are in reality only the organ of the ministry. They receive from the cabinet the liturgy, the priestly vestments, the texts of their sermons and prescriptions for applying God's word to the circumstances of the times. The subaltern clerical functions are exercised as the higher departments. In a word, there are no longer any priests, but only servants of the state in black uniform.

The weak attempts to introduce into the Protestant church a Presbyterian constitution have always been received with dislike, and set aside with a facility that shows it to be impossible to form a middle party between the wholly servile clergy and these dissenters,

who go their own way. The court will never consent that a democratic element be introduced into the administration of the church; and that portion of the people who are seriously concerned with religion will never trust the priests. Thus our generally well-meaning Presbyterians fall to the ground between two stools.

The state will exercise this power over the church for a long time to come, because the number of independent dissenters is still small. The majority of the people have exhausted themselves, as it were, in regard to religious controversies, during the preceding centuries; they feel no interest in this subject; they occupy themselves about other things; and thus the servilism of their priests, and the fixed habit of lingering on the customary track, so hostile to every innovation, and to all spiritual advancement, are particularly agreeable to them. They are neither harangued nor inflamed by the priests; and that suits them. They can believe what they please, go to church or not, without being censured or troubled by the clergy for it; and, in their present degree of culture, that is just what they like.

Hence the characteristic badge of the Protestant world — religious indifference.

Two circumstances appear to contribute to this, preeminently, which have attracted too little observation. In the first place, every thing depends, in the Protestant form of worship, upon the preacher for the time being. For the Catholic, all his churches are alike, and he conducts his devotion without the priest, as it makes but little difference what priest officiates. Hence there prevails, if I may so say, an undisturbed

equanimity of devotion every where among the Catholics. Among the Protestants, however, every thing depends upon the personal character of the preacher; for his sake alone, and only when he is present, do people go to church; people regard him alone, are concerned with him alone, because nothing else in the Protestant church attracts attention. Sense and soul of those present are abstracted from every thing else, and fixed upon the preacher. He has it in his power to elevate or depress the devotion and the religious feeling of the congregation. If he is pious, enthusiastic, and has a great talent for eloquence, he will, perhaps, be able to produce a far greater effect than a Catholic priest, who is more a thing than a person in his church. But if the preacher is destitute of true piety, without gifts and talents, one of the sleepy race of men of habit, or a frivolous child of the world in a priest's garb, he will assuredly be less able to cherish the religious feeling than a Catholic priest, who has so much besides to support him. The Protestant pastor makes every thing or nothing out of his parish; he alone can render the church the most agreeable resort for his congregation, and he alone can make it disagreeable to all. There are now, unhappily, very many unendowed preachers, without any peculiar sanctity. It is these who frighten the educated away from the church, and keep there only the herd of the poor in spirit; but they degrade their devotion to the worthless task of sabbatical custom, which is no better than the dislike of the church felt by the others. Each becomes indifference. The one class consents to be pleased with the miserable wishy-washy sermon,

because it is the fashion to press the pew seats in Sunday finery. The others grow cool towards religion, because it is impossible for them to listen to such miserable sermons. The second circumstance which promotes indifference is catechetical instruction. The venerable old master, in his little work on the power of imagination, says very correctly, "Cornelius Nepos and the Catechism are disgusting to us all our life long, because we once read them under the rod." He expresses it perhaps a little too strongly; but the remark is in substance very much to the point, and very true. A great many men are unable, even in mature age, and with the conviction that they were necessary, to look upon books of instruction, which have cost them so many tears and so much weariness in school, without a secret repugnance. This trick of their fancy, which connects the idea of the schoolmaster and his rod with the holiest and most precious objects, has promoted indifference more than one would suppose. The mechanical and disciplinary training in unripe youth, often destroys the feeling which it purposes to waken and cultivate.

Very lately, the injurious, and, compared with Catholics in particular, disgraceful spirit of indifference, among the Protestants, has been felt, and people have made it a point to labor against it with all their might. Accordingly, religious controversy has not only been set free, but has even been favored; and the same censorship which watches like an Argus in political affairs, has shut its hundred eyes upon religious. Since, however, the zeal of the religious *doctrinaires* has not been able to inflame the indifferent mass of the public, and since

internal remedies have done no good, they have passed on to external ones, and endeavored to support the sounding word by more consistent works. These new external works are partly the union between the divided Protestant Confessions, partly the introduction of a new liturgy; both together the means of a firmer external consistency of Protestantism, by which its inner spirit is to be revived and reanimated, just as, in physical diseases, an internal relaxation is removed by external and mechanical appliances. They propose to strengthen the muscles of the *corpus evangelicorum*, and hope thereby to restore the overstrained and long-unstrung nerves to a sound condition.

Let us not deceive ourselves by supposing that these innovations are for the most part proportionate to the end, and excellent in device; but that they meet with opposition, because they are something imposed from the upper classes, and which was not immediately longed for, as a vital want, by the lower.

The garb of the Protestant clergy, particularly the perukes, was horribly absurd; but the new and elegant garb, they thought, should not be taken from the wardrobe of a theatre, in which Werner's *Weihe der Kraft* (Consecration of Power) was first exhibited.

The liturgy of the Lutheran church had for a long time ceased to please the poetical and sentimental spirit of the age; a much more elegant one was furnished; a general Presbyterian synod would have found it difficult to produce any thing, or at least any thing better, and yet it was believed that neither priests nor people were taken into council, as they ought to have been.

The union of the Lutheran and Reformed churches was the most earnest wish of all reasonable men, three centuries ago. At last it is brought about, but scarcely excites any attention, and even meets with aversion, because it proceeded from the secular authority.

Pietists, enthusiasts, poor people, who chose to pray to the Lord God in their own way, in the corner of a province, and held small conventicles with kneeling, praying, and singing, were dispersed at the same time by *gens d'armes*, and thrown into prison. Why should they, in particular, have no portion in a toleration so widely extended? Why should the religious zeal, which had been so pressingly recommended to officials by authority, not be admitted, when it sprang up of itself among the people?

Thus religion was treated entirely as a matter of loyalty. The sense of duty of the subject was invoked for all religious innovations; and though, properly speaking, orders were not given, but only recommendations, yet a corresponding politeness was so much the more presupposed; and thus in the bosom of Protestantism was formed that singular religious politeness, which so rightly characterizes our age.

If, therefore, Protestantism outwardly casts many and deep shadows, yet it has much internal light; and, while upon its faults, we ought not to forget the great things it has accomplished, and the still greater promise that lies in it. Was not that battle of the Giants of Luther and his renowned brothers in arms fought for the dearest interests of the human race? And if they did not do every thing, have we any right to complain of them for it? Does it not rather belong

to us to do what is still wanting? The performances of Protestantism, thus far, followed each other naturally, each partial, but all hanging together and leading to something further. We are still on the way, but we go forward; we do not stand still — at least, not all of us.

Luther purified the fountains of the church, which had been overrun with filth, and simply led us back to the clear spring of the Scripture. That his immediate followers should adhere to the letter, was natural. That the dryness of the letter should call out the faith of feeling, the pietism of Arndt and Spener, was again entirely natural. That, in opposition to both, the understanding should again come into activity, ought to excite just as little surprise, since one extreme always calls out another, as that it should degenerate into the coarsest skepticism and freethinking. Finally, it was natural that a comparative and historical mode of treatment should oppose these one-sided theories, which proceeded from the letter, from feeling or from understanding alone, and that the above-mentioned romantic and mystical reaction in Catholicism should come forward at the same time in connection with it.

If we consider Protestant orthodoxy at the beginning of the preceding century, we cannot but bless the pietists, who first began to free us from this dead-letter faith and venomous contention. This orthodoxy of the seventeenth century lay like an Alpine mountain upon the whole north of Germany. We are struck with horror when we look back to this period of our history, and read the controversy upon Crypto-Calvinism, the

trials of the witches, and the numberless popular libels in which the clergy of that day were defamed, denounced, and poisoned. As the faith of the letter was the prevailing faith, and, by the servility of its dependents, with the aid of princely favor, was propagated at the universities, and in the highest places of the church, as formerly scholasticism and Jesuitism were among the Catholics, these old stupidities held out for a long time.

Pious feeling was the first to rebel against the dead letter, and clear understanding did so later. The excellent Spener, one of the most amiable of the offspring of Protestantism, a century earlier combated the bloated and poisonous salamander Karpzow, before Lessing engaged with the stupid head pastor, Götze, in Hamburg. In both cases, the good heart gained the victory over the wicked, and the good head over the bad.

Without permitting myself to run into details respecting the earlier ecclesiastical history of Germany, I will only remark, that the faith of feeling promoted by Spener, after it had acquired popularity, immediately isolated itself in the Moravian sect, founded by Count Zinzendorf, at the beginning of the preceding century, and so far ceased for a time to exert an influence within the Protestant church. The dominant clergy were cunning enough to mark out the elements which were opposed to them, and were more willing to confine the scabby sheep in one small flock, than to allow them to spread the contagion wider among all. If the pietists were once isolated, they might be

ill-used as aliens, like the Jews, and there would be no further necessity of regarding them as brothers.

The separation of the pietists contributed not a little to the direct advancement of the opposite element—skepticism and unbelief in the Protestant church. At least German theology would have been more strongly guarded against the spirit of Voltaire, which reached it from France, if it had had somewhat more of German feeling, if it had not banished feeling, and surrendered it to the pietistic dissenters. With the licentious writings of France, which were pretty frequently translated, in coarse type and bad paper, free-thinking also pervaded Germany as a new fashion. One should compare the highly-interesting memoirs of the Prussian nobleman von Pölnitz and the frivolous poems of Hoffmanswaldau, to see clearly how French immorality and want of principle gradually nestled in the German courts, among the German nobility, and in the German states. The now forgotten, but extremely intellectual Schummel wrote a book, in the reign of Frederick II., to which he gave the title of "The Little Voltaire," in which he pointed out how widely French unbelief had already spread in Germany. He mentions several absurd books, in which a blasphemy, designed to be *spirituel*, was preached, and tells us about the atheistic orders of those times at the German universities. Though these evils only affected the higher classes, who kept up the liveliest correspondence, both as to fashion and reading, with France, yet a man soon made his appearance, who preached to the common people a

contempt of Christianity, and, in opposition to it, a moral religion of reason, after the taste of Rousseau and the French philosophy. This was the notorious General Superintendent, and afterwards innkeeper, Carl Friedrich Bahrdt. His writings (on the "Aim of Jesus," "Morals for all Classes," "Bible in the Popular Tone") excited so much attention, that the highest tribunal of the empire found itself compelled, in 1778, to remove him from his ecclesiastical dignities, and banish him. He was a coarse and rather dull fellow, but still a martyr for the truth as he understood it, and thus far was incomparably nobler than the sneaks and hypocrites among the rationalists of the present day, who, having the same faith with Bahrdt, dare not utter it aloud, but only give it out *sub rosa*. More dull still than Bahrdt, and without his fire, Mauvillion wrote "An only true System of the Christian Religion," in which he made an attack upon this religion. In the year 1783, Horus, an anti-christian book, composed by Wünsch, appeared, which excited much attention. The writings of Paalzow, however, were among the most biting and stinging, ("Hierocles," "Porphyrius," "History of Superstition," "History of Religious Cruelty.") He fell with the fury of a *sans-culotte* upon every thing that had the least connection with Christianity, and called the Christian's God a bloodthirsty monster. At the end of the preceding century, also, there appeared a "Natural History of the great Prophet," in which Christ behaves like a rather silly hero of a romance.

The celebrated "Wolfenbüttel Fragments," published

by Lessing, form the scientific middle point of this literature, in which the most plausible doubts are raised against Christianity, with very remarkable acuteness. This book has been forced to serve as an authority for all irreligious, immoral, and indecent writings, from that time down to Gutzkow — a proof how dangerous it is for nobler minds not to be on their guard, and thus to furnish a desired pretext to unclean spirits.

Since then atheism has ended in indifference, as fire ends in smoke.

The educated classes concerned themselves much more with philosophy and poetry than with theology; and soon began even to incline again to supernaturalism, and even Catholicism. Atheism was propagated only in the lower classes of society, particularly after the French troops were quartered upon them, and had spread so much licentiousness. It is in the nature of the mob to put on the cast-off clothes of their betters, and strut abroad in them after their fashion.

It is only very lately that atheism has raised its head again in elegant literature. Without doubt, hypocrisy in theology, and prudery in poetry, have called out this new opposition of public dissoluteness. Besides this, however, the bad example of the latest French novels, which cannot approach our German novels in delicacy, has sought to surpass us, at least in relative energy, by the most reckless display of all imaginable vices; and the morbid passion for imitation, which urges on the Germans to copy the grossest vulgarities and absurdities among our neighbors, has induced some immoral young men to

bring again upon the carpet, as something new, the ancient profligate behavior, as it is described in the above-mentioned "Little Voltaire." Atheism and licentiousness, these primeval sisters, are recommended to us as the highest pole-stars of life, by young persons who have not yet reached the age of manhood, with a certain audacity, borrowed from the French. They call themselves the *Jeune Allemagne*, and form a *Propaganda* of such a worthless tendency, that one cannot oppose them early and vigorously enough; but at the same time we cannot exactly fear that they will obtain influence enough to do much mischief, with their moral pest, among the German youth. They bring great disgrace upon the German literature of the present age, which has attained to so much that is good; but the danger, the infection with which they threaten us, will, without doubt, be averted by the sound, morally-vigorous nature of the people.

Voltairism had already struck a much deeper root in Germany, and yet was happily cast off as a foreign evil. The atheistical literature, in the second half of the preceding century, was driven out by some noble theologians, who armed the ever-vigilant moral feeling in our people against the licentiousness borrowed from the French, and united to unbelief. These theologians, however, at the same time saw clearly that the ancient dead faith of the letter was so far from being able to afford any aid, that, on the contrary, this very old and hardened theology had called these extravagances into being. Hence they directed their innovation, on account of which they were called

neologists, as much against the faith of the letter, as against atheism. They chose to have neither the Scripture in spite of reason, nor reason in spite of Scripture, but Scripture and reason together and in harmony. To this end, the three patriarchs of the new German theology, Michaelis in Göttingen, Semler in Halle, Ernesti in Leipsic, labored, taking their point of view in the critical investigation of Scripture, and Mosheim and Gellert that of morality. These men, who belong also to the first half of the preceding century, had numerous disciples. The above-mentioned writings of the freethinkers were opposed by the venerable Spalding, in 1770, in his "Familiar Letters on Religion," and in his demonstration (laid down in the work "Religion a Concern of Men") that Christianity is the most humane religion. Thus also Seiler, in Erlangen, wrote on the reasonable belief in the truth of the Christian religion. J. G. Rosenmüller furnished even historical demonstrations of the genuineness of Christianity; and Lüderwald and Kleuker wrote against Paalzow, the fanatical enemy of Christ; Bartels against Mauvillon; and the celebrated pulpit orator Reinhard against Bahrdt. The philosophy of Reimarus, Mendelsohn, Kant, morally pure, though not exactly scriptural, the pious and genuinely Christian philosophy of Jacobi and Herder, and, in general, the gravity and dignity, which even the secular sciences and poetry assumed, drove the feeble attempts of the freethinkers entirely into the back-ground, and theology won a free career. The breakers, which had threatened it at the beginning of the preceding century, now lay behind it.

True, the old faith of the letter, as well as pietism and freethinking, still had their representatives in Protestant theology; yet the greater toleration of the philosophical age, social and æsthetic cultivation, and the historical mode of treatment in theology itself, and the scientific spirit, contributed much to the extinction of hatred, and the entire repression of the old vulgar polemics.

Among the younger leaders of the faith of the letter, the most distinguished were the last Carpzow in Helmstädt, Seiler in Erlangen, Zeller in Berlin, and the celebrated Tübingen theologians Storr, Flatt, Steudel, more distinguished than they otherwise would have been, because they had to combat the neologists, and match them by a rivalship in learning. Morus, Döderlein, Ammon, Stäudlin, Bretschneider, took rather a middle ground. The rationalists were joined, less in dogmatics and theory, than in critical investigations of the Scriptures, by Griesbach of Jena, the restorer of the text, the celebrated Orientalist F. K. Rosenmüller, J. G. Eichhorn, Wetstein, Matthäi, Hess, Vater, Gesenius, and the numerous cultivators of ecclesiastical history, among whom Spittler gained the greatest celebrity by his philosophical insight and his impartiality; Plank, by the development of the dogmas, that is, of Protestantism itself; Schrökh, by an extremely laborious collection of historical materials; Neander, by a severely scientific criticism of the ancient doctrines of the church. Besides these, however, Walch, Henke, Baumgarten, Stäudlin, Schmidt, Marheineke, Augusti, Tittmann, Münter, Gieseler, Münscher, Füssli, Hossbach, &c., rendered various services.

The scientific spirit had gained the mastery over the whole of theology, so that all parties stood in equal need of critical and historical investigation; those of the old faith, in order to show that their letter had spirit too; the rationalists, to show that their reason was grounded in Scripture; and the pietists, to show that even their religion of feeling and love was according to Scripture and the genuine biblical religion. Hence the leaders of all parties became great scholars, and criticism and history became the common weapons.

In essentials, the supernaturalists, or old Lutheran believers in the letter, held with the pietistic believers in feeling, and the Protestant mystics, against the rationalist believers in reason or thought, although the former were again strongly distinguished from one another.

The rationalists, whose principal supports in theology are the above-mentioned biblical philologists, orientalists, critics, and historians, fortified themselves besides by secular philosophy; and first of all, as was natural, by Kant, whose Aristotelian and critical method, far removed from all enthusiasm, must have most entirely agreed with them. Thus they could in no better way set aside the mystical element in religion, for which they entertained so great a dislike, than by leaving *absolute truth* out of the question, with Kant, and adopting only a *relative truth*. They declared the impossibility of unravelling the mystery of Deity, and affirmed it would be better to let that matter alone, than by false explanations delude the minds of men, and promote superstition and priestly

deception; and that, in the uncertainty of divine things, it was alone worthy of man to honor God by morality and by the use of the understanding, which unmasks deception and falsehood. It cannot be denied, that these theological Kantians, nay, even the mere skeptics, as well as the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist, are a beneficial leaven in Protestantism, as an opposition, if they do not gain a one-sided victory with their extreme opinions. The critics, the heroes of the understanding, are the angels who are sent into the paradise of the church, with the flaming sword of the power of thought, to drive out the unworthy inhabitants. In opposition to a multitude, who have degenerated into rude sensuality, dull feeling, or blind faith in authority; in opposition to a history, which, on every opened page, only demonstrates how far we are in the rear, what an endless way the mind looks forward into; — these men have undertaken a task, which is in the highest degree worthy of the human mind, inasmuch as the mind is itself the most difficult problem it is ever called upon to solve. The senses and the strength of fancy, feeling, and all the innate weaknesses of men, are the powers against whose degeneracy and corruption they war; and the understanding, that little measure, is the only instrument with which they propose to master the heights and depths of the ancient rock. Although the mode of using the thinking faculty is itself subjected to perversion, yet the mere freedom in making use of it is of immeasurable advantage to the human race; for power is purified only in cultivation: communication, publicity, belong directly to this freedom, or rather it consists only in publicly speaking or

thinking; for a thought, by itself, shut up within, has little claim to be called free, since it is possible to repress it. That those critics brought into discussion all religious subjects, is an immortal honor, even though they may not have done it in the completest manner. They assert the everlasting right of the communication of thought, and changed this universal right into a positive duty, and, like honorable sentinels, guard the only way by which opinions can be interchanged, and convictions purified. All open wickedness, which tries to take refuge under the shield of religion, they carefully expose, and drag that which is hidden into the light. They compel the opponent to answer the challenge, and punish stupidity, which tries to rule without a call, and the craftiness that conceals a bad thing, in order not to be compelled to defend it. Who feels not the blessing of religious communication, in comparison with that Asiatic seclusion, in which nobody knows what is believed beyond the mountains?

There is something absolutely necessary in this test of the understanding. Every man finds the understanding in himself like an intellectual conscience, and he may indeed drown its voice, for a time, by the delusions of sense or feeling, but not forever. This conscience, however, exerts itself in the whole circuit of popular life, and destroys, in those illusions, the roots of injustice and misery. It is the pure mathematics and logic of the understanding, which have been lent us to ascertain and preserve the harmony of all the powers which lie within us. It cannot think away the glowing senses,

but it moderates the excesses of sensual power; it cannot refine away profound feeling from the heart, but it leads delirious passion back again within the limits of healthy nature. Hence, if the senses lead us astray to the soulless worship of idols; if they deaden the feelings, and take the understanding captive; or, if overstrained feeling kill the body, and strive to smother the understanding in moody reveries, — then this understanding will discover the disturbed equilibrium, and restore it again by this discovery. Still the understanding itself may degenerate into an entirely similar tyranny, so far as it aims at an exclusive dominion; and this extreme generally occurs the moment the understanding has won a victory over the extreme of sensuality or passion. The understanding, which spreads over the nocturnal world, wherein sensual impulses and monstrous passions are in tumultuous activity, a sudden light, before which all prodigious things disappear, as the images of a dream vanish when the eye beholds the light of day, becomes instantly a consuming flame, and tolerates nothing but itself. Scarcely has it unmasked and overthrown the idols, when it utterly banishes from sensible nature the beautiful mystery of Divinity. Scarcely has it subdued the madness of the passions, when it denies the manifestations of the heart. Scarcely has it overcome the aristocracy of the priesthood, when it proceeds to constitute a committee of safety itself, which declares every one brainless who has not God in the head alone. At last, — and this is the crisis of its fanaticism, — the thinking faculty establishes itself as the Absolute,

which lies at the foundation of all being, and, proceeding from its *me*, decrees the existence of God, or reason, or whatever you choose to call it. Hand in hand with philosophy, German theologians have gone through all the stages of this fever of the understanding, in the same sequence, and at the same time, only more secretly, as the politicians did, practically and openly, in the French revolution.

The dead word was surrendered to make way for a living thought; but even this step in advance was made in a one-sided direction, which the reformation had previously pointed out; nay, it has led to the extreme of the doctrine. Then first, with the all-predominating power of the idea over the word, even the sacred word, that doctrine attained its culminating point, which appeared destined to destroy the faith of the senses, and to call forth the faith of feeling. The thought of God was allowed only a partial prevalence; and every exhibition, every feeling of the divine nature, was rejected as a delusion; nay, the word itself was justly regarded as an image only, which is nothing in itself, and becomes something only by the living idea, and which should never enchain the free idea. The subordination of the word to the idea was unquestionably a great advance; but the exclusiveness of a thinking faith, and the rejection of imagination and feeling, was only the old one-sidedness again. That only was believed which could be demonstrated, like the multiplication table; and as faith was attempted to be derived from demonstration, which can only itself be drawn from faith, the strangest contradictions and

sophisms could not but be the consequence. As nothing has operated so beneficially as the intelligent perception of the early corruption of the church; as the thought of God, and reflection upon the eternal harmony of things, should never be wanting to genuine devotion; as it is precisely *that* which purifies, and not obliterates, the images and feelings of Deity, — so there has scarcely ever been a rude worship of idols, scarcely a stupid feeling of devotion, scarcely a slavish prayer of words, so gross and miserable as those logical demonstrations of the properties of God which strive to analyze the Supreme Being, as the mineralogist analyzes a fossil, the final conclusion of which, "I believe because I think," can never be maintained without a premise, "I think because I believe."

While a multitude of unbelievers, Atheists, Deists, Materialists, since Voltaire and Hume, or since the Wolfenbüttel Fragments, and Frederick the Great, boldly renounced the church, and either assailed her, or at least, from indifference, left her to depend upon herself, — a peculiar species of miners was forming within the church, who lived in the same unbelief, though under the forms of the church and the mask of Orthodoxy. Smilingly these gentlemen teach the beloved theological youth, that unbelief is the true, apostolical, and original Christian faith, demonstrated by reason and Scripture. Christ himself — for they do not deny him — he is a dear good man to them; but they put all their own platitudes into his mouth, and he becomes, by exegetical juggleries, a Kantian, a Hegelian, or a somebody-else-ian, as it pleases Mr. Professor. Every thing, in this learned age of ours,

depends on the art of exposition; and one might become a Bonze, and swear by the symbolical books of Fo, and yet, by means of a clever exegesis, make out of these stupid books a sense as rational as heart could wish. The word is allowed to stand, and is even sworn by, but something else is thought of. Must mental reservation be that which the Catholic clergy alone have received in fee simple? Must it be among Catholics alone that sly Jesuits are to be found? Are we not also cunning people? But I will not be unjust. There is some impurity in the matter; perhaps, however, it is not in the end, but in the means. People do not wish to play the hypocrite, only they think they must do it, with a good purpose, in order by this pious means to promote the true welfare of mankind. They wish, in this regular, legitimate, church-like style, by degrees, and without observation, merely by an art of interpretation, to change the ancient folly of believing into the new wisdom of thinking. There is something touching, if you will, in the life-long toil of working up the prodigious primeval forest of the Bible, whose roots strike deep, which towers to heaven, which is interwoven with thousands of creeping plants, tendrils, and luxuriant flowers, by means of exegetical rooting out, weeding and clipping, into a bald, rational system, of some half-disciple of Kant or Hegel, crossed by a couple of yew hedges, mathematically cut out according to the principles of French gardening, and moderately vivified by a little philosophical fountain. It is tragical, at least, if, when the task is completed in some fifty years, and

the stout laborer wishes to enjoy his work, behold! other people come there, who see the primeval forest still standing — the ancient sacred forest, against which the axe never strikes, and all that the laborer had accomplished was deception; he had hewn down the forest only in his imagination; the little shaven garden of yews existed only in his rational faith of the head.

The absurdity of attempting to elaborate *their* rationalism out of the Scriptures, would perhaps be inexplicable, did not these gentlemen ascribe directly to this derivation from the Scriptures a great practical value. But the Scriptures and their reason are incompatible; and why do they not allow them to be separated from each other? Why do they harmonize, with all their might, that which now and never harmonizes? Answer; although they are convinced of the infallibility of their reason, yet a certain instinct tells them that their reason wants something to make it effectual; and they are not ashamed to make the Scriptures, which are regarded by themselves with contempt, which are so much in their way, and so often the object of their hatred, but which are still regarded by the people with reverence, by suitable docking and exposition, a personal witness to their reason. The Bible is once in the undisputed possession of authority; they know how much this possession is worth, and hence are desirous of appropriating it to themselves. If the Bible did not reign over the community by its spirit and letter, it is certain that no rationalist would plague himself about so troublesome a book.

The manner in which the Bible is maltreated, to extort the modern reason of the rationalists from it, is as edifying as it is various. One party, at the head of whom stands Paulus in Heidelberg, say that the narratives of the Bible are to be regarded as statements of real matters of fact; but that these matters of fact, which are only apparent miracles, admit of a perfectly natural explanation. That Christ was at the marriage-feast, is very true; and that wine was produced instead of water, is equally certain; but that Christ changed the water into wine, not by a miracle, but by a little piece of jugglery. Lazarus was raised, not from death, but only from a trance; for Christ was no worker of miracles, but a physician. Others reject the truth of the facts, and explain the Scripture narratives, as mythi and parables, under which the philosophies and mythi of earlier ages are concealed. To this purport, Strauss has very recently written an acute work. Steffens has very wittily exposed the contradiction in the two-fold rationalist exegesis, and asked "whether one would explain the marvellous part of a poem by natural philosophy."

Both these modes of explanation have hitherto failed to shake the reverence felt for the person of Christ. In spite of all natural expositions, in him is seen the high ideal of the moral world; and that remains a perpetual miracle. In spite of all mythical expositions, in him is seen the destroyer of heathenism, and the founder of an entirely new era, the new Adam, the first-born again in the spirit of God, the father of a new spiritual human race.

The critics do not so much mischief as the babblers. Younger rationalists sometimes hit upon poetical quotations, to patch up the rents in their reasoning. Thus one has brought Goethe's "King in Thule," and the "Drop never more drank he," into connection with the passion and death of Christ, and thought he was doing honor to the Bible, by comparing it with Goethe. It will probably grow worse; æsthetic and philosophical perversion has by degrees made itself master of all the departments of literature, and lies jumbled up in the heads of pert young *docentes*, as in a bottle of perfumed powder.

To say nothing of the elder rationalists Nitzsch, Greiling, Theiss, Kindervater, Bartels, &c., among whom the celebrated pulpit orator of Dresden, Reinhard, is the most popular, the most distinguished, next to Paulus, are his friend Johann Heinrich Voss, of whom more will be said hereafter among the poets; Tzschirner, who, without the cunning of Paulus, came forward frankly and boldly; Krug, of Leipsic, who advanced more trivial opinions than Paulus, but in a more pleasing style, and therefore gained more favor with the multitude; Zimmermann, of Darmstadt, the vigorous writer in the "Church Journal," who wrote also against the "Spirit of the Age;" Röhr, in Weimar; the Prussians Gesenius and Wegscheider, who have very recently engaged in a violent controversy with the supernaturalists. Many hundred names might be added; but I should be cautious of mentioning them all, even if I knew them all, for they are increasing to such a degree that in ten years

a wholly different set of names will surpass them in brilliancy. It is enough to indicate the single principle to which all of them swear allegiance.

The amiable and hypochondriac Jochmann, recently dead, who wrote on theology without being a priest, and alone in his way, would not allow his name to be known during his life, stands in close connection with the rationalists, but has nothing to do with their perversions. In the "Reflections on Protestantism," which appeared anonymously, published by Winter, at Heidelberg, he unsparingly exposes all the defects of the Protestants, particularly of the German and English theology, but with a profound feeling for justice and truth. Steffen's spirited "Lamentations over false Theology" contain also a great deal of truth.

The supernaturalists, who acknowledge without reservation whatever is supernatural in Christianity, without criticizing or explaining it — nay, who are willing, like Schleiermacher, to pass quietly over whatever is inexplicable, and who place their happiness directly in mystery as such, divided themselves, at the outset, into believers in the letter, and believers in feeling, orthodox and pietists. Of the first, the school of Storr in Tübingen, we have already written. We pass on to the believers in feeling; but among these, we must draw a distinction between those who are rather church sentimentalists, and the proper pietists and sectaries, as we have already drawn a distinction between the church rationalists and the freethinkers proper. For the believers in

feeling have become at last as prudent as the thinking believers, and have sought to lay claim to and rule over the ecclesiastical domain, whereas, formerly, they were either excommunicated by the believers in the letter, or voluntarily isolated themselves.

As Kant had exercised the greatest influence on the thinking believers, so Herder and Jacobi did on the believers in feeling. In the preceding century, however, rationalism and the faith of the letter were so predominant that the theologians of feeling were unable to make much progress within the pale of the church. Lavater and Jung Stilling appeared only as amateurs, had their circle of influence among the laity, and passed for semi-sectaries. They were the first who, since Thomasius had put an end to prosecutions for witchcraft, grounded anew upon the facts of an immediate communication between the world of spirits and our own, the faith which had appealed to Scripture and reason alone. Lavater not only preached the faith of feeling, but mingled so much fancy with it, that he was suspected of Catholicism more than fifty years ago, as he then contributed much to the conversion of Count Stollberg; besides this, however, he gave in to the belief in ghosts, which, after the occurrence of the exorcisms of Gassner, Jung Stilling, in particular, preached up in his "Theory of the Doctrine of Ghosts," and applied to ghost-seeing the silly remark, that one ought to be pious and believing, to escape being driven to wander about like a spectre. Stilling was one of those dear good weak Germans, of whom there are so many;

but all his writings have an expression of contracted painfulness, which has always rendered them intolerable to me. He still preaches up that old superstition of the witch trials; but in those old times this superstition had some vigor; people still dared to make a league with the devil, and ventured to amuse themselves, in the Walpurgis night, with sport and dance. But, at present, the profligate imbecility of modern German culture, which can never be stigmatized with sufficient scorn, has preserved of this ancient superstition, as of every thing else ancient, only the folly, and omitted only the vigor. In place of the boldness with which the ancients ventured towards hell, fear has succeeded; in place of fight, flight. Instead of Faust's dominion over the powers of hell, who bound even the devil to the service of man, we see men, in the blind agony of childhood, praying and weeping, with the demeanor of women.

In a much more significant character Eckhartshausen came forward, who not only gave attention to visions, and not merely revelled in the pious terrors which these excite, but was, at the same time, a profound thinker, and has left us, in his "God's Covenant," a very interesting system, drawn from the ideas of Jacob Böhme and the Rosicrucians. Hamann appears still more original; if not in an entire system, yet in some brilliant thoughts, expressed in a pithy and peculiar style: a deserved fame has been awarded him only in recent times. Somewhat earlier, in the first half of the last century, Edelmann preached up the supreme majesty of love — true brotherly love

of men for each other — in opposition to the somewhat ridiculous love, which the Moravians felt for Christ, with whom they in fact carried on a child's play, as girls do with a doll. I mention this Edelmann the more readily, because, in several manuals, he is ranked with the disciples of Voltaire, and under the firm of an ungodly atheist — a treatment which he by no means deserves.

Daub and Schwartz, in Heidelberg, struck out a peculiar path, in which they brought theology into connection with the philosophy of Schelling. Afterwards Daub went over to Hegel. On the other hand, Clodius did homage most to Jacobi, among the Protestants. Krummacher endeavored to produce an effect by parables, after the manner of Herder, which gained him great reputation.

More recently, a new school of the critical and scientific faith of feeling, grounded on the Scripture, sprang up from the ancient theology of the letter, which still had its followers every where, as Harms, and Scheibel, of Breslau, (as the disciple of whom, Steffens, within a very short period, professed the closest observance of Lutheranism.) At their head stands Tholuck: their most ardent champion is Hengstenberg; and Guericke and Twesten are in close connection with them. Tholuck has gained an undying reputation in the history of Oriental mysticism, the noblest flowers of which he has bound up into a bouquet. Hengstenberg, in his feeling of theological errors, has been filled with wrath; and indeed I respect his wrath, for I have enough of it myself; but Hengstenberg is intolerant, and throws

away the wheat with the chaff;[1] is over zealous without just cause, and has himself therefore to blame, if he accomplishes nothing. One must be able to drive the hens out of the garden, without trampling down the beds for the sake of doing so.

By the side of the church, amateurs and sectarians have recently been not inactive, in collecting materials for a new structure, and, by different courses of investigation, have come to the same point at which Jung Stilling had stopped — the doctrine of spirits forms the enchanted circle, within which the altar of the new church has been erected. Horst, in his "Magic Library" and "Demonology," was already casting, as it were, amorous glances at the world of ghosts, but was ashamed to believe in it, and merely collected, with historical fidelity, whatever pertained to it. J. F. von Meyer professed, not only with frankness, but even with pride, a belief in ghosts, and maintained it with as much philosophical depth as exegetical learning. His "Scripture Explanations," his "Hades," his "Papers for a higher Truth," and the "Intimations of a Female Seer," published by him, take the foremost rank in the mystical literature of the most recent times There is, to be sure, a certain devotional babble in them, which expresses merely subjective feelings, coupled with the deepest and richest thoughts: meanwhile, all that is necessary is to let the water run off from the sands of gold. His pride also is sometimes

[1] [*Schüttet das Kind mit dem Bade aus;* literally "empties out the baby with the bath."—TRANSL.]

offensive to those who think differently; but can this pride be imputed as a fault to a mind which, misunderstood by the shallow heads of the day, and precisely on account of its noblest properties, is looked upon as a frantic enthusiast? And is not pride better than pretended humility? The "Intimations of a Seer" are one fruit of magnetism, and, in a spiritual relation, the ripest that has ever been plucked from this new tree of knowledge. They contain a system which occupies a middle ground between those of Jacob Böhme and Swedenborg, and serves as a mediation between all the mystical systems which have so close an internal connection with each other, in that it resembles a rainbow, which, though variously broken up by showery clouds, seems by this very means to unite them. G. H. Schubert, a disciple of Schelling, and a distinguished natural philosopher, in his "History of the Soul," in his "Symbolism of Dreams," as well as in nearly all his works of natural science, has attempted to demonstrate the relations of magnetism to a higher world, and has thereby shown a pious as well as profoundly poetical feeling, and no less learning than practical acquaintance with nature. Also, the accounts of the "*clair-voyants*," published by the pietists of Basle, form a very interesting constituent part of this literature. Finally, Justinus Kerner, the poet, and Eschenmayer, the philosopher, have excited, within the last few years, universal attention by their writings on the female seer of Prevorst,[1] and thereby induced Görres

[1] [For an entertaining account of the Ghost Seer of Prevorst, see Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XLIV. Article 2. The cre-

and Franz Baader to make similar communications concerning the older and more recent visionaries. It is a pity, however, that the visions of the seer

dulity of respectable gentlemen, in relation to the wonderful visions of this personage, equals, if it does not surpass, any thing of the kind recorded in the history of witchcraft. Some of the incidents described by Kerner bear a striking resemblance to the performances of the Salem witches.

"At the village of Prevorst," says the reviewer, "a little distance from the town of Löwenstein, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, was born, in 1801, Frederica Haufe, who afterwards obtained the appellation of *Die Seherinn* (the Prophetess or Female Seer) of Prevorst. From her earliest infancy, this personage was remarkably delicate and sensitive, and endowed with the faculty of seeing ghosts. She did not indulge in magnetic sleep, however, till the year 1822, from which time till her death, she was frequently affected with spasms; these could only be cured by magnetism; and as this was generally applied by one gentleman, great was the scandal in consequence. At one period, however, she was magnetized by an individual whom scandal could not, we hope, much object to, viz. the ghost of her grandmother; and this worthy old sprite officiated for her every evening, at seven o'clock. 'It is an inconceivable fact,' says Kerner, 'but authenticated by several respectable witnesses, that, at this time, things, of which the continued contact was prejudicial to her, were removed as by an invisible hand; they glided through the air not at all as if they were thrown; her silver spoon, for instance, was often seen to be taken from her hand, and laid softly down upon a dish at some little distance! In a glass of water on the table, she saw the figures of persons who did not enter the room till half an hour afterwards, and carriages travelling on the public road half an hour before they came up to the house where she was living.' When Kerner was first summoned to attend her, he disbelieved all the reports respecting the extraordinary symptoms of her case; he and his friend, Dr. Off, of Löwenstein, determined to

of Prevorst, not merely in reference to the object, but in reference to the subjective manner of apprehending it, have led us back again to Jung Stilling; that

discountenance altogether her magnetic performances, and they accordingly submitted her to the ordinary system of treatment indicated by her spasmodic and febrile symptoms; but under this she fast grew worse and weaker, and they were obliged to resort to a mild course of magnetism. Ashamed of the utter futility of their own prescriptions, they now most rationally consulted her on her own case, and implicitly followed her directions; the result of which was, that she recovered from a horrible state of collapse bordering on dissolution, and was invigorated to the utmost extent compatible with the ravages her constitution had already suffered. The state of trance induced by magnetic manipulation, and into which the *Seherinn* appears to have been at length in the habit of falling spontaneously, is described as a temporary cessation of the cerebral, and an anomalous development of the ganglionic functions — of "the inner life. The *Seherinn*, whilst still in the flesh, made rapid advances towards a spiritual mode of being; her nervous fluid pervaded her structure so loosely, as frequently to be able to escape altogether from the latter; on such occasions she was not, as might irreverently be suspected, out of her mind, but out of her body, which she saw stretched before her, and would sometimes contemplate for a considerable period. She was so extremely light that, when ordered to a bath, her nurses could not get her under water; and she would not have sunk, had she even been thrown into a river — a fact which we receive as a matter of faith, since, unfortunately, we do not any where learn that the experiment was tried."

The prophetess of Prevorst was subject to many singular sensations; among others, the touch of an unripe walnut caused a flow of the most agreeable feelings, filling her with good-will towards all mankind. She had the usual magnetic powers; could read with the pit of the stomach; could see, with her spiritual eyes, every part of her own and others'

is, to vulgar ghost stories, and vulgar fears of spectres. It is a miserable and gross world of spirits, with which the delicate and elevated presentiments, which were formerly found in magnetism, in the visions of other seers, male and female, and in the divinations of the mystics, do not easily connect themselves, and which exposes too many sides to the abuse of believers, and to the ridicule of unbelievers.

One of the most remarkable phenomena in the

bodies; pointed out the seats and prescribed the remedies of all diseases; and occasionally talked, during her trances, in a language which she affirmed was like that spoken in the time of Jacob, and which Kerner thinks is the primitive language of the soul. This accomplishment is believed never to have been shown by adepts in the United States. The most remarkable facts (?) in this history are the visits of divers ghosts, who frequently favored the lady with their presence. In the night of July 20, 1827, a gentleman belonging to this class of society entered her room "in a long, open coat, with large, broad buttons, knee-breeches, shoes with buckles, and a neckcloth fastened with a button." He afterwards visited her several times, with a female companion; and both were occasionally seen by some of her attendants. At the house of Kerner, to which the prophetess had been removed, she was visited by a great many other ghosts, some of whom conducted themselves in a very scandalous manner, which would have ruined the character of any body but a spectre on a visit to a somnambulist. The details of all these matters, the infinite gravity with which they are related, and the solemn speculations to which they have given rise, in Germany, are among the most extraordinary phenomena of the times. The work (by Dr. Kerner) which contains a full statement of the case, is illustrated by a number of drawings, designed to explain the mysteries of the spiritual and somnambulic world.—TRANSL.]

latest theological literature, is the diffusion of the doctrines of Swedenborg, by means of translations of his works executed by Tafel and Hofaker in Tübingen. This doctrine is closely connected, by an internal bond, with the ancient Oriental and romantic mysticism; but an altogether peculiar plant has sprung up from a southern seed in a northern home. He may be called the Protestant Mahomet of the north, inasmuch as he promulgates not only a new doctrine, but even a new church, and not only, like Luther, rests upon Scripture grounds the old revelation and reason, but supports a new revelation, made to himself as a prophet, on the immediate inspiration of Heaven. But as Mahomet's doctrine, according to the character of the torrid zone, is the doctrine of slavery, so, according to the character of the north, Swedenborg's doctrine is the doctrine of freedom, and the boldest in the world. Hence it is suited to the poetical rationalists (like Goethe, who adhered to it) no less than to the followers of magnetism; and it would not be impossible for it to obtain still a wider diffusion, and, at some future time, to form a powerful opposition against the romantic mysticism, to which the south will ever remain faithful. The characteristic of this doctrine is the most logical Protestantism, the opposition of an absolute freedom and self-determination to the divine determination of man. All that man can be this side or the other of the grave, he becomes by himself alone; by the direction which he imparts to himself; and if he does not enter the higher regions, it is from his own will: he does not, because he is

not at his ease there, because he prefers meaner company. In this doctrine, every thing is serene, clear, and comfortable; one feels in it very much as if he were at home, and the wonders which we anticipate beyond the grave, and the terrors arising therefrom, disappear. In fact, there is no doctrine which corresponds better with the common sense of the present age. In regard to self-determination, it is most intimately connected with the philosophy of Fichte, and thereby with all the ideas of freedom in modern science. Even the intercourse with the world of spirits appears therein as something quite natural. Swedenborg belongs to the north, which is thoroughly pervaded by the magnetic power in its inhabitants, as the visions and somnambulic states of all high northern nations, the Hebrideans, the Greenlanders, the Schamans, demonstrate. Animal magnetism is as natural there as physical, the inner light as common as the northern light; and as the latter is a self-illumination of the earth, — a translation of the planet into the sun, — so the inner light of the subject of magnetism is a self-apotheosis of man, a translation of the mortal individual into the immortal world of spirits; though both to a very limited extent, and not without a delusion, which necessarily belongs to the inversion of relations. The northern seer and the northern light illuminate the night only, but are far different from day-light; and he who has been a night-wanderer in this doctrine, and at length beholds the dawn in the heavens, will feel like one who had seen only the northern light, considers it the sun, and suddenly beholds the sun himself.

I believe, consequently, that the doctrine of Swedenborg, however much it must contribute, in one direction, to the illustration of religious things, and however elevated it is in respect to its morality, founded on freedom, will yet always form an opposition to the more ancient and romantic doctrine of pardoning love from on high. It is certain, however, that if the wretched triviality and want of ideas in theology gives way more and more to profounder investigation, the doctrine of Swedenborg cannot fail to exert a great influence.

So much for literature. Meantime, there is in Germany a large number of pietists, properly so called, or Silentiaries in the country, who have almost no literature except the Bible, and some small tracts, or who adhere to the elder mystics, to Böhme, Gichtel, Gutmann, Arndt, Tersteegen, Bengel, &c., and are more given to praying for themselves in the silent conventicle, than busying themselves in the forum of literature. Unseen and noiseless, this pietism strikes its roots deep, and finds various nutriment, if never or seldom in new books, yet for that reason still more in new feelings, in the discord of the times.

Where the ordinary man, angry at the harsh discord between what is, and what ought to be, takes refuge in a deep devotion to God, I perceive the starting-point of great things. In pietism alone, man goes back to the innermost and deepest source of spiritual rejuvenescence, from which a new stream of life breaks forth, if the old one is dried up. All

the other tendencies of our age are moving only on the surface, against or across each other.

As Protestantism indicates the transition from the senses to the understanding, so pietism marks the transition from the understanding to the affections. When, however, this circle is finished, when imagination, apprehension, and feeling, each in its partial jurisdiction, are completely cultivated, then will they harmoniously blend together and produce the religious idea anew. Pietism will, at some future time, form the transition to a new mysticism, which shall prevail over the whole civilized world.

Pietism must necessarily survive three crises; and we find ourselves now in the first. It must at the beginning appear still bound to Protestantism, appear still to be governed by its influence, because, starting from a small beginning, it toilsomely prolongs its existence, only in the keeping of the ancient forms. At the same time, this is the political and worldly period, and pietism is repressed, not merely by the dominant churches, but by the spirit of the age. In the second crisis, however, it will prevail over both, and run into the extreme of exclusiveness. In the third, it will be reconciled with Protestantism and Catholicism, and found a new church.

Paradoxical as this prediction in our age, nearly dead to all religious interests, indifferent and worldly, may appear to the great majority of those who think nothing of the future, or fill it up only with ideals of worldly states, yet a small minority will be found to agree with me. The few, who in this age

are filled with God, will entertain no doubt, that a time is again to come, however late, in which the religious interest will take precedence of every other, and that pietism is the way thither, and that the new restoration of despised faith, and the reconciliation of hitherto divided religious parties are to be prepared in it.

To those who doubt the power of a religious society, unless it is consolidated in a vigorous external church, it must be observed that the pietists are, on the one hand, in reality too divided in the present age, and, being weak, and governed by the influence of preceding systems, are too discordant, and often too corrupted, to restore a powerful church; and, on the other hand, it is by no means in the nature of pietism to acquire for itself an outward influence, or to clothe itself with worldly power. The pietist lives in the affections, and turns himself away from externals. The current of feeling is with difficulty consolidated; and as feelings are experienced only within, there is no room for founding a system of doctrines, much less the petrified form of an established church. Still the power of feeling is strong enough, without all external aids and defences, to spread itself, and to transcend the external limits of alien churches, as well as to withdraw itself from external persecutions. This power exists, invisible and intangible, and disappoints every calculation of its opponents. No one can hinder it from becoming, at some time or other, predominant; and when this once takes place, we shall witness phenomena that no one could have anticipated.

The first beginnings of pietism still exhibit the entire influence of Protestantism, in which they had their origin. The first pietists desired only to exhibit pure Protestantism in the same way that the Jesuits had exhibited pure Catholicism. Hence they are a perfect antitype to the Jesuits. The inward communion with Jesus, the completely unfolded romance of spiritual love, repentance, contrition, rapture, and visions, — finally, devoted service, the conversion of the heathen, and missions to foreign parts, — are common to both; only the Jesuits were hypocritical in it, and merely followed up the aims of the hierarchy, while the pietists did good, as they understood it, for its own sake. The pietists at first wanted only a purified Protestantism, but by no means to separate themselves from the Protestant church. Where this was done, it was only in the name of pure Protestantism; and even its being done testifies to the influence of the ancient system. So far as they established an external church, they acknowledged allegiance, unlike the other Protestants, not only to the faith of feeling, but also to a faith of the word, to a formal doctrine. Hence, even their little churches are formed after the model of the Protestant. As the Protestants divided themselves into Lutheran and Reformed, so the pietists divided themselves into Moravians and Methodists. As the Lutherans consolidated themselves, in Northern Germany, into one established and united church, and, as it were, recognized Luther for their monarch, so the Moravians did the same in the same country, and their monarch was Zinzendorf. As the Reformed, on the other hand, in Switzerland,

adhered, some to Zuingle, some to Calvin, so the Methodists in England followed, some Wesley, others Whitefield.

These little churches belong to a transition period, and can attain to no great extent, and no permanent existence. These regularly-ordained pietists are of much less weight than the numberless others, who are dispersed every where, and whom, in the absence of any external bond, an inward bond of so much the greater strength unites. They compose the mass which has not yet assumed a definite form, in which the developments are still changing, which looks to the future to purify, to enlarge it, and to give it a definitive form.

In this chaos, a mass of immature and corrupt, sad and terrific appearances, manifest themselves. The power of feeling is unable to free itself as yet from the influences of the senses and the partial tendencies of the understanding. These foreign and contradictory influences hence give rise to great errors and confusion in the feelings, and lead to unnaturalness and delirium. The affections are not to blame for this, but only the senses, and a false development of the understanding, which avail themselves of the wondrous powers that belong to the affections, and pervert them. Moreover, fraud, hypocrisy, vanity, and self-interest are blended therein. Hence we find among the pietists sensual and corrupt men, who practise an absolute lasciviousness with the objects of their ardent devotion; poor sinners, who were led by the same causes to take refuge in the arms of pietistic grace, and the second birth, that induced others like them

to become Catholic; half-educated enthusiasts, who unsettle their brains with expositions of Scripture and prophecies, without warming the heart; fanatics, who bathe in their own blood, and offer themselves a suicidal sacrifice, in order, as they say, to die for Christ, as Christ has died for us; finally, hypocrites of every kind, especially in the lower classes, trades-people and inn-keepers, who procure, in the way of religion, buyers and customers; poor adventurers, who act the country squire in easy fashion; and coquettish women, who, under the name of a penitent Magdalen, want only to play the sinner. All these perversions, meantime, are not to be ascribed to pietism in itself, but to the situation in which it finds itself placed. To such a degree does the worldly spirit, to which pietism succumbs, treat it with scorn and contempt!

A great number of the pietists seek to escape this worldly spirit, by withdrawing themselves as far as possible from all earthly things, and trying to think no more about them. This is quietism in pietism, its extreme, the most one-sided error of which it is capable. The lower classes are most inclined to this quietism, because the pride and arrogance of ignorance come easiest to those who are in reality the most ignorant. Even the upper classes, wholly enervated as they are, seek out quietism, in order to have still some sensual gratification, even in their extremest impotence.

The worst of all are the bloody pietists, whose imagination is utterly corrupted by pictures of the wounds of the lamb. A shamble is in truth no altar,

These bathers in blood are the pure antipodes of the rationalists; but both are equally without taste.

Men must be perfectly equal before God as before the law; but as one citizen, in proportion as he is favored by ability and fortune, may acquire a greater estate than another, so, in religious matters, he who is furnished with spirit and gifts, may gain something; may somewhat more richly endow his idea of divinity; may clothe it in finer garments, and may build to it a somewhat nobler temple in his own soul. It were, to say the least, the grossest terrorism of conformity, if the rest of us should be condemned to refine away our God as homœopathically as the Deists do theirs, and to bring upon all mankind, who are sound at the core, the religious hectic of rationalism. Still this exhaustion of all religious life were not so atrocious as the cannibal delight with which our pietists, who appear to have sucked in all the blood lost by the rationalists, smear themselves and every thing they touch with blood, always bathe themselves in blood and in thoughts of blood. Those economical rationalists, who think even the church mice too fat, only introduce Law's blood-letting system into theology, while these sanguinary pietists are true September men, and dance around the cross as around the guillotine, happy if they can but see blood, and bathe in blood. They are in fact distinguished from the *sans-culottes* only by this, that blood interests them for the sake of the sacrifice, while the sacrifice interested the *sans-culottes* only for the sake of the blood. Both, however, concur finally in a barbarian result.

Therefore, if it must be so, it is far preferable to perish with thirst, than suffocate in blood.

All these errors, however, do not prevent pietism from continually extending and advancing in the favor even of the educated. As a religion of the affections, it has become an indispensable requisite to those whom the word-faith and rationalism of the Protestants can no longer satisfy.

Pietism finds the most support among the lower classes of society, partly because they are less corrupt than the higher, and partly because they do not luxuriate so much in the enjoyments of earth as to forget heaven in them. Where the subtle poison of immorality, and the arrogant wisdom of the world, have not yet so deeply penetrated, the feelings are still fresh and vigorous, and capable of the highest and most protracted ecstasy. And where outward poverty and want, contempt, and bondage prevail, man gladly seeks for himself inward freedom, inward happiness. He seeks heaven, on whom earth has nothing to bestow. Shall we disapprove and condemn the inward living warmth, which has taken possession of the great masses of the people in pietism, and which affords them so friendly a shelter against the chill frost of life? Shall we despise the blooming sense of love, which has taken refuge with inferior society, because rejected by superior? Shall we scorn and condemn inward elevation, which secures to the pious the last remains of manly dignity, when debasement, poverty, and vice are combined to trample them down! It is the lowest rank, it is the poor, who

constitute the masses of the pietistic societies. Is it not a noble trait of these people that they find in their own breast the star that shines on them in the night of life? Is not this despised piety the only safeguard against beastly stupidity and degradation, as well as against frivolous or desperate counsels, which lead to revolutions? There is one circumstance, which is at present very favorable to pietism — the absence of public life, and the self-interest that distracts private life. While the Englishman possesses his great political activity, the Frenchman his social enjoyments, the Italian his beautiful nature, the German finds his heaven only in himself. The tediousness of political life, the perfidy of civic society, and often, at the same time, the uniformity of nature and of domestic life, endear and make necessary to him both the delight of pious out-pourings of the heart, and the society which shares the same sentiments with himself; and there is coupled with it a peculiar longing, which has always distinguished the Germans of every party, to form an exclusive community of the saints, of the elect, of the apostles of an idea. This was and is the strongest bond among the separatists.

We have seen, however, that recently a new mysticism has unfolded itself, partly in the bosom of theology itself, partly in the provinces of poetry, philosophy, and natural science, which, if not entirely blended with this pietistic character in the lower classes of society, has yet approached it, in order to share its success for the future, and thereby take root in the soil of the people. If this profound religious want

among the people and these educated minds come together, we have the best reason to hope that the church will, by degrees, experience a regeneration, proceeding from her inmost spiritual centre, and from the very core of her heart. We see how the Catholics and Protestants are alike tending towards the inward centre; and even this schism of communities can only be ended from within, and must fall asunder, like a shell split in two, as soon as the whole kernel is ripened within.

Mysticism has been called, not without reason, the night-shade of life. Night has her spectres, but she has also her stars. But when the light of morning approaches, and the bustle of business summons us forth, we think no more either of spectres or stars. In the present political commotions, mystical writings can excite but little attention; nay, these commotions were not required, for there prevailed already in literature so loud a clamor, that the works of silent and mysterious night were quite forgotten in it.

To complain of spectres is to the purpose; at best, we laugh at them. But, why complain of the silent stars, that they shine on, above the clouds and above the sun, even if we see them not? Let us honor the business of the day; but what have the eyes of heaven, which shine invisibly above us, done, that we should reproach them? Welcome to every one is the season of night, when he looks upward longingly to the stars, and looks down into the still deeper starry heaven of his own soul.

In the mystical impulse of all times, and particularly of the latest, there has always been something spectral,

baleful, and ludicrous at once. The most malicious among all the political devils has always put on the mantle of the pious eremite. Then, in despair for the outward world, in which the devil dwelt so visibly, many a pious spirit has withdrawn itself ascetically to inward contemplation, and the hypochondria of solitude has begotten in him morbid imaginations, which must needs again become the derision of the world. Finally, gentle vanity has found in mysticism, not indeed genuine, but merely exhibited for show, a convenient means to enact a weighty and consequential part. Many who would have had recourse to understanding and wit, if they had had any, assumed the attitude of contempt for this understanding and wit, and pretended that they had found altogether different revelations in the depths of the affections. By such perversions, the complaint of mystical intrigues is entirely justified.

But, precisely that which is noblest, is most exposed to desecration, and only the brutality of an evil will, or gentle dulness, likes to confound the noble with its desecration. Deride only nocturnal spectres, but reverence holy night. When the sun sets, the everlasting stars come forth; when the everyday work is done, there is awakened in us the consciousness of another, an everlasting life. From the surface the mind looks into the depth, from visible effects to mysterious causes and consequences, from the present to the beginning and the end. Nay, there is a bottomless deep of things, there is a God, an eternity; and man himself springs from an origin as profound, and is destined for something more than the

vulgar affairs of every day. Therefore, the aspirations of the human mind which are closely connected with the idea of that higher, everlasting order, in which our petty existence is lost, belong not to the company of mere fantasies and transient phenomena, which, like Ossian's cloud-pictures, are hunting over the mountain. No; amidst this wild cloud-chase, the rock of faith stands unmoved, eternally steadfast; and, if the clouds disappear again, the sun will salute the mountain's top.

After the time of Swedenborg, but little was heard of mysticism, in the so called period of illumination of the philosophical century. The Eckhartshausen, Jung Stilling, Lavater, were still subordinate. In recent times, mystical thoughtfulness is again at length aroused; as, in general, a religious tendency has again taken possession of the affections. Upon this, we may try to deceive ourselves as much as we please: some of the later mystical writings have taken the most sagacious of our age unawares; and how? Goethe says very justly, in Wilhelm Meister's indenture, "Seriousness surprises us." This is, in three words, the avowal of a whole age. Yes, it is seriousness which takes all by surprise, to whom religion had become only a sport of habit, or wit. People had placed themselves in the most convenient situation, to enjoy from the pit, as it were, the deeds of the ancient heroes of the faith, the charm of the legends, and the poetic depth of some visionaries, as a matter of taste; but it occurred to nobody that poetry of this sort would again be carried out into practical effects, and enter with animation into our common every-day life. The

saints, prophets, and seers were ranked with the ancient knights, and it was believed that a new prophet could only bear the same relation to the ancients that Don Quixote bears to the old knights. In a certain sense the opinion was correct; for it cannot be denied that the church has had its Don Quixotes as well as chivalry. But religion is by no means so transient as the spirit of feudalism. The ladder of all ages reaches not down to its depth; it can neither be exhausted, nor can it expire. It is always a mere optical illusion, if religion seems to vanish from the eyes of men into a mythical distance. Its spirit always remains present, for it is always in us.

The higher importance which is given to mysticism and pietism, has been acknowledged very recently, not only among us, but in France also, by the political misuse which men have attempted to make of it. In Germany, the pietists have been appealed to in favor of legitimacy; in France, in favor of republicanism. Here, their love of repose, their meekness, their readiness to obey, are counted upon; there, their readiness to burst out in enthusiasm, and their souls burning as in a crater. But the influence of the pietists on politics is reserved for later times; the influence of politics on the pietists makes the first preparation.

Let us now return once more to the province of literature, properly so called. That a *juste milieu* cannot be wanting to the Protestant party, is intelligible; and even that, in a time of religious indifference, it should play the first part, is natural.

In the midst, between the rationalists and the super-

rationalists, and, at the same time, above them both, stands Schleiermacher, and his widely-extended school. He allowed faith and reason the equal enjoyment of their respective rights. He made the believers in the letter more familiar with reason, by showing them that reason is in the letter, and taught the rationalists that they need not, for God's sake, to transfer their small modicum of reason to the stupid Bible; but that there is reason enough in it already, a great deal more than they have been able to comprehend. He reconciled reason and faith, philosophy and Christianity, with each other. In like manner, he restored the faith of feeling to its rights; and if, as a Protestant and an accurate thinker, he excluded so much of feeling as was coupled with fancy and passion, still he established moral feeling as one of the principal sources of the religious life. By this means he induced the most cultivated classes on the one hand, and on the other hand, the weak, and the lovers of peace, from all the hitherto dominant parties with which theology had been connected, and to which it had been appropriated, to adopt a theological system, and to secure a provisional condition of peace, and an aristocracy of moderation, at least for the present. But the very means by which Schleiermacher has rendered so great service to the present age, his influence upon the educated classes, have excluded him from religious profoundness, properly so considered. He is the teacher only of higher society, not of the people. He is an able advocate of God, but no prophet. We may call him master of the greatest theological, as we call Goethe master of the greatest poetical talent; but there is more form than substance in him, the showing or veiling of the

thing more than the thing itself. Schleiermacher says the best that can be said about divine things; but this is not God; it is only his garment. He has the most perfect religion, but translated from the indicative to the subjunctive. He traces, like a straight line through numberless curves, the unconditional through innumerable conditions, and comes to the conclusion, "it is so," or "it must be so," through all too many well-intended and scientific digressions, to avoid forcing upon us any thing of which we had not permitted ourselves previously to be convinced. His thoughtful enthusiasm kindles the holy fire of Christo-Platonic love, by a wondrous apparatus of logical formulas, as it were optically by a burning-glass of ice. Paulus says, "Think, that thou mayst not feel; that thou mayst not be led through the twilight world of feeling into error." Schleiermacher says, "Think, that thou mayst feel." But this thought-out feeling is a somewhat cold one, a dead bride; all the red roses are turned to white. Truly, in the old Catholic hymns, in Paul Gerhardt's godly song, in the simplicity of many an ancient sermon, there is more warmth than in the marble halls of this antico-romantic, west-eastern Protestantism. And is, then, this special religion for the educated, this regard for the aristocracy, entirely necessary, which, while it gains over the aristocracy to religion, must sacrifice thereto the ancient simplicity of the faith, at the same time? If so, then is religion not worth so much as Shakspeare, who, as every body knows, addresses equally the educated and uneducated. Should, then, the educated be really more susceptible to a philosophy which flatters their capacity, than

to a theology of terror which humbles their vanity? I vote for terror. A truth which does not shake the aristocratic spirit, which does not smite with giant hand, is no truth to it. Work upon the piety of others, not with pliant phrases, but with agitating truth, which always speaks with simplicity, and does not stop to arrange its mantle in artificial folds; and be it not your purpose to act merely for the educated, for the aristocratic, among whom you accomplish nothing, but work upon the people for the people. Would you awake again the religious feeling? Then set free the captive church, and give back to the people their ancient rights; equip yourselves, with spirit and gifts, as the genuine armor of God, for the freedom of the Protestant community; but bow not your heads, in the pride of wisdom, before every petty worldly motive.

Schleiermacher has rendered great service to the moral and scientific moving forces of Christianity, and has introduced into theology a taste which is well suited to the elevated subject, as well as to the degree of our cultivation. This I acknowledge with admiration. So far, however, as he has formed a great school, there is ground for complaint, that his theology presupposes too much a social aristocracy; is too little from the heart, not simple enough, nor suited to the wants of the people; and further, that it is too contemplative, too cool in temperature, aristocratically discreet, as it were, and stirs too little, punishes too little. The Lord is undoubtedly mightier when he approaches in the murmur of the wind, than when he comes upon us in the strength of the storm; but there is a time for every thing, as Solomon, the wise man, says;

and the Lord whispers only at the right time when all is well, when he draws nigh the noble and the happy; but when he sees the mighty of the earth, and their insolence, and the sin and shame of the nations, then he comes, terrible in the storm, and sends forth his thunders before him. Alas! our clergy are no longer wroth, and that is the most humbling thing that can be said of them. They allow not only themselves, but also the flocks intrusted to them, to be content with every thing; they are altogether soft-hearted and intimidated. It cannot properly be said that they are servile, for a kind of fervor belongs to that; they are merely weak; they do whatever is required of them; with sweet aspect, make the best of every thing; spread over the greatest deed of violence the mantle of Christian love; know how to color every thing, when commanded, as a divine grace, or, at least, a divine ordinance; find a Scripture text to justify any thing; preach upon it with the most earnest devotion in the world; nay, would scourge and crucify Christ himself, at the bidding of Herod or Pilate, and never once insult and deride the sufferer, but would contemplate the scene with a look of quiet gentleness, and sweetness, with loyal satisfaction and a self-complacent smile.

Had the school of Schleiermacher shown the same spirit in adapting itself to the wants of the people, that it has exhibited in maintaining its scientific rank, it might probably have gained a long-continued predominance. Its most distinguished adherents are, at present, De Wette, Sack, Lücke, Gieseler, Umbreit, and Ullmann. The last four have risen to the first rank

among theological journalists, as editors of the "Theological Studies and Critiques," and exercise their power with as much learning as impartiality, but with too little fire; and our wet-chilled theology needs fire, fire!

Would that I might keep myself aloof from the theological pool. I proceed against my will; I do not like to go in deeper; and yet I must not pass over in silence our religious literature.

This immeasurable literature, which is completely under the water, owes its abundance partly to the universal tendency of Protestantism to word-making; but partly and chiefly to its industry in manufacturing books for the trade, suitable for all conditions, sexes, and ages.

In the last century, this passion for talking and writing vented itself more in sermons; but in the present century, more in books of domestic devotion, preparatory writings for those who are to be confirmed, religious school-books and books of entertainment, a theological literature for women and children. In the sermons there still prevailed the old Protestant earnestness, which judged and punished, although it was terribly diffuse and watery, and drowned the poor souls like a second deluge. Our sermons are unable to get out of a certain monotony, because, in the perpetual return of Sunday and holidays, and the aristocratical limitation to the preachers who are educated and paid for it, they can by no means breathe the inspiration which belonged to the sermons of the primitive Christians, as well as to those of the Camisards, Methodists, &c.; to which is to be added

the political censorship, the courtly and loyal prating, by which so generally, at present quite without exception, our temples are desecrated and degraded to institutions for police admonitions. In general, the priest ought not to preach, but the prophet, that is, not the hired babbler *ex officio*, but the spontaneous, inspired orator. Sermons would then be more scarce, but so much the better. In this prescribed and ordinary putting together of words, the spirit must as certainly be killed, as in the excessive ceremoniés of the Catholic worship. Good God! how many sermons have been delivered in Germany, England, and Holland! and what will remain of them, deserving to be read by posterity?

The most celebrated of our preachers since the second half of the last century, were Jerusalem, Ribbeck, Klefecker, Hacker, Cramer, Häfeli, Reinhard in Dresden, Schott, Hüffel, Dräsecker, Ammon, Veillodter, Marezoll, Goldmann, and, most recently, the eloquent Seubert. No one has gone back to the rude vigor of Luther; and the sour-faced muse of Protestantism cannot let itself down to the polished wit of an Abraham à Santa Clara: it has, therefore, been modelled more after the diffuse manner of the whilome eloquent Roman burgomaster, Cicero, which Schleiermacher has carried back to the more gracious style of Plato. Moderation, kindly earnestness, winning persuasion, are the universal characteristics of our sermons, with only this difference, that one pours more, another less water into them: still a severe reproof slips in here and there, like a rush among the flowers; but all these preachers are not prophets,

and they do not make the pulpit the flaming chariot of Elijah. Whence should they receive the spirit for the work? They are not the chosen of the people; they are only well-instructed servants of the state; they are the common counsellors of the church, general superintendents, upper consistorial counsellors; in short, their offices, as well as their duties, are assigned them from the ante-chamber and clerk's office; and even should one wish, under these circumstances, to be a prophet, it is against all subordination, and contrary to the rules of the service.

The works of spiritual education and edification are the dregs not merely of theological, but of German literature in general. I cannot think of them without wrath; and though wrath is but an indifferent witness for criticism, yet I must say, that he who cannot fall into a passion at certain books, is incapable and unworthy of discharging the office of criticism. The, alas! innumerable compilers of this literature, which luxuriates every where like weeds, divide themselves into well-meaning quacks, who really think they are able to improve the wicked world with their importunate exhortations, finger-pointings, hand-guidings, caressings, and tutorings; and the speculators who make pious books, because they find their account in it.

Among the former class, some very celebrated names are conspicuous. The facility of playing the oracle in Germany entices almost every one, who has a benefice and a brat, to press his sage counsel upon his Christian contemporaries. There sit the counsellors, in every little city and village, by thousands

with upraised forefinger, like Bramins under liana trees; but the Bramins have at least the virtue to be silent, and merely to think their part, while our sages babble pell-mell, as if ten thousand windmills were at the same instant set in motion.

I do not wish to deny the great services which many theologians, like Zerrenner, Niemeyer, Schwartz in Heidelberg, Dinter, Niedhammer, Hoppenstedt, have rendered the school; but the intermeddling of such a multitude of other clergymen in the literature of education has only degraded religion and debilitated education. The most disgusting thing, however, is the pious reading for women, which came next to that for children, and wherein spiritual coquetry appears coupled with every sort of staleness and cant, so that, well peopled as my imagination is, I can absolutely picture to myself the most contemptible of human creatures under no other image than that of a Protestant, simpering, canting fellow, giving out oracles before his children and women.

The "Devotions" of Sturm belong properly to those of the pious Arndt, as the songs of Gellert belong to the ancient Protestant ones. Hermes was the first modern parson of the boudoir, who made a distinction between the devotion of women of education and the women of the vulgar. Then came in the blessed period of 1780, Johan Sintenis, whose "Father Roderick," and "Hallo's Happy Evening," were destined to begin the long, the immeasurable line of pious quackeries, concealed under the form of romance. He was followed by Demme, with his "Farmer Martin and his Father." In 1792, Stephani wrote a moral tragedy

for youth—"Misanthropy and Youthful Repentance," —for which he made use of the great moralist Kotzebue. Then followed Ewald, with his "Book of Edification for Ladies;" with his "Art of becoming a good Girl, a good Woman, and a good Mother;" as also with his "Art of becoming a good young Man, a good Husband, and a good Father"—absurd books, to which Jury furnished the engravings, and which deserve to be kept for more than one purpose, because they show to what a point German effeminacy, domestic pampering, cockney sentimentality, and loyalty could go. Ehrenberg, who could not write enough for aristocratic womankind, gained for himself peculiar fame, as we have "Addresses to the Educated of the Female Sex," "Euphranor," "Pictures of the Soul," "Feminine Thoughts," "Country Hours from the Life of Agatha," &c. Ditto, the celebrated Wilmsem, with his innumerable books for children—"Hersilias's Way of Life," "Euphrosine," &c.; Girardet, with his "Hours of Devotion," "Letters of a Mother to her Daughter;" Grumbach, with his "Siona," "Exhibitions from the World of the Affections;" Spiecker, Friedrich, Gebauer, Serrius, &c.

Among the poets, Krummacher gained a true reputation by his beautiful fables; Knapp also, and Spitta, wrote spiritual songs of profound feeling. After the example of Witschel, "Morning and Evening Sacrifices," "Poetical Prayers," and "Paraphrases of the Lord's Prayer," &c., were particularly numerous. Why should not the original Lord's Prayer, and the venerable language of the Bible, be enough for us? Why must we dilute them into sickening verses? Hardened as I

am towards the innumerable absurdities found in German literature, I cannot conceal that my blood boils when I see such trifling with God's word practised. And if one alone had done it, if that Witschel alone had exhibited the warning example of religious insipidity, it might be put up with; but that every year, a multitude of such sickening, weak, sighing, ogling, coquettish, canting, smooth, and finical collections of songs should make their appearance, is too bad. In general their authors are parsons, who are important characters in institutions for the education of girls. I know several such. These sentimental people think that, because they have young girls in view, towards whom one should always be polite and tender, God's word too must be spoiled by softening down, diluting and sweetening it for them. The language of the Bible seems to them altogether too rude and unmannerly; and so they extract from it, as from the powerful forest plants, a little drop of essence only, mingle it with sugar, put it up in fine post-paper, with a neat device, and give it to the dear little babe of grace to swallow, as a godly sugar-plum. In this way the whole of religion is conveyed, smooth and sweet as sugar, to the delicate *Flora* of the city, the boarding-school, or the court. The God of terror, the Thunderer from Sinai, must not frighten the dear girls; and therefore he folds up his lightnings prettily, and muffles his thunder in an easily-flowing, poetical measure! The terrors of the grave and the torments of hell must not frighten the dear girls; they are covered by an antique sarcophagus, with Mathison's bass-reliefs, and a beautiful genius, with

graceful attitude, holds his torch reversed. The prophets speak like the Canonicus Tiedge; and the Savior like Parson Witschel, instead of the latter discoursing like the former, as it ought to be. The most offensive thing in such devotions is the ever-recurring reflection of innocence upon itself, the uninterrupted calls of the pure upon himself, "Remain pure!" I think, if there is any thing calculated to lead pure and untainted youth into improper thoughts, it is precisely these stupid, but well-intentioned admonitions. For God's sake, let us never make innocence conscious that it is innocence. The everlasting self-accusation of sinfulness stands in the most extraordinary contradiction to it. Let us imagine to ourselves an innocent young girl, such as usually receive books of this kind as presents at the time of confirmation, or else on festival occasions; let us imagine such a one, when on one page she must pray, "O God, I thank thee that I am so innocent; how sweet, how amiable, how pure, how good, how pious, how dear is innocence! let me, then, ever remain innocent, and keep a sharp look-out for every thing that may dim the mirror of my innocency," &c.; and when she reads on the next page, "We are all sinners; I too am a sinner, and thou, O Lord, hast removed the burden of my sins." How must an innocent girl deal with the one and the other? Fortunately, she commonly reads away through both the one and the other, just as devotional books are generally read.

We all know that the more one prates of feeling, the less feeling he has, and that a sensibility, the expressions of which one reads in print before him,

is on this very account the more rarely felt in the heart; and therefore we have always affirmed, and always shall affirm, that the prattle about feeling in books is nothing else than an ass's bridge for the evil spirit,—a conductor to draw off real sensibility, and nothing less than a Protestant repetition of praying through the whole rosary. For just as certainly as a young girl *paternosters* through the one without thinking, she reads through the sentimental phrases in the sickening Protestant books of devotion without feeling. Nay, this printed feeling, cut and dried in the book, checks real sensibility in the heart, much more than the merely external incitement to feeling, in a chaplet-beadtelling; for when a man finds already expressed, by letters, the inward feelings, which he might have taken the necessary trouble to experience himself, he certainly does not take the trouble to do so; and a young Catholic woman, who reads something of the *mater dolorosa*, may still be moved by it; but not as the young Protestant woman, who must have read already in a book, "O how moving this is! O how much I feel in that! O how my heart is stirred at this! O what sorrow that excites in me!" &c. Who would not be sad when he reads a plain, simple, straight-forward narrative of the death of Jesus, in the Scripture? but who, I ask, who has ever been moved, by reading how Tiedge, always dripping, like a wet sponge, pours out his watery wail, boasts of it, and solemnly begins, "This song, this sad song, be, O Sadness, consecrate to thee." But why need we know more than the fact that, in spite of all the unnumbered and most feeling whimperings of our books of devotion for youth, the generation has

become blunted in sensibility, dry, sarcastic, and in part icy-cold and hard-hearted, while earlier times, which babbled not so much about feeling, were in reality more alive to it. This holds good particularly of the young. The more one exhausts his heart, the drier his heart becomes. Feeling is preached up to them every day, and feeling over and over again; and what is the result? Dry precocity of knowledge, and nothing but precocious knowledge.

An attempt has been very recently made to animate this deficient feeling by song. And this is a good attempt. Living song is now, as ever, something noble and heart-inspiring. It is especially a good conductor to draw off the lifeless reading of stale devotional books. But now, all the Protestant hymn-books were full of tasteless and wishy-washy songs; and the ever-increasing dulness of consistories had taken special care that the little of ancient vigor and ancient fire, that had been preserved therein, should carefully be excluded. People ventured upon making new church hymns; but in order to chime in properly with those already existing, they must be stale and flat. The most ancient compositions, which once enjoyed the esteem of the church, were resorted to, and Rambach and Langbecker gained great credit for the study of the history of sacred poetry; but the entire emancipation of good taste, even in this respect, must be expected of a coming age. They do the best that can be done, who, like the noble and active Kocher, promote private musical societies, and furnish them with good choruses and songs, which, at length, must find their way into the church as good examples, and be incorporated with its service. In

general, every thing good in this matter also must proceed from the people alone, from popular sense and feeling. From the dormitories of the old consistorial councils, nothing further is to be expected.

Among the novels which are at once religious and educational, the "Choice and Guidance," by Wilhelmi, and "Heinrich Melchthal," as well as "Theodore, or the Skeptic's Consecration," by De Wette, have enjoyed a general approbation, which, however, I am far from participating. I honor the good intention of the authors; but to what useful purpose can such books avail, which tend to weaken the strength gained by the rising generation, rather than ennoble its morality, if they exercise a general influence? I shall take occasion hereafter, when I have to speak of ladies' novels, to say something upon the unnaturalness of female wisdom and prudery. Here I will only remark, in relation to religion, that it is itself something very simple and very powerful; something that is the same for all people of every condition and sex; and that a religion for the educated, and again another particularly for ladies, and a literature which teaches these various religions, which thinks to help the ladies, or to flatter them by it, is good for nothing, is of evil, is senseless. Keep the ten commandments alone, and you will have no need to give ear to this prudish, crafty, *precieux*, governess-like, moral babble first. Read your Bible, and keep the heart in the right place, and you will not have first to go through a tedious preparation by the "Skeptic's Consecration," like shaving with a dull razor of a Sunday. All these books, worthy curate of

the crazy knight of La Mancha, wouldst thou not have committed to the flames? All, all, and some besides.

The *chef-d'œuvre*, the proper Bible of this modern literature of edification and of religious entertainment, is the world-renowned "Hours of Devotion." They were condemned by all the truly pious of all Confessions, as a Devil's Bible, while they were welcomed with joy by the great multitude of the indifferent, and half-believers, as the greatest and most commodious ass's bridge which had ever been thrown across from earth to heaven. They deserve their celebrity; their foes as well as their friends. They are really an important book; and if the sacrament is in the devil's name, they are a genuine and binding work of the devil. Their author is the book-maker for all the world, Zschokke. It is said they were written by the Catholic priest Keller, and only revised by Zschokke. Very likely; Keller was only a disciple and champion of Zschokke, who must be looked upon as the original diffuser of North-German rationalism in the South; and around him clustered both the remnant and after-growth of the Bavarian illuminati, and the younger rationalists, who went forth from Heidelberg and Leipsic, and spread palms before him as the savior of the true illumination. So speculative a head as Zschokke must have known what the wants of the age required, and what profit might be drawn from the theological *juste milieu*. It seems very Christian indeed to set forth a Christianity which avoids all sectarian distinctions, which shells out, as it were, the pure kernel of Christian sentiment and doctrine from the numerous coatings of

creeds and parties, pared off, one after another, like those of an onion. But the "Hours of Devotion" are by no means such a burning aqua-fortis as to be able to clear the pure gold of Christianity from every alloy. Every thing in them is calculated for the purchaser; aims only to please every one, and to accommodate every one; and is regulated according to the reader's inclination, not according to the truth. And still further, to attain this end perfectly, this all-believing author has split his book into two; one for Protestants, the other for Catholics. In that, he acknowledges some prejudices of the former; in this, some prejudices of the latter; both of which contradict each other. Who now is in the right? It is all the same to him. Both, then, are wrong, perhaps. Perhaps so; but that is all one to him. I accommodate both of them, he says; they both pay me for it. The same man would write "Hours of Devotion" for the inhabitants of China or Thibet, praising Fo in the one, and the Dalai Lama in the other. It is all the same, if the book only sells.

The "Hours of Devotion" are an ordinary bookseller's speculation, calculated for the half-educated multitude, who have allowed themselves to be cheated by self-sufficient enlighteners and babblers about feeling, into the notion that the old, vigorous language of the Bible and of Luther is indelicate; who wish to see the religious sentiment widely spread, in fine and fashionable forms of speech; and who finally have become too much at ease to have any thing to do with religion otherwise than as a thing of habit; to whom, consequently, it must be desirable to have always at

hand a devotional ass's bridge, which in all cases thinks for them, feels for them — a religious machine, which one needs only to wind up to play on it all favorite emotions — a book, which one needs but to read in order to imagine he has thought or felt something himself. That such a religious piece of furniture is particularly adapted to all households is understood of itself, and the editors have forthwith humbly shown to a high nobility and a most respectable public, that they are able to furnish, on the most moderate terms, — Catholics and Lutherans, Calvinists and Zuinglians, — every one with his particular emotions; and consequently the first edition was adapted to the Catholics, and now one has been adapted even to the Jews.

As in a steam chocolate factory, pure cocoa, vanilla, double-vanilla, Iceland moss chocolate, hunting-chocolate for chewing, are to be had, so here, pure practical reason, sensibility, bubble-bubble of the heart, double-bubble-bubble for stirring up emotion with a ladle, and bitter morals in sweetening, penitence sugared over, and bits of wisdom neatly prepared to be eaten dry, are always on hand. Thus religion, in the most beautiful manner, has come within the range of modern industry; and the articles of faith — but lately drugs spoiling in the market — have again become, by this new preparation, current articles of trade.

What a book! How truly the publisher calls it a want very long felt, not by him alone! How this insipid, sweetish poison, like a narcotic, insinuates itself into souls, and melts down heart and kidney to a weak pap! A hypocritical speech flows like honey

from the lips; the priest lays pride and the solemn cope aside, and becomes the dear, kindly, domestic friend, and squeezes the hand so warmly; iron morality yields pliantly, like the busk upon the delicate bosom; devotion is changed to the black mourning garment, that heightens the color so charmingly; enthusiasm is laid on like rouge. How useful, think you, this varnish, this miserable outside-painting of a crafty virtue and coquettish fear of God, which tells how much secret good it does, and never drops upon its knees without arranging its garments in the most becoming folds! How courtly has religion, the ancient censor, become; how cleverly can a person without compromitting himself, now banish the angular, vigorous, Gothic character, and fly to small and cheap domestic chapels! How suited to the times, what a long-felt want of the educated century, is a book which prays for us, forms good resolutions for us, feels for us, and which we have occasion merely to read! If matters go on at this rate, the time is not far distant when the genuine religious life, pious devotion, the enthusiasm of love, honor, and justice, the spur to activity, will disappear from the scaffolding of empty, smooth words, as they were formerly lost to the dead, and cold, external works of Catholicism. Words are no better supporters of the spirit than external symbolical acts. A system of ready and flexible ideas can as well feign the part of the true religious life, as that petrified system of outward practices. Repentance and good resolutions may as easily be smothered in the press of religious reading as in the pomp of sacrifices and ecclesiastical penances. One is as ready to believe that he has done

what he has only read, as to content himself with praying off a whole rosary. Virtue itself is turned into a mere reflection upon virtue; nay, reason, of which so much is said, is merely the empty word; and the greatest part of those fault-finders, wranglers, givers of hints, family friends, warners, and reasoners, have nothing to offer in relation to the *Holy* but a melancholy dulness or sophistry, which, in the mouth of the common people, degenerates into brutality.

PHILOSOPHY.

No nation, except the East Indians, possesses such affluence, and such a depth of philosophical ideas, as the Germans. This is acknowledged even by other nations; they praise us for our much thinking, while we have forgotten action, in which our neighbors understand themselves so much better. Especially within the last fifty years, we have unquestionably taken the foremost rank in philosophy.

This high development we owe to two concurring circumstances. In the first place, after the reformation, philosophy was emancipated from theology, thought from faith; the century of ecclesiastical wrangling was followed by the philosophical century, not only in Germany, but in all Europe. In the second place, however, this century coincided precisely with the most inactive period of German history — with the period of extremest exhaustion after the religious wars, and of the most lamentable dismemberment of the German empire. To say nothing of our natural tendency to thought, we had a twofold inducement to turn our activity, outwardly circumscribed, within, and to meditate. Our manifold intellectual exercises must needs have tended towards the highest philosophical principles, in the first place, because such emi intellectual strength as that of the Germa

upon physical science; afterwards, the profound Jacob Böhme cultivated the philosophy of mind according to ideas of the philosophy of nature. They have been treated with undeserved contempt. Böhme, in particular, has been viewed more as a theologian than a philosopher of nature, and, consequently, has been falsely estimated. If the wonderful experience of the eighteenth century in physical science was not at their command, yet they evidently had great philosophical profoundness, and the scheme of a comprehensive system. This manner of philosophizing, which a later age took up again, could not at that time succeed. The prevailing tendency to astrology, alchemy, chiromancy, and superstition of every kind, led the philosophy of nature to absurdity, and frequently placed it in the most unworthy hands. Theophrastus Paracelsus led the way to the experimental method. His copious details of physical experiments, blended still with a belief in the marvels of heathen pharmacy, and sympathetic cures, prepared the way for a more accurate and comprehensive investigation of particulars, by which mere philosophy was driven to the back-ground. Meantime, the more the physical part of natural science separated itself from philosophy, the more closely the mathematical part became connected with the latter. Mathematics agreed with the understanding, which was growing cooler and cooler continually; and although, on the one hand, it dried up, as it were, the substance of philosophy in an arid theory of atoms, yet, on the other hand, it was extremely salutary for the formalities of philosophy.

The understanding, which had become overbearing,

in the sharp and clear mode of mathematical thinking, and by its hatred of the old superstition, generated a systematic unbelief, which prevailed in France and England, at one time as a lifeless mechanical theory of atoms, at another as pure materialism, at another as a religion of reason or nature; but this was only a scholasticism of doubt, in direct opposition to the old papal scholasticism. The Germans were, it is true, infected with the one as well as with the other, but they leagued with neither; and as formerly the German mystics contended against the ancient scholasticism, so now the German philosophers combated the new skepticism. The great Leibnitz, who stood on the boundary-line between the old times of astrology, magic, and sympathetic influences, and the later times of severe scientific method, united the warmth of life belonging to those earlier dark days with the clear light of our own. He was animated by deep religious faith, but still had the full vigor of thought. Living faith in God was his rock; but his system of preëstablished harmony showed nothing of the darkly-colored cathedral twilight of the ancient mystics; it stood forth in the clear white light of the day, like a marble temple on the mountain top.

Among his followers, Bilfinger went back to grope in the depths of mysticism, while Wolff spread out the ideas of Leibnitz, measured them off well, and cut them up with formal precision. The others are not worth thinking of. Leibnitz was soon known far and wide, and his dull disciples could not resist the materialism and skepticism, which increased more and more. But empiricism, here, as every where, came

to the aid of speculation. The world, at that time, made an amazing progress in learning; and this, in its turn, affected philosophy. External light from various quarters concentrated itself upon the then feebly-shining sun of philosophy.

When greater boldness had been gained, the further the middle ages receded, and the path of revelation had been entirely rejected, as if it had been the last remaining chain of the human mind; after nature had been more thoroughly explained by indefatigable study; after men had learned to handle mathematics with skill, and had applied it to logic, and logic again to morals, which again found a practical application in Protestantism, as well as in Roman jurisprudence; after art had come forth with new bloom, and questions of taste had every where been raised; and finally, when the feelings began to be more acutely analyzed, at the flourishing, blossoming season of music, during the age of poetic sentimentality and Moravianism, — then there was a combination of all the various organs, by which we comprehend nature and spirit, the temporal and the eternal; a combination of all the methods of philosophizing hitherto tried, and the way for the "criticism" of them was adequately prepared. A great number of acute psychologists — Mendelssohn, Reimarus, Platner, Meister, Zimmermann, Abbt, Garve, Sulzer, &c. — endeavored to collect the facts of the science of mind, as ascertained by experience. The philosopher of Königsberg comprehended and completed their united labors; Kant, as great by his intellect as by his elevated station upon the pyramidal summit of all the earlier thinkers, was the founder

of that great epoch of German philosophy, from which the last century derives the name of *philosophical.* Kant founded his system on the experimental science of man. He investigated the organs, by means of which man perceives every thing. He demonstrated that we cannot ascertain what the world is in itself, but only what it is as we perceive it. His philosophy was the criticism of reason.

Of the older empirical philosophers we have only a few words to say. The noble Jew Mendelssohn, Lessing's friend, was one of the most acute and wisest teachers of ethics and psychology, and worthy to be the original of "Nathan." Would that his modern companions in the faith might take him for their model! He too suffered from the rudeness of the Christians, but defended himself only by a rare and happy wit. When he was summoned before Frederick the Great, and the chamberlain in hussar's uniform refused to admit him, because he took him not for the celebrated philosopher, but for a common Jew, he said, "Yes, I am come to chaffer." This admirable moderation of the philosopher has excited a universal reverence for him, such as our hot-headed Jews will not attain.

Reimarus has remained unsurpassed, even to our day, as an observer of animal nature, which is quite important for the knowledge of human nature. Platner's aphorisms do not contain so ingenious a selection of thoughts as those of La Rochefoucauld, but very much that is striking, and worthy of being taken to heart even now. The works of Meister, the venerable old Swiss, were always to me delightful reading. What a sound understanding that man had in the

midst of a perverted age! and how rich is he in interesting examples drawn from experience! The work of Zimmermann, the Swiss, on national pride, is a masterpiece for all ages. In his work on solitude, he is more one-sided and severe, and too zealous against the middle ages, the historical bearings of which he did not suitably appreciate; yet this book also abounds in matters worth knowing. The third Swiss Sulzer has the merit of having extended the taste for art, and the knowledge of it by his "Lexicon of Art;" but he was destitute of the philosophical turn of mind. Abbt's academical treatise on merit, owes, in part, its disproportionate celebrity to the circumstance that, in the lists of celebrated Germans, he was always placed first in alphabetical order.

Garve deserves particular mention — the poor martyr of the learning of the closet, who manifested his vocation for philosophy less by new or profound thoughts than by the noble spirit with which he endured bodily sufferings. He commented upon Cicero's work, *De Officiis*, and hit upon the idea, among others, of drawing the character of the German peasant, in which, while considering the oppression of that particular class, he forgot the lost dignity of the whole nation. Next to Garve, we may mention Dalberg also, with his excellent philosophical "Consolation for the Afflicted."

Kant, who extended his view over all the knowledge and the spiritual ethics of his age, outdid the various contributions of such men to the inquiry into the inner condition of man, and into human culture. He still remained faithful to the spirit of this age.

Although the system of Kant was a triumph of

the power of human thought, it was still, at bottom, only a sort of dignified resignation, a Socratic confession, "I know that I know nothing." This system was consequently only the establishment of a long-cherished skepticism, and harmonizes entirely with an unbelieving age. Kant, however, was very far from assenting to French infidelity, and its immoral consequences. He directed man to himself, to the moral law in his own bosom; and the fresh breath of life of the old Grecian dignity of man penetrates the whole of his luminous philosophy. While, however, in that proud resignation, he renounced all knowledge concerning eternal things, and firmly fixed the boundaries of human thought, Jacobi rose up by his side, and maintained that a second source of divine knowledge lay in faith, which was little prized by Kant, beyond the region of thought, in the feelings. Herder also shared in this opinion, in opposition to Kant; but these men ran somewhat into cloudiness and vagueness, since they had not the mystical depth, in which thought and feeling have a common root, and since it is just as impossible to construct a philosophy with feeling alone, as to build a house of mortar alone, without stone.

Kant surpassed all the thinkers of his time, because he expressed the spirit of his time more completely than any other. The philosophical century wanted an earth without a heaven, a state without a church, man without a God. No one has shown so plainly as Kant, how, with this limitation, earth may still be a paradise, the state a moral union, and man a noble being, by his own reason and power subjected to law. He would

have raised pure humanity to the dignity of religion, if so jejune a persuasion could ever have had the wondrous effects of a religion. Kant was much too rational. The world requires much less than this pure reason, and something more.

For a moment it seemed as if the last boundary-line of philosophy had been drawn in Kant's "Critique," and yet it was soon overleaped.

It was observed that, properly speaking, Kant had deviated from the true end of philosophy, for he rejected absolute knowledge, and demonstrated that there could exist only a conditional knowledge. But why do we philosophize at all, unless we wish at last to know all? The proper end of philosophy still remains absolute knowledge, respecting the first cause, the first being, and the final destination of all things. This curiosity, which can never be rooted out of men, prevailed again after Kant; and although we were obliged to start from his system as the last, yet speculation was again carried on in opposite directions. Kant had adopted a subjective knowledge of the objective world, and had put the two in such relations with each other, that we perceive an object indeed, but only according to subjective laws of the reason within us, and that the object indeed appears to us only under the subjective conditions, but yet may be something in itself. It was observed that this could lead to no absolute knowledge, and the absolutists separated from the school. Some became absolute subjectists, who directly denied the independent existence of the objective world, which Kant had left in doubt; others became absolute objectists, who made the sub-

jective perception dependent on the real existence of the object; others still adopted an absolute identity between soul and nature, the subjective and objective world, the perception and its object. Finally, Kant had taken the different organs of human reason together, and assigned to each equal authority. He looked more to the totality of the human faculties, and brought them into symmetry. By others, particular organs were specially developed, and were partially set forth again, as the highest source of evidence. One had more inclination for nature, another more for morality, a third more for logic, and each gave his entire system a partial development accordingly. The most important thing in this division, however, is the severe logic which Kant introduced. All the systems of philosophy since his stand related to it, either as consequences of or as opposites to it. All philosophical division rests on the opposition between conditional and absolute knowledge, between the subjective *me* and the objective world, and between the several organs of the *me*, and the series corresponding to them in the objective world.

In relation to the first opposition, there sprang up necessarily, after Kant's criticism, a dogmatic absolutism, which criticised, it is true, like Kant, not in order to determine the limits of inquiry, but to attain the object, that is, to arrive at absolute knowledge. As Kant had separated the *me* from the external world, and only established a relation, the absolute nature of which he leaves unexplained, this became only a spur for later philosophers to ascertain this absolute nature, and in it, at the same time, to find the

required unity. While a pretty extensive school still remained in immediate allegiance to Kant, and were of service in many respects, by enlarging anthropological investigations, as well as by sharpening criticism, other bold spirits went further. They endeavored to construct the absolute; the Kantians criticised the relative. Their doctrine is dogmatism; that of Kant is criticism. They give a demonstrative answer to the question, "What is?" The Kantians go on to ask, "How do we perceive what is?" Undoubtedly science is promoted by both. Absolutism is an eternal unfolding of the powers of the soul by genius; criticism secures its symmetry. If the critics show to what bounds the human mind can advance, it is well also that the absolutists should do what the critics indicate. But if every philosopher, at the end of his efforts, were obliged to affirm, with Socrates, that "the greatest wisdom is to know that we can know nothing," no man who believes that will become a philosopher.

The absolutists, however, are divided also according to the opposition between subject and object, which Kant's system of relation firmly established; and their doctrines have come up in an historical sequence, which has corresponded to the other tendencies of the time. When Protestantism and the French *Encyclopédie* ruled the age; when logic and morals were the order of the day; when mind gained every moment a new victory over nature and her mysterious powers, — it cannot be surprising that a man of talent, like Fichte, acquired enthusiastic applause when he carried all philosophy back to a subjective moral law, abolished

Kant's system of relation, annihilated objective nature, and acknowledged only an absolute subject, a spiritual *me*. Such onesidedness required the utmost logical acuteness to be carried through with accurate ratiocination; and this course again multiplied the formalities of philosophy. It required no skill to deny the system of Fichte, but it does require skill to refute it; and every following system inherited its acuteness as spoils of the enemy. Besides this, Fichte's onesidedness was at least so favorable to ethics, that his system of morals has been surpassed in elevation by no other. Meantime, men could not long keep themselves at the farthest extreme. Nature and art took up arms against Fichte. Nature offered herself to boundless investigation — a philosophy, as it were, petrified into a sculptured form. Even the objects of nature arranged themselves into a system. The discoveries in organic nature supplanted mechanism, which had been of use as an opposite to the idealists. The spiritual principle in nature could no longer be mistaken, and the old system, pantheism, was again adopted. At the same time, every body had become enthusiastic for art; and, as the beautiful is always directly or indirectly connected with material nature, material nature was every where the object of attention. The genius of man again gently descended from the barren heights of speculation to green mother earth.

Under these circumstances, the great Schelling took hold of the Kantian relation between subject and object, which had been abandoned by Fichte, and raised it to absolute identity. One would have supposed that he, in his turn onesided, would have

adopted the *object* alone, that is, material nature; and, misled by this false conclusion, many ignorant opponents have decried him as a mere philosopher of nature. He was, however, opposed not only to the subjective character of Fichte's system, but to its onesidedness in general; and if he placed the philosophy of nature on new grounds, this was still only one part of his dualistic doctrine of identity. Mind and nature are alike to him mere emanations, phenomena, manifestations of the divine idea. Hence he places the system of idealism and materialism side by side, and neutralizes the extremes. This is the system of Spinoza, but raised to a higher power. Spinoza's promise could only have been fulfilled after Kant and Fichte. It required, however, an equally great mind to be a Schelling before Kant, or a Spinoza after Kant.

The above genealogical account is not sufficient for a general explanation of the deep significance of Schelling's philosophy. Spinoza himself had merely translated a much more ancient and profound mysticism into the classical language of modern philosophy, and Schelling went back to this more ancient mysticism, and again opened the portals of mediæval and ancient Oriental theosophy. This was, in general, the transition from the hitherto exclusively antique culture to the romantic. The original Oriental idea of a mystical unity of all things resting in God, which are absolutely separated in the world, could, however, bear the most abundant fruits only in modern times, when the circle of human knowledge had immeasurably enlarged, and had embraced a variety of heterogeneous things, illusions, and systems, which could

only be arranged and comprehended at one glance, by such a lofty, philosophical idea. Schelling borrowed this idea from the earlier ages; but the art of applying it to our highly-cultivated age belongs to him and his ingenious disciples.

There is nothing in the world which might not find its natural place in the philosophy of Schelling, so far as it is connected with either branch of the alternative, and has something correspondent or opposed to it: even every other system of philosophy ranges itself under this, since every one appears natural and necessary, as one partial opinion opposed to another. Whether the philosopher start from self, from mind, from external matter and nature, from the affections and feelings, or from the understanding and intellect; whether he confine himself within self-ordained limitations, or roam at large, — all these directions have been traced out in the philosophy of Schelling, which embraces all, arranges all symmetrically, and uses all tones harmoniously. The eclectic who brings together the whole series of systems, finds here the means of reconciling the extremes. He observes, first, that each system of philosophy excludes the others: here he finds them all united together. The mathematician who regards the whole of philosophy as a sphere, finds in Schelling's principle the magnetic centre, which spans and binds together the opposite poles of the subjective and objective doctrine; of the philosophy of mind, and the p
nature. The philosophy of Schelling
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with the Jewish cabala, with the mystical systems of the middle ages, down to Jacob Böhme, who brought forward the doctrine of unity in identity, and Valentine Weigel, who most vigorously maintained dualism in identity. Schelling merely transferred a primitive *schema* of thought to modern times, which seemed to have forgotten it, though they stood in the greatest need of a principle of arrangement.

The importance of this system is most evident, perhaps, from the difficulty of applying it, and from the inclination of men always to diverge from the uniting centre. It seemed as if men could not stand firm in this *inwardness*, this deep harmony of Schelling's system. When his disciples, proceeding from his central point, turned to the variety of the world, they were absorbed in its fulness and beauty, and mistook one or another point in the circumference, which was the focus of their peculiar tendency, for the proper centre. This holds, in the first place, of the two principal factors of identity — matter and mind. The school of Schelling has again split into two partial leading systems, according to the two powers that belong to it. Oken has made the material pole preponderate, and made the identity of mind with nature to consist in the spiritual character of nature. Matter is to him only spirit fallen in pieces; spirit is only combined matter. Finally, Hegel has made the spiritual pole preponderate, and caused the identity of mind with nature to consist in the material character of mind, in the objective reality of ideas, in the exclusive and absolute being of the intellectual conceptions, and of law, the law applicable to these

conceptions, that is, the higher logic, and in the physical character of logic itself. Oken's realities are ideas; Hegel's ideas are realities. German philosophy consequently furnishes, even at the present moment, a logical system of systems, and is rounded off in a certain circle.

The later philosophers spread out as twigs of these principal branches, in the various directions to which the progress of the age led them on. Whether the German sought to elevate that which, for other causes and reasons, inspired him with the liveliest interest, to the rank of philosophy; or whether he, starting from philosophy, endeavored to transfer to natural science, politics, education, art, and poetry, a deeply-felt idea, — in either case it is much the same; both were done; in both, the philosophical spirit of the German, as well as his inclination to the most various intellectual activity, was preserved. It is a noble peculiarity of the German, that though inspired with great zeal for unity, he is yet able, out of the illusion of love, and enthusiasm for facts, to elevate what is single and partial to the dignity of the absolute, and, as it were, to deify it. The most vigorous development was always the most partial one.

The exclusive development of a single branch of human knowledge serves philosophy most, perhaps, in the very point where it seems to be the most remote. By the exclusive investigation of one subject, its value is easily over-estimated; what is inferior is distinguished as if it were highest; the part as if it were the whole; the second as if it were the first or only thing; but without this impassioned over-estimation,

perhaps one would not penetrate so deeply into the subject, and work it out so thoroughly; and without the preliminary labor in detail, it would be impossible even for a most comprehensive mind to make an harmonious combination of parts into a whole.

The onesidedness of Kant consisted more in the principle itself than in its arrangement. He was as comprehensive as the culture of the times allowed. His mind, polished like the diamond, was the philosopher's stone of his age. He appreciated all intellectual tendencies, and exercised a beneficial influence upon all. He found himself placed at the highest summit of that Protestant illumination and culture which characterized the whole of his age. After him, men fell, of necessity, into onesidedness partly, partly into opposition, into the romantico-Catholic element. He was still a pure production of the reformation, and embraced its good and noble side, in the best sense, as, contemporarily with him, the scoffing school of atheists and materialists in France had fallen entirely into the dark side of unbelief, and of sprightly immorality. As all culture, after the reformation, rested on criticism and empiricism, so also did the system of Kant, which consequently reacted beneficially upon theological exegesis, inquiries into nature, political and educational investigations, and even exercised a reciprocal influence with modern poetry, which imitated life and nature, as this poetry had shown itself since Lessing, Wieland, and Göethe. The universal tolerance, which proceeded especially from Prussia, after Frederick the Great; the striving after universal culture; the interest in every thing foreign; the fair trial of all party views; the pre-

dilection for the analytical method; the pains taken to promote urbanity; the struggle for utility, popularity, and social improvement — gained, principally by the efforts of the noble philosopher of Königsberg, that development and extension which have distinguished the last century. In France and England, also, an anthropological and critical method had become predominant. At the same time Rousseau's feeling, Voltaire's piercing intellect, Swift's satirical talent, Sterne's humor, appealed to the nature of man, and overthrew old prejudices. They, together with Diderot, Goldsmith, and Fielding, strongly affected German literature; and their influence is closely related to Kant's doctrine of man. The stiff form was thrown off, and the human heart and social life were curiously investigated, and pictures of manners, psychological novels, idyls, tragedies of common life, satires, humorous *extravaganzas* were given, in all of which the key-note of the Kantian philosophy is echoed, the examination of the human soul, humanity, and at the same time warfare against ancient error. This might be called the Dutch school of philosophy, in contrast with the Italian school of earlier mysticism, and the more recent doctrines of Schelling. This quiet and happy era of 1780 had no forebodings of the tempestuous enthusiasm of the French revolution, of the prodigies of the empire, and the ecclesiastical style of the restoration. Dull, civic, commodious and petty, it lived out a short idyl in the history of the world, as an interlude, after which a mighty tragedy was to follow. Kant, however, was the ruling spirit in this domestic quiet of the good old times of 1780.

Jacobi, although opposed to Kant in his point of departure, yet arrived at the same result. Kant addressed himself to men of understanding; Jacobi, to the sentimentalist; but both to the educated, to the men of refinement and social culture in the eighteenth century.

Both have left disciples behind them, who, however, were unable to acquire much authority, for the very reason that they were not discoverers themselves, and that they found themselves limited to the defence of their masters against the new schools, or to the reconciling of them together.

The first mediators between Kant and the later philosophers of nature were the elder Reinhold and Beck. They felt that Kant, from his subjective knowledge, had left the certainty of things undetermined, and that an objective knowledge must, at some rate or other, be attained. Hence Reinhold endeavored to demonstrate from mental conceptions the reality of objects, or of that which is conceived — a doubtful attempt, which he afterwards renounced, since Schelling's doctrine of the identity of subject and object was much more evident. Beck even went a step beyond Schelling, and already indicated the production of all things from the understanding, the reality of conceptions; but he, too, was thrown into the shade by the superior proofs of the doctrine of Hegel.

Fries and Krug maintained Kant's point of view with more logical accuracy, as both gave themselves less to mere speculation than to practical arrangement. Fries advanced the noble humanity of Kant, and

endeavored to adapt it, not without a poetical spirit, and always full of the moral excellence of the altered culture of the age, to the romantic, and also chiefly to the political conceptions of the new century. His "Julius and Evagoras," in which he speaks with the inspiration of a Plato, was eminently serviceable to the accomplishment of this purpose. Purity and elegance in the moral life, freedom and right in the political, were the ideals which he, almost the only true patriot among our philosophers, to his everlasting honor, recommended.

Krug endeavored to bring the efforts of Kant into universal popularity; but deserving of thanks as was the purpose of spreading philosophy among the people, Krug was quite too plebeian in the execution of it. By a superficial universality, which was formed upon Kant's encyclopedical spirit, but by no means reached its depth, he flattered the half-educated, who are so ready, if they can find a leader, to join in chorus against the profoundness of others, whom they do not comprehend; nay, he sometimes made a stir against those of another way of thinking, and was very busy in the league of Paulus and Voss against the poor romanticists and mystics. The oracle of provincial and inferior spirits, he has preached up universal sympathy, tolerance, and reverence for great minds no more, but only rationalistic party pride. Finally, he surrendered his philosophy to political influence, and was one of the first liberal clamorers, as long as clamoring was allowed, and one of the most cowardly sneaks the moment it was no longer permitted. His last insult to the noble cause of

will that only which beseems his free will, respect for himself, justice to all," gleams like the flaming sword of an angel into the paradise of human life, degraded by weakness, sensuality, and falsehood. Though in Fichte's principle there is a philosophical error, yet the application of the system is the truest and best that can be. The error consists in the exclusiveness of the principle only, not in its consequences. As from Fichte's principle of the highest freedom of will alone can be deduced the most estimable morality, so every noble system of ethics will have to ascend again to Fichte's principle. A higher philosophy may, however, reconcile the principle of freedom of will with that of necessity. Hence all the friends of the French revolution, and those numberless youthful enthusiasts who would not surrender their dreams, even when the French were already rudely awakened by experience that came hobbling after them, adhered to the noble error of Fichte. A multitude of politicians, critics, and teachers followed Fichte's principles; and the gymnastic system must be regarded as the last partial growth of the onesided system of Fichte. Although very respectable, and often deserving of admiration, in the enthusiasm of ethical theory, yet in practice this doctrine has always run out into absurdity. It naturally finds its adherents among the young, and for a time had to find them among the old, when the old themselves were seized by a youthful paroxysm, as in the recent times of Germany, the period of her distress. This fiery and rapid effect, like that of a meteor which disappears again, is just the thing which we must consider most

worthy of our love in the doctrine of Fichte. Among the poets, Schiller has the greatest intellectual affinity with him, in his practical and ethical tendency. Both laid hold of the proud spirit, and summoned the manly will to battle against the sensuality and imbecility of the age; both fought like noble champions for freedom, honor, virtue, and both were early overwhelmed in the stream against which they had struggled. Apart, however, from this ethical tendency, and simply in relation to the philosophical aphorism of Fichte, no poet has followed him but Novalis, who, for this reason, stands there so great and solitary; and even this poet expiated his too daring dream of gods by an early death. Fichte's highest proposition, "The *me* is God," was carried out by Novalis in that monstrous anthropomorphism of the world, which hitherto we have rather wondered at than understood, in his posthumous works. He joined to it, moreover, the second proposition, "God wills only Gods;" and the world appeared to him nothing less than a republic of deities. We must at least confess, that in the spirit of this philosophical apothegm, Novalis regards himself as a God and King of the universe really, although only a poetical one, and has made the whole world the scene and the subject of his poetry, to a greater extent than any poet before him.

Moreover, Fichte's philosophy experienced precisely the same fate as the projected republic of virtue in France. It suddenly disappeared from the stage, and men no longer wished to speak of it, perhaps because they were ashamed of having put such prodigious confidence in virtue.

Even before Schelling, two men prosecuted, from an independent point of view, the attempts of Reinhold, which had been unsuccessful from Kant's point of view, to find the required middle term between thought and its object. Bouterweck endeavored, in opposition to the three prevailing systems of that time — that of Kant, Jacobi, and Fichte — to produce a fourth. He adopted, in opposition to Kant, an absolute Being, which existed before all thought, which, at the same time, in opposition to Fichte, was objective, and which, in opposition to Jacobi, was a new purely philosophical axiom, and in no respect the ancient known God. Bardili sought to simplify the matter, and again brought forward Spinoza's and Valentine Weigel's doctrine of identity; that is, the absolute primeval unity of thought with its object. But his language was obscure, and in the historical application of the doctrine, in which its chief value consists, he left every thing incomplete. It remained to be proved, that it depended not only upon the intervention of the single principle of the world, but also on a reference to it in the facts of nature, history, and the mind; and thus it was reserved to Schelling to bring about a perfect new birth of the ancient idea, in the spirit of the recent æsthetical and historical tendencies of the time.

Schelling indicates the reaction of the middle ages against the modern age of allegiance to the old classical culture. In spite of the distinguished intellectual activity which prevailed after the reformation in educated Europe, and particularly in Protestant Europe, yet people had suffered themselves to be

insnared in a remarkable onesidedness. People thought and studied themselves, as their caprice directed, out of the history of the world, out of the general connection of earthly things, in order to bring back an ideal world of dreams; and if they adopted a prototype for it from the past, it was the antique life of the Greeks and Romans. Here alone they saw some light; all the rest of history was night, and waste, and disconsolate barbarism. The antiquity of their own nation was despised, and even that which is elevated, noble, and enchanting, in the so called barbarous times of the un-Grecian East, and the Catholic middle ages, was misapprehended and scorned. They were so wholly blinded that even the marvels of Gothic architecture ceased to make any impression on the heart; that, though these marvels stood before their eyes every day, they shrugged their shoulders at them, as works of the bombastic and tasteless fantasy of barbarians. And so it was throughout: All the wisdom and poetry of the East, as well as of the romantic ages, were rejected, and whoever had ventured to praise them would have been considered crazy. Such an utter deadening of historical sympathy; such a stopping of the pulse of life, which beats uninterruptedly from the beginning, through the history of the world, could be only a transient sickness, a partial and temporary paralysis. The blood could not help beginning to flow again when set in motion by a sudden start. European life received this impulse from the French revolution; and after that, people bethought themselves again of the long-misapprehended antiquity; the scales fell from our eyes, and

we perceived that we had been stone blind to all the miracles of those departed times. Now, truly, in connection with the political counter-revolution or restoration, as it always happens with extremes in this world, there followed a similar over-estimation of the middle ages and the East, in comparison with classical antiquity and modern Protestantism. But, independent of this romantic fanaticism, it was an infinite gain to the hitherto partial culture, that it adopted into its province a just appreciation of ages hitherto unknown, or misapprehended, and their surprising and novel doctrines, and first drew the principles of criticism from a comparison of the classical with the romantic. It affords, moreover, new evidence of the wonderful power of the Germans to elevate all things alike to philosophy, that scarcely had this reaction against the preceding classical want of faith taken place, when there rose up a philosopher in Schelling, who, with his first glance at the change, expressed the foundation and extent of the new culture, in a single sun-bright thought.

By far the most important result of Schelling's philosophy seems to be the impartial, epical view of the world, which it imparts, and which the laity themselves acceded to more and more, since so much experience had cooled down passion, and the endlessly complicated contradictions had introduced a certain toleration and indifference. In the system of Schelling, every party finds its place opposite another; the separation is shown to be a natural one; their contradictions are referred to an original and necessary opposition. This system throughout

tolerates nothing exclusive, no unconditional predominance of one view, no unconditional persecution of another. It endeavors to secure to every spiritual existence, be it a character, an opinion, or an event, the same right in a natural philosophy of mind and history, which it does to every material existence in common science. It considers the historical periods as seasons of the year, nationalities as zones, temperaments as the elements, characters as creatures, and their manifestations in thought and action as necessarily founded in nature, and as diverse as the instincts. According to this system, there is a growth and a progress, a multiplicity and an order, in the intellectual world, as in the natural one. This new epical view recommends itself to all those who have surveyed life in a wider circuit. In it alone the endless war of opinion is hushed, and every contradiction finds its simplest and most natural solution. Without being familiar with Schelling and his school, many intelligent men have been led by their own experience to this very point of view. After a long journey of life, they have looked back upon all they have seen and examined, struggled for and neglected, found and lost, and the wild drama, in which they have blindly pursued as actors their partial aims, has of itself been changed before them into a peaceful epic, and they have sat as spectators by the poet's side to survey the long past, and themselves therein, as if looking into the silent distance, down from the mountain top. The indifference which has been introduced into the province of religion, and the mighty results of experience in politics and history,

which refute and justify all parties alike, have countenanced the epical, quiet estimation of the warfare of the world; and even in poetry every thing has been gained for it, by a broad field having been opened — the over-luxuriant world of novels — in the manner of Walter Scott. The historical novels profess the idea of an impartial survey of all times, nations, and parties, and must do so more and more.

All the political contention of recent times may be referred, in its ultimate principles, to the conflict of the rights of reason with historical rights. The latter, the right of the existing, has heretofore been maintained more by the indwelling force of nature, or *vis inertiæ*, than by adducing logical proofs. It has been very awkwardly and clumsily defended. They derived this right immediately from God, and converted privileges into objects of superstition, or made no inquiry, and contented themselves simply with possession. Under these circumstances, the right of reason must needs gain as much in theory as it lost in practice. People silently came to the conclusion that the right of reason was certainly the thing proposed, but that men were far from being ripe for the attainment of it. The honor was bestowed upon reason; but the profit was reserved for the existing and acknowledged unreason. Not only the freemasons, the illuminati, the French republicans, the ideologists, but also princes and ministers, gave somewhat into this view. The right of reason was universally acknowledged, but universally suspended. Even its enemies could adduce no better reasons against it than the practical impossibility of executing it, its impolitic

attack upon present possession founded on historical rights, and its pretended irreligious character, inasmuch as this actual possession had received the rite of consecration.

Schelling's philosophy first led to a widely-different view of reason and historical right, a view which he has not carried as far himself as his disciples, chiefly Görres, Frederick Schlegel, and Steffens, from whom this view has again passed into many particular historical and political works of the most recent times. Schelling's philosophy could not, by the strictest logical inference, avoid rejecting this right of reason as deism, and elevating the historical right into the only valid one, since it considered God as living and ruling in history. It now stood entirely apart from the right of reason, which men might grasp at forever without reaching, and, if I may use the expression, adopted a spiritual migration of rights, among all nations and ages. That is, as the whole human race is destined to no uniformity, and as the character of nations and ages has assumed a manifold variety of forms, in a religious and moral, æsthetic and scientific regard, according to the difference of descent and races, of climate and employment, of temperaments and intellectual faculties, finally of age and of fortunes, so also has it done in respect to rights. It seems a piece of folly to require of the ancient Hindoos or Greeks, of the knights and monks of the middle ages, or of the Arabs, of the Chinese, or of the negroes, that which cultivated Europe has but recently attained, even in regard to right. The views of state, of

royalty, of political freedom, of the subordination or equality of conditions, must have for the first time been developed, must have passed through various and partial degrees of development, but were at all times adapted to their age, and to the various culture, to the faith and the wants of the times. As every climate possesses its peculiar plants and animals, so nations and their constitutions, religions, manners, and arts, have always been acclimated to their time; the whole progress of mankind in development has been a natural one.

I profess the opinion which regards historical events as phenomena of nature, and ventures to proportion the arrangements of states according to an absolute right of reason, as little as the flowers of a garden according to a fictitious ideal plant, or the varieties of music according to one primeval *thema* (air.) But I must declare myself against the principle of stability which they have attempted to bring into connection unreasonably with that organic historical view. Many intellectual men have wished to eternize the existing, as if any thing in nature could be made eternal, except nature herself. Succession is the life of nature — everlasting change in that which exists. That is just the truth in Schelling's doctrine. On the same ground on which the past is defended, the succession and movement of things, the everlasting revolution of the world, must also be maintained. It is completely reversing the principle of Schelling to make the defence of the past the ground of condemning the future. The principle would always remain favorable

to freedom, though Görres, Frederick Schlegel, Baader, though even Schelling himself, would explain it differently.

We have already seen that, after Schelling's comprehensiveness and universality, his disciples fell again into partial views, nay, have been since still more led away by this or that particular tendency of the age. With the dualism even of his system, which has been decomposed into its two poles, nature and spirit, the one in Oken, the other in Hegel, is connected a still more minute division in the doctrines of his disciples.

The commencing reaction of the middle ages seized the minds of men, unknown to themselves, and the contrasts of centuries grown gray returned, without its being suspected. That philosophy of nature of which Oken was the hero, to which, soon after the new and great discoveries in outward life, in astronomy, physics, and chemistry, the doctrines of the inner life, and of animal magnetism, associated themselves, corresponded perfectly to the philosophy of Paracelsus and the Rosicrucians in the middle ages, and the spiritual philosophy of Hegel, which spins itself out in the very essence of thought, corresponded likewise to scholasticism, which is contrasted with that ancient philosophy of nature. Finally, between and above both, the pure mysticism of the middle ages returned again in Görres and Franz Baader.

But as the middle ages were past and gone, these spiritual tendencies, in which their life was again to be discerned, were compelled to adapt themselves to the reality of our modern life, and to serve it. This

was done in science and poetry, as well as in political and ecclesiastical life, and produced strange literary phenomena. Schelling had many distinguished disciples, but no one of them resembles another.

Oken sought to transfer Schelling's idea exclusively to the science of nature, and to bring its province, immeasurable and daily enlarging by new discoveries, under a luminous survey, and the inner life of nature to a crystal clear inspection. We shall speak more particularly of this great thinker under the head of natural science, since he is much more of an investigator of nature than a philosopher. He elevates the material side of the world, nay, he allows the mind to be only the blossom of material life; he places the *hypomochlion*, or primal centre of the world, not in the middle, between the material and intellectual pole, as Schelling has done, but on one side, towards the material pole, and gives this the preponderance. But this philosophical onesidedness is only the consequence of an enthusiasm for natural science, without which it would perhaps have been impossible to present so beautiful a system as Oken has presented. The rare independence which this illustrious scholar maintained in the political confusion of the age, deserves particular commemoration. He voluntarily resigned his professorship in Jena, and chose an anxious and unsettled life, because he could not be permitted, as professor, to publish any longer his liberal journal, the "Isis." Now, how can a man be reproached with coarse materialism, in whom the spiritual principle of honor so far outweighed the inclination to material advantages and enjoyments? How many a spiritualist,

on the other hand, is there, sitting in our chairs, to whom that spiritual principle of honor is an utter stranger, and who is satisfied, if, hung round with the insignia of an order, he can thus sit very softly in the densest materialism of external life!

Steffens, originally an investigator of nature likewise, and an ardent scholar of the celebrated Werner, occupied himself principally with the interior history of the earth, and brought himself from a geological point of view to the philosophy of Schelling. The points of departure of his speculation are clearly to be perceived in his chief philosophical work, "Anthropology." He, like all the other disciples of Schelling, has adopted from his master the real-ideal view, and his brilliant fancy, no less than his rich attainments in natural science, has lent to his way of treating the system an originality which the principle itself no longer possessed. At times his fancy has run away with him, and we are in doubt whether Apollo or Phaeton is driving the fiery chariot of his eloquence. He was, however, not a mere philosopher. Our German father-land is indebted to him, the Norwegian, as one of the noble companions in arms in the war of 1813. Steffens spurred on to battle the studious youth of that time by the noblest harangues for freedom. Later we can scarcely hold fast the picture of his character, for it vanishes beneath the tracing hand. Like many others, Steffens also, even in the first years of the restoration, gave a new exposition of his old enthusiasm, took zealous part against the same youth, whom, a short time before, he had electrified in the name of freedom, urged æsthetical

reasons against Germanism and Gymnastics, which demolished even that which was sacred, together with its caricature, and allowed himself to be so completely run away with by his new-fangled notions, that, in defending the historical principle, he wrote that immortal absurdity, "to the peasant, his labor is enjoyment; to the noble, his enjoyment is labor." After the patriotic-political warfare had been adjusted in a manner which Steffens must have regarded as a triumph for himself, ennui succeeded. In the evening, Sonntag sang, Taglioni danced. It was so still by day that one could hear in the street how the parsons preached in the churches. People took up again, out of ennui, theological wrangling, as an innocent amusement, knowing well they could readily throw it aside if any thing more amusing turned up. But no, it was not mere play. Many, many sought in heaven what, unhappily, they found no longer on earth, and especially sought their father-land. Enough that people troubled themselves about theology, who otherwise never would have thought about it. Steffens, a thoroughly poetical philosopher, a poetical politician, the most determined foe of the dry and wooden Germanism and Gymnastics, became, all of a sudden, not a poetical Catholic, or pietist, or mystic, but a dry and wooden Orthodox Lutheran. Scarcely, however, had people ceased to wonder, when Steffens came forth again from the black vesture, put on the many-colored coat of the romanticists, and wrote historical novels in the favorite manner introduced by Walter Scott. Thus he was, as it were, the last Northman, roaming about in search of adventures in German

literature, as his ancestors did whilome on the great waters.

Steffens is a man of a richly-endowed mind, and an eloquent writer. He has a greater command of the German language than many a one who is born this side of the Sound. He involuntarily imitates Jean Paul; that is, images come crowding upon him even where they are not quite necessary. He is more a poet than a thinker; and his having poetized too much in his philosophical works, is not compensated by his having philosophized too much in his novels.

If I am not much mistaken, he is the originator of that pet phrase of the North German literati — "a gentlemanly spirit." He was the first, so far as I know, to use this vile expression, which not merely indicates, but widens the division of our literature into an arrogant, corrupt, and unpopular aristocracy, and a mob, fond of anarchy, obtrusive and rude. Such party words always do mischief.

If the principle of Schelling was by Steffens's means reconciled to the inward stability, and the outward Göethean stateliness, which always appeared more decidedly in North Germany, and among the Protestants, so, on the other hand, by means of Görres, who descended into the depths of a genuine romantic spirit, it formed a connection with the South German Catholicism. We have already expressed our opinion of Görres.

As Görres remained quite too Catholic for many people, Franz Baader, by adopting the doctrine of Jacob Böhme, again threw a bridge over from Catholic [illegible] to modern Protestant mysticism. Even

the modern Protestant ghost-seeing and demonology were supported by Franz Baader.

Frederick Schlegel has, like Görres, done much less by abstract philosophizing than by applying Schelling's principle, in a peculiar manner, to history, politics, and art. Frederick Schlegel, one of our deepest, though most impure thinkers, who, with the power of ascertaining the truth, united at once the vile disposition and the Epicurean weakness of denying it; this very remarkable mind, supported by his brother, — who was more occupied with the letter, — and in alliance, on one side, with Schelling and the philosophers, on the other side with Tieck and the poets, and thirdly with Görres and the ultramontanists, fourthly with Gentz and the political renegades, — has exercised a great influence. But he has only increased the confusion of ideas in Germany, instead of lessening it by the clearness of his mind, and the comprehensiveness of his culture. He has sold his mind to them, and robbed himself of the last armor, which always is the truth alone. If recent history is like a comedy of Beaumarchais, in which sickly and peevish old age vainly undertakes to cure blooming youth, then Frederick Schlegel played the part of Basilio, who sells his advice to old age. In point of fact, he has borrowed from the noble and ever-true doctrine of Schelling only the reverence for what is historical, in order to beat down therewith, by the arts of sophistry, the other part of the doctrine — the reverence for that which is to be. He has pulled down at once the domes and castles of the middle ages, merely to hurl them at the new era, and with them

to crush the new generation. The age avenged itself by the luxuries of the kitchen, under the delicate load of which the great artist of cookery found a very modern death.

His shadow, Adam Müller, has imitated him in the province of politics and arts, was, like him, a renegade, and has died like him, since he imbibed his spirit.

Ast had an honest and disinterested desire to apply, in like manner, the principle of Schelling to history and art, but gained no great fame, because he scorned to model the doctrine according to circumstances, and to pursue his personal advantage. But it is this very thing which should make us deem him worthy of honor. His writings, which are not much read, contain also many noble ideas. The desire, or, if you choose, the philosophical necessity of drawing inferences has, it is true, frequently induced him to force historical facts and phenomena in the arts, violently, and not in the right place, into the well-known *schema* of the real-ideal antithesis; but more frequently still, a judicious tact has enabled him to find perfectly the right place; and his history of philosophy, his æsthetics, and his history of the world, will afford excellent hints to the future thinker, who undertakes to write a philosophy of history or of art.

Wagner, of Würzburg, has, in the same way, endeavored, zealously and disinterestedly, to carry out, with logical precision, the doctrines of symmetrical opposites as the philosophy of the *all*. So he begins, like a genuine poet, by regarding the entire *all* as a primeval and perpetual marriage and espousal of the

two principles of the world, in opposition to those disciples of Schelling, who, like Görres and Schlegel, adopted rather an everlasting warfare between them. But the carrying out of this amiable idea has met with the fate of all inferences which are urged too far. As to the rest, the number four, which is derived simply from the number two, is not therefore that which deserves to be pointed out, as that is commonly done, for the proper characteristic of this system. The marriage, the espousals of oxygen and hydrogen, which has been pursued even into the province of mind, and which ever recurs, in all possible transformations and intellectual refinements — this is the characteristic of Wagner's doctrine.

Troxler also adheres to dualism, the opposition of the two principles. He is one of the most peculiar phenomena in our literature, and is himself the expression of a great opposition between the real and ideal, the practical and speculative. Extremely active in the political revolution of Switzerland, he there preached democracy in democracy, and would have raised it to the third power, if he had achieved the second. His philosophical doctrine, however, hovers at a distant and quiet elevation above the petty tumult of the revolutions of Basle, Lucerne, Berne, and Argau, and seems not to have the least in common with it. Yet Troxler has, it is known, acknowledged a modification of his earlier views, and approached, in a certain respect, Fichte's pride of freedom, without, however, giving up Schelling's doctrine of opposition. He only transfers the identity of the opposites back again to the *me* of Fichte. He adopts a most inward

living unity, a germ of the world, that enfolds all in itself, and shoots out all from itself in opposition to the inanimate ideal unity, which is only an alternate destruction and annihilation of the opposite poles. As the whole tree is in the seed, and the seed in the tree, so is the whole world, notwithstanding its multiplicity, at once always in the most living unity, and as all the powers and phenomena of the world have proceeded from that most inward seed of unity, so they all point thither again, and give as a proof of it the thinking faculty, which is by no means merely one-sided. Now, however, Troxler's profound and bold doctrine is the following: — The unity of all things is in the human soul; in it lies the abyss of the divine, as well as all nature. Man can know all things only in and through himself. He is connected with God, not merely, in an historical manner, by Christ, but immediately and essentially. He is connected with nature, not only externally through the senses, but all nature is immediately in his sensitive faculty. In his soul, however, is the unity of both — of all. The soul is the primeval, all-enfolding, all-embracing existence. The inmost core of the soul, however, is the affections; and their opposite focus, in which the soul is reflected, is the sensitive faculty. Around these two foci, two powers of the soul revolve in opposite directions; two *psyches*, one descending from the affections, supersensual, spiritualizing what is sensual; the other ascending from the sensitive faculty, subsensual, sensualizing what is spiritual. Between these two foci in repose, and these two powers in everlasting motion,

All these disciples of Schelling have inclined rather to the objective, real, positive side; they have, like Oken, had recourse to gross nature; or, like Görres and Schlegel, to history; or, like Eschenmayer, Schubert, and Baader, to revealed religion; in short, universally to something positive. It was, however, a natural consequence of the opposition, that now also the subjective, ideal, negative pole of Schelling's system should be elevated disproportionately; and this consequence required that North Germany should occupy itself about this matter, while the South, in every respect more positive, has naturally cherished the positive philosophy.

Hegel, although born in Swabia, could only make his fortune in Berlin. He must have men before him, who were not enchanted by the mighty influence of beautiful mountain scenery, but who, according to Göethe, "speculate upon the barren heath;" who are carried away as little by the spirit of history, by great memorials and memories, and by a peculiar national life; but only know a state, a state-machine, servants of the state, dependents of the state, and those to whose very climate it belongs to deny every thing else, and admit only themselves.

Hegel made the subjective pole again the centre, like Fichte; but Fichte's centre was a noble, vigorous *me*, willing only the good. Hegel's centre was a mere thinking, petty, conceited, self-satisfied *little me*, speculating on the heath. Knowing well what would better suit the temper of the times, he carried back Fichte's beautiful effervescence to a cold, heartless

tion, the three ideas, truth, beauty, virtue. In this he recognizes the law of earthly creation, but allows freedom to reign beyond it; nay, he goes so far as to affirm what no philosopher of nature dared to do, namely, that freedom reigns not only in the region of mind, but in nature itself. Thus, along with an earthly and conditional gravity or darkness, he adopts, further, an unconditional one in hell; and along with an earthly conditional light, a further unconditional one in heaven.

G. H. Schubert, equally pious and amiable, (who must not be confounded with the astronomer of Petersburg,) has come almost to the same result. Systematizing nature, as an independent inquirer, like Oken, he has in his own way, and in opposition to Oken, adopted not only a perpetual ascent of the lower to the higher created things, but a falling back also from the higher to the lower; and, in general, has scrutinized nature with pious industry, just where she conceals her mysteries, or where she seems to be morbid or perverse, and is not willingly investigated, in order to make the delicate flowers of a noble doctrine come forth, even from corruption to light. This inclination could not but lead him at last to magnetism and its revelations; and his last philosophical doctrines of God, and the *all*, rest essentially upon the known distinction of mind, soul, and body, which is common to the *clair-voyants*. At present, he takes more pains to establish this doctrine by natural experience, while Eschenmayer expounds it in a more speculative manner.

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arrogance; his enthusiastic fulness of youth to a prematurely crafty, aristocratic hollowness; and became the philosopher of the restoration, as Fichte had been the philosopher of the revolution.

All other philosophers had recognized in God, in the creating and sustaining primeval power, everlasting love, or the noblest and wisest moral will, or everlasting beauty, the all-uniting harmony, or at least the inexhaustible power, the fulness of the Father. Hegel first reduced God to a mere speculator, led about by an evil spirit, in the void of his heavenly heath, who does nothing but think, indeed nothing but think of thinking.

True, there is a certain *naïveté* in this madness. The old heroic nations could think of God with no other attributes than those of war and battle. The ancient Bramins, who themselves sat unmoved under a tree and looked at a speck, imagined God to be as quiet as they were. The martyrs, who suffered themselves, elevated suffering also to God. The delicate monks and nuns, whose overflowing love found no object, transferred this enthusiastic love to God; and hence sprung up those romances between the lovers in this world and the beloved in the other, which the blessed Theresia and Angelus Silesius have painted to us in the fairest colors. Slaves saw in God the severe master; poetical spirits saw in his creation a work of art, the poetical ideas of an everlasting poet. Architects confidently regarded him as the master-workman in the building of the world; those learned in criminal law, more as the supreme judge. It is, therefore, natural too, that "a fellow who speculates

just like a wild beast, led about by an evil spirit on the empty barren heath," should think of God likewise as a mere speculator, or thinker of thought.

It is a self-apotheosis of Hegel, for he makes no distinction between himself and God; he gives himself out for God. For he says expressly, God cannot know himself, as he cannot exist, but in men must first come to a self-consciousness, to a dim consciousness that makes itself known typically, in representations only, in other men, for example, in Christ; but to a clear consciousness, to the fulness of his existence, first in the philosopher who has the only right philosophy, therefore in himself, in the person of Hegel.

Thus we have, then, a miserable, hunch-backed, book-learned God; a wooden and squinting academical man; a man of the most painful and pompous scholasticism; a man of the most disgusting envy, of the most vulgar college polemics; in a word, a German pedant, upon the throne of the world. The ancients, indeed, raised a Hercules, or an Alexander, to the rank of the gods, but not a Thersites. Among the nation of the mummies alone do we find a dog-headed Anubis, and a little hunch-backed Horus.

Yet the thing is natural. It is not Hegel's vanity alone, it is a result of the whole age, that a German pedant gives himself out for God. In the heroic ages, heroes were Gods; in the hierarchical ages, God was a second pope; in the learned ages, God must necessarily be a *litterateur*, and Germany, the land of scholars, must produce him. I should be sorry if my panorama of German literature were without this capital figure. Hegel marks the highest summit of learned

perversion, of this great brain-sickness of the present German nation. In him the evil culminated, both in form and spirit; for his language, with its obscure bombast, with its tediousness and stiffness; as well as his doctrine, with its fool-hardy insolence, looking down upon every thing with contempt, and yet joyless, surly, and morbid, — is the most perfect expression of the learned bile, which is all ready to break.

Hegel's philosophy would yet have excited but little attention, if it had not gained political adherents and supporters. How? Has not the God-professor looked proudly down upon the kings of this world? I know not; but it is certain that attendance upon the lecturers of Hegel has been strongly recommended — that his disciples were always selected for public appointments.

The doctrine of Hegel offered itself as a political scholasticism, equipped almost with the same means as the old ecclesiastical scholasticism. As men had to do, not with matters of fact, not with demonstrations, but only with ideas, when they drew nothing from religion or moral doctrines, but every thing from logic alone, they could then play with ideas and propositions as they pleased, and prove every thing or nothing. The doctrine became a system of absolute dialectics, without substance, without object, a mere means of explaining as they pleased any subject they pleased. To this purport is the notorious proposition of Hegel, "All that is is rational," made use of to show that the present condition is absolutely the most rational, and that it is not merely revolutionary, but eminently stupid, foolish, and unphilosophical, to take any exceptions to it.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] went back to the [illegible] the laity and the clergy. [illegible] the affected obscurity in [illegible] in order to [illegible] was to draw an [illegible] the initiated [illegible]

[illegible] of the stupidity [illegible] vanity, [illegible] of another. [illegible] of mysti- [illegible] wrangling [illegible] oracular [illegible] the case with [illegible] They also were [illegible] and on precisely [illegible] indefinitely; [illegible] their special [illegible] faces in [illegible] understood least, [illegible] understood; [illegible] others [illegible]

[illegible] Hegel [illegible] in their folly, [illegible] to men's [illegible] when they com- [illegible] the latter the honor [illegible] and herald of Hegel — a [illegible] who may have, as it were, symbolically indicated and prophesied, by mere repre- sentations and spiritual impulses, the much more sublime Hegel, who was to come out in some [illegible]

period, in perfect distinctness of conception. Nay, Frederick Förster, of whom one would hardly have expected such a piece of madness, on account of his spirit of historical investigation, declared, over the grave of Hegel, that, beyond all doubt, Hegel was himself the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Godhead. So far the vanity of a *coterie* can go; but perhaps only in Berlin.

It is characteristic of the age, that the followers of Hegel show only a gracious and aristocratic condescension towards Christ, but look reverentially up to Goethe, as to something higher still. Thus Hotho, who proved, in his strange "Preliminary Studies for Life and Art," that the highest problem for mankind was to be absorbed in the spirit of Hegel, but that an outlet was found through this to the higher joys of heaven, into the spirit of Goethe. Lerminier, a Frenchman not otherwise irrational, who was lately in Berlin, has repeated after him, and announced to the French nation, "If Hegel has perfected the philosophy of his country, Goethe has perfected its literature. In truth, we might believe we had, with these two men, reached the utmost possible limits of thought."

Among the latest philosophers who have endeavored to strike out an independent path, we observe again the old opposition still. Herbart stands on the subjective; Krause on the objective side. Herbart, of Königsberg, has undertaken to grasp all the subjective tendencies of our age together, and to unite them in harmony. He does not even despair of fusing together the doctrines of Kant and Hegel. He proceeds, like

Kant, from an empirical psychology; but returns, like Hegel, to an objectivity of thought, by a mathematical construction of conceptions.

Krause returned to Leibnitz, and made, like him, a living and personal God the principle of the world, and derived from him first all the primal ideas, which other philosophers represent in and for themselves, irrespective of God, as the absolute. At the same time, he constantly referred philosophy to life, and always applied it immediately to nature, history, morality, and art, without keeping it, like other philosophers, in dim abstraction, beyond the region of life. His aim was to bring about "a universal alliance among men," which should fulfil all the fair hopes of his philosophy. But he found less accordance with his views, because his language was not as clear as his mind, because he wrote in a very diffuse and unwieldy style, and because his contemporaries persecuted him to his death, and were very careful not to bring him forward by commendation and praise, inasmuch as he had, by the disclosure of some old and very harmless secrets of the order of freemasons, grievously offended the lovers of mystery.

The industry with which the history of philosophy has been recently cultivated, and a new basis for further speculations sought in it, is very honorable. This dry occupation, which is confined within the limits of the school, is certainly much less brilliant than the lively enthusiasm for new systems, which prevailed so universally thirty years ago. Genius is gone to sleep; and until it wakes we can do no better than supply its place by industry.

Among the works on the history of philosophy, that of Tennemann, written in the spirit of Kant, has gained the greatest reputation; that of Eberhard, in which Jacob Böhme was reproached for shoemaking, was the most superficial. But, as all the systems at variance with Kant were judged unfairly by Tennemann, the part slighted by him has been most profoundly treated by Rixner, and most comprehensively by Ast, in the spirit of Schelling. Windischmann's great work, "Philosophy in the Progress of Universal History," is in the highest degree interesting, but loses itself too much in the mystical border-land, which begins where philosophy ends. He is also for the East. Much light has every where been thrown upon the history of ancient and mediæval philosophy, by the theological investigations of Neander, and the researches of our philologists into the Hindoo and Persian doctrines. Most recently, Ritter, and the son of the elder Fichte, have begun to distinguish themselves by their impartial surveys of philosophical systems, from a purely historical point of view. The latter, who recognizes the good every where with cordiality, and respects the smallest portion, if it only contributes to the whole, has not the same polemic energy as his father, but is animated by the same noble sentiments. The younger Reinhold has written a history of philosophy with as partial a leaning towards Kant as Tennemann and Eberhard.

Although the ebb tide has come for German philosophy, (the flood is now beating against the shores of France;) although enthusiasm has subsided among us, and quiet reflection, even fault-finding has come

into vogue; yet philosophy will still maintain its high rank by the side of religion, and above all other sciences, forever. The age is governed by science; science is governed by philosophy. In the new hierarchy of the understanding, the philosophical is the apostolical chair, and philosophers are the cardinals. From the whole sphere of our intellectual activity, the results are collected in philosophy as a centre; all the juices are sublimated in her crown of flowers. Variety always seeks its unity; and the more certain it is that the Germans have a capacity for all kinds of knowledge, the more natural is it also that they should reduce them to order, and trace them back to their simplest results. Nay, it seems as if the universal passion for knowledge were only the secondary, and that philosophical depth were the primary manifestation of our nature; as if we could only find the periphery, when it has been traced from an invisible centre. Our philosophy shows that Germany should be no lumber-shop for all kinds of knowledge. The smallest thing comes not within the horizon of our view except to find itself bound by invisible threads to the central point of philosophical knowledge. The richer, however, the subject of that observation is, the deeper is that central point. While we take the broadest basis, we ought to stretch the line of philosophical operations in the boldest manner, and to the widest extent; and our heroes ought to press on victoriously, deeper and deeper into the unknown spirit-kingdom.

There is also a rather dark side to German philosophy. Not all the philosophers were men of genius: there is also a philosophical rabble; there are apes and

caricaturists of genius, who, at the same time, always knew how to reconcile the opposition between philosphy and the age by a plausible non-committal system. With them philosophy has participated in the universal learned pedantry, not only in forms of speech, but in opinions. She, too, has worn the hoop-petticoat. Instead of being deep, she was long only a hair-splitter; instead of being natural, she was only trim; instead of going straight forward, she moved with ceremony, pomp, and circumstance; instead of convincing us, she has for a long time merely conversed with us; nay, she has even, like poetry, quoted the ancients to us this great while, and bound the buskin upon her feet, instead of elevating herself. Then, like all other departments of literature, she has fallen into the opposite extreme. She has become gloriously rude, like the romances of chivalry; she has been seized with the longing for nature and originality, like the ladies and students, the poets and *virtuosi;* she has thrown off all ancient authority, and thought again for herself; but her thoughts were often not worth the thinking. Finally, she has summoned to her aid feeling and fancy, and led off bacchanalian dances round the altar of truth, to the cooing tones of the flute or Turkish music, or stammered forth incomprehensible oracles from mystical obscurity. Taken from the school-room and the periwig-pated Orbilius,[1] she has

[1] [An allusion to Horace—

"Non equidem insector, delendave carmina Livi
Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare."

Ep. xi. 69.—TRANSL.]

grown old enough to go to school to love, and throw herself enthusiastically into the arms of her beloved. But, independently of this impulse of the mass, great geniuses have gone before their age, with manly minds, and have laughingly looked on when people have made childish idols out of their thoughts.

In particular, our philosophers have been justly reproached for their schoolmaster arrogance, although no new Lucian has ridiculed it with sufficient keenness. It is, indeed, ludicrous to see how our philosophers peck each other bloody, like exasperated gamecocks, and then, on the nearest ridge-pole, crow again with proudly-elevated crest, and look down upon the little world below.

The reproach of unpopularity attaches to our philosophers almost without exception. They have borrowed a foreign terminology from the Greeks and the schoolmen, at first wrote in Latin themselves, and take delight even now in continually adding new foreign words. This has, it is true, lent them, in the eyes of the people, a reverend appearance, and given even to the most ordinary common places a coloring of deep wisdom; but it has alienated the great public from philosophy, and reduced philosophy herself to a mere affair of the schools. Oken, patriotic as he was learned, has taken a zealous part against this strange terminology, without the least success; nay, without being able to avoid it himself. The difficulties of the philosophical language become still more intricate by the peculiar and capricious use which every individual philosopher makes of it. If we open any page in the philosophical works of Leibnitz, Wolf,

Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, what wholly different terms sound in our ears! The foreign words are, however, the most significant, because used only in philosophy. German words are the more unmeaning in philosophy, having both a common and a technical meaning, the more intelligible they are in common usage. Hence whole books have been written to settle the true meaning of the expressions *reason*, *understanding*, *mind*, *heart*, *affections*, *feeling*, and so forth. Yet no general rule for this use of language has yet been adopted. The difficulties of the language have followed those of thought. The thinking faculty worked itself, with infinite effort, but only step by step, out of the former obscurity, and must needs make a new language for every new discovery. A laborious, circumstantial, and diffuse mode of representation was inevitable, because the way to simpler conceptions led through it. Nothing is acquired with greater difficulty than that which afterwards is understood, as it were, of itself. Most systems of philosophy — nay, in a certain respect, all the earlier ones — are only studies and preliminary labors. The great Kepler had to write many hundred folio pages full of figures before those simple and universally-known laws, which every body now comprehends without difficulty, resulted from his iron industry. This is the case with many German philosophers, and especially before Kant. Though we quit only with a feeling of disgust the dry and often deceptive calculations of the understanding, yet we must confess that they were necessary. For the most part, we find, in nearly all our systems of philosophy, the, so called, scientific form, which delights in systematic tables,

classes, and paragraphs. How far are we removed from the majesty of Oriental dogmatism, and from the gracefulness of Platonic criticisms! Yet this dry systematizing must still appear necessary to us; and some attempts, particularly of the followers of Kant, to philosophize in the Platonic form, have proved to be very immature productions. Görres has the most dignified philosophical style; for his system has the most sublime unity, because it is entirely mystical; and in its variety, again, it has the greatest abundance of beauties, because the mystical unity is veiled in a comprehensive symbolism of mind, nature, and history. This gives to the writings of Görres a biblical strength and Oriental splendor. In studying his works, we imagine ourselves in a vast, sublime, and daring Gothic cathedral, where the lofty arches, columns, and vaults, are wonderfully interlaced, and supported on simple points, with a whole world of statues built up in them, and, hovering over all, an expression of holiness, the majesty of an invisible God, while a trumpet-tone resounds in the temple as his herald. The clerical unction and prophetic voice of thunder in Görres are throughout proportionate to his dogmatism. This ought always to be, and is, in Görres, the work of a creative impulse, the spontaneous and sincere revelation of the innate idea; and is, exactly as in the case of the poet, the free growth of a peculiar spiritual flower, and under the most varied modes of training, is still the overmastering power of nature, which determines its own character. The dogmatist is absorbed in a constant and inspired act of creation; and it is no good sign if he wake from his prophetic visions

and criticise himself. Criticism alone should and must do without this inspiration, and separate the thought, as the objective product, from the subjective, creative glow. The dogmatists have, however, always imitated the critics too much, and converted their blooming gardens into fortresses, and inundated them with critical reflections, to guard them against critical assaults. Görres has given the freest and boldest scope to his nature, and, on that account, stands as high as he is solitary among the philosophers. In Jacob Böhme, nature wrought out a similar phenomenon; but this wondrous flower bloomed only in the night. In Novalis, inborn nature struggled against the extrinsic form, without being able entirely to overcome it. If the elements divide more and more, dogmatism will find in the organic plasticity of a Görres the freest, most beautiful and national development; but criticism will be compelled always to cultivate the Platonic forms, which are best adapted to its polemic character.

If we pass now to the effects which philosophy has produced in the subordinate sciences and in life, these appear to be entirely natural, and founded in the essence of philosophy, because philosophy prescribes the highest law to every branch of knowledge, as well as to every action. Philosophy has immeasurably promoted universal culture at once, because it has every where centralized and simplified it. It has also, by contemplating one aspect at a time, brought out every side of science and of life in the clearest light, and always given the key-note for the different voices of the age. True, it has not, because it is learned,

raised the whole people up to itself, but mediately, by its effects on the other departments of literature, has diffused great ideas and useful maxims. On the other hand, all the defects, errors, and contradictions of philosophy have passed into practice, even after single sciences have been treated according to the principles of the different systems of philosophy. Still more frequently, true principles have been falsely or defectively applied; and, in order to escape these errors, others have thought they could dispense with philosophy altogether, and have preferred a spiritless, empirical mode of proceeding, to the empty boasts of vague theories. On the one hand, we see superficial fellows assume the philosophical tone, in order to conceal their deficiency in solid attainments, or to make a great figure with their ignorance. That which is easiest understood is put into fashionable phrases, which darken the matter, and are mostly borrowed. Miserable shreds of this or that system, which the student has brought with him into *Cockaigne*, have been patched on theological, historical, educational, and even poetical works by them. He who has not the necessary experience, or the necessary knowledge of details, helps himself with a *succedaneum* of philosophy, and then imagines he has done something very grand, if he speak in a grand tone. Many a poet, who knows not how to bestow a natural character upon his hero, fits him out with philosophical phrases. Even schoolmasters, here and there, torment boys under age with the trash of a crude philosophy. On the other hand, we find some men, of ripe experience and profound learning, who are content to know little or nothing of philosophy, which they contemn and

scoff at when occasion offers, because they are unable to reconcile its contradictions, and often know well upon what tottering foundations the air-castles of many speculations are built. To these are added the pedants and hucksters, who, in the great arithmetic of life, have gone only as far as addition, and collect together only the single facts of experience. They collect and count, but trouble themselves about neither cause nor consequence. – They call themselves the practical men, and exercise a great influence in the schools and offices of state. Even many able, poetical, pious, and joyous natures resist philosophy, because its severity or systematic form terrifies them. Finally, the orthodoxy of all creeds lives in a perpetual petty warfare with the philosophers. We ought not, therefore, to wonder if we find that so much detraction, so much reproach, has fallen upon philosophy. Witty and clever people have furnished materials for this out of the defects of philosophy, and the stupid and wicked unconsciously out of their own.

Goethe's "Faust," and many sayings of his elsewhere, have struck philosophy a heavy blow, in the eyes of the multitude. So far as it is a question of learned pedantry, the poet is always right. If the philosopher, like the heroic Archimedes, even in the peril of death, to say nothing of the poet's ridicule, never permits himself to be interrupted in his inquiries and investigations, so the poet, nature's darling, may, in behalf of this nature, maintain her unsearchableness, the everlasting talisman with which she enchants and rules us. He may, like a sportive Cupid, defend his Venus, and dazzle and quiz the

intrusive philosopher. The warfare between philosophy and poetry, which is old as creation, should not degenerate into a hatred, but rather should remain the most beautiful rivalry of our noblest powers; and whoever, out of the multitude, feels himself more nearly related to the thinker, or to the poet, may choose according to his liking.

In particular, every great philosophical school has corresponded to some tendency of the age, alternately producing it and produced by it. One can seldom decide how far a man has influenced his age rather than been influenced by it. Great minds are only the mirrors of the times, by which they are also polished.

If we must permit ourselves to be taught, in single matters, by every one who has accomplished something great in a solitary path, yet we should always turn our view towards the universal minds, the polar stars of heaven, around which the greatest sphere revolves. True, an everlasting gulf is firmly fixed between the wisdom of God and that of men; but there is a place where the human soul stands highest, and gains the freest and richest prospect at once. Hail to the genius, who unites a sensibility for nature, the moral power, acuteness of the understanding, deep sincerity of the heart, in a sublime unity, in whose purely-attuned soul the accords sound out full, in which the harmony of all life is indicated. Minds like those of Kant, Schelling, and Görres, show us first what the world is, as they mirror it in their own spirit, and what mind is, as they mirror it in the world. The more, however, the world is laid open, the

greater men's minds become; and the greater their minds, the greater they make the world. The highest triumph of the philosopher is, that he creates the world anew from within by knowledge, and constructs, as it were, a work of art; that he always becomes the freer the more he comprehends it; that the greatest load of knowledge lends the lightest wings to his genius. The highest triumph of philosophy, on the contrary, is, that it is never sufficient in itself; that it constantly binds the knowledge of the world to the peculiarity of spiritual natures; that it always shows the world only in the mirror of an individual mind; that consequently the greatest philosopher does not exclude a greater. We might compare philosophy to music. The philosopher's musical instrument is the world. Here and there we catch the most wondrous and glorious melodies. We pity the scholars who have not grown up to the instrument, because the richest-toned flute is only a piece of wood to the uninitiated. But who, that is a master of the present, believes the source of the tones is exhausted and mastered by his art? Every new master inherits the instrument, which is never spoiled. Flowers succeed to flowers, men to men. Heaven is vaulted with many stars, and God's temple rests on many pillars.

What we ought not to expect definitely of philosophy in the future is—

1. The reconciliation of intellectual views with each other. I do not believe, at all, that philosophical abstractions are constant, like the mathematical, and consequently can be brought to an agreement. Numbers and quantities, with which mathematics has to

contrast between the sexes, and make of man and woman an hermaphrodite, or an unsexed neuter. This view will have the beneficial consequence, that for the future we shall no more despise and condemn one mode of thinking for another's sake, but shall enjoy both at the same time, in the boldest freedom of speculation, as well as in the most amiable humility of spirit.

3. While we meet a new epoch in philosophy, we have also come to the turning-point, from which we can best look back and survey the course of philosophy thus far. It seems, therefore, as if the history of philosophy henceforth would require a clearer and more comprehensive mode of treatment. This, then, is the chief gain of philosophy, this is the final residue of all the truth and error of single systems. If no single philosopher can satisfy us, (did any one ever satisfy himself?) yet a good picture of all human systems, together with the pictures which the history of religions, art, and political history itself furnish us, is the most interesting and most instructive exhibition for the human mind. We seek after the sun, and he dazzles us. But if we look back, we behold the immeasurable landscape which is lighted by his rays. That sun, in its clearest brilliancy, but still invisible, is truth, and this beautiful landscape is the history of philosophy, the wondrous panorama of peculiar minds, who, bolder than ordinary artists, stamp their own impress upon the whole world, and in innumerable pictures of the world only represent themselves.

But what we have certainly to expect of the future higher developments of philosophy is the following: —

1. A great multitude of new systems; for the creative fancy is entirely inexhaustible, and the forms of thought are more easily managed by fancy, in exact proportion as they are more completely developed. It is probable that the reaction of the affections against the understanding will give wings to the fancy, and that the eminently logical epoch from Descartes to Hegel will be followed by an eminently fantastic epoch, which is already prepared in the transition from the philosophy of nature to mysticism. Even the predilection for the old Oriental symbolism, which has become prevalent very recently, coincides with this, as well as the striking religious tendency of the age. Philosophy has striven often enough to make religion more rational; and so will religion certainly wish to make philosophy more spiritual. This may possibly go to the extreme, and will then call out again rational views as its natural antithesis.

2. Instead of the expected removal of opposites, we shall always experience a sharper division between them. We shall always come to a better and better understanding with ourselves and the world; but then also we shall see more clearly, in the first place, that we are unable to throw a bridge from earth to heaven, and that all our knowledge and activity are limited and finite; and, in the second place, that the whole impulse and charm of our intellectual being consists in the opposition, alternation, and conflict of the affections and understanding, and that we can and should as little reconcile them as we can destroy the enchanting

contrast between the sexes, and make of man and woman an hermaphrodite, or an unsexed neuter. This view will have the beneficial consequence, that for the future we shall no more despise and condemn one mode of thinking for another's sake, but shall enjoy both at the same time, in the boldest freedom of speculation, as well as in the most amiable humility of spirit.

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EDUCATION.

Education, as at present conducted in Germany, involves three principles — the principle of habit, the principle of political expediency, and the principle of philosophical optimism. Its organs are accordingly threefold. Ancient custom reigns at home, in the family. The public schools and universities are subservient to a political aim, which was formerly more a theological one. Finally, optimism has created institutions of private education.

At present, each asserts its rights along with the others. In education, all the elements are promiscuously fermenting in our age, when every thing is thrown into chaotic confusion, when all religious creeds, all philosophical and political opinions, all æsthetic views, swim together in the great stagnant sea which the ancients foresaw prophetically in our north. The historical course was, however, the following: — At first, education was altogether in the hands of families; then it passed to the church; afterwards, all the convents were schools, because institutions of the state; and, finally, private schools, in the reforming spirit of modern times, have been set up in opposition to these conservative institutions.

To us Germans, domestic life was always sacred. From this, at all times, the better spirit went forth, which

restored whatever had become corrupted by the greater social, ecclesiastical, or political institutions, or by the imitation of foreigners.

Far back in hoar antiquity, domestic life was the refuge of German freedom, against the licentious bands of retainers, and the servitude proceeding from them. In opposition to Papacy even, which had become all powerful, the influence of the German domestic character had preserved itself in education, manners, and dispositions. If the Catholic church laid an exclusive claim upon a portion of the population for her servants, she let the rest do as they pleased. For the first time after the reformation, and by means of the reformation, that school learning sprang up, which extended itself to the laity, and shut up the collective youth in its prison-house. From this time forward, the family, and with it generally the education of the whole man, retreated to the back-ground; and in its place the school, and with it mere instruction, the partial training of the mind, in which heart and body are neglected, were placed in the fore-ground.

Soon all the consequences of this unnatural partiality were developed, against which, it is true, a powerful reaction has already begun. But this partiality makes all of us who are now living feel its tortures, and perhaps will not spare our children and children's children.

In opposition to the schoolmen, who ignorantly, tastelessly, and shamelessly wrested simple Christianity, and smothered it up in corollaries, nearly as much as the jurists did law, all the noble and vigorous minds, not long before the reformation, had devoted themselves

to humanity, that is, to humane studies, of universal interest to man, and not merely ecclesiastical, and especially to the study of the Greek language, for the double purpose, first, to restore again the simplicity of the Christian doctrine, by a critical investigation of the Greek text of the Gospels, and to purify it from the trash of the schoolmen; second, to draw from ancient Greek literature the lost knowledge of a highly-cultivated antiquity, and an infinite amount of useful information. This was very praiseworthy.

Now, however, the reformation which began with the humanists gained the victory. The humanists were no longer the opponents of the church; they reigned now in the church. Hence they put on something of the clerical character.

The Protestant schools acquired a theological tincture not to be mistaken. At the universities, the theological faculty tolerated only the juridical and medical near themselves, and the latter were not a little given to playing at theology in company; the philosophical faculty emancipated itself first, after Thomasius, in the eighteenth century. Theology exercised a still greater influence upon the inferior schools, and village schoolmasters beat into the dear children nothing but the Lutheran or Heidelberg catechism.

But the influence of theology is chiefly attested in the official outlawry which was pronounced upon the mortal body, on the part of the school and the church. The body was considered as the devil's arsenal, as a collection of all sins and vices; they were fond of calling it the *bag of worms*, or the *whitened sepulchre*, and set it forth in innumerable sermons, moral writings,

and figurative allegories, which were very much the fashion generally in the seventeenth century, under the characteristic image of an ass, who fights with heavenly wisdom, and sometimes sits, large as life, at the luxurious table of the Lord, while poor *Sapientia* stands hungry at the door, and, sometimes driven by horrible blows away from the board, is obliged to give place to this good dame. Such was the universal conception which people had of the body, and it agrees exactly with the manners of the time. After the invention of gunpowder, the corporeal strength of the knights could be dispensed with. The gentlemen who formerly exercised themselves in the tourney, now surrendered themselves to every kind of sluggish vice. The princes took the lead with their evil example, and especially the Protestants; for as they were wholly independent of the pope, and almost so of the emperor, after the reformation they acknowledged no judge of manners over themselves, and yielded themselves to their brutal lusts; they were such horrible tipplers that they were compelled to resolve, in open Diet, to moderate their indulgences in this respect, in order not to scandalize the public too much. They built pleasure-houses, and peopled them with mistresses. The ancient and powerful country nobility became, in their service, an effeminate court nobility. Even the citizens laid aside their arms, and became cockneys, with round and well-conditioned bellies. The enslaved peasants long before knew nothing but their Eulenspiegel. Thus it happened that nothing was thought of, in regard to the human body, but eating and drinking. Impurity in words and deeds was the universal order of the day, as

all the literature for two hundred years after Luther demonstrated. The theologians now had free play in degrading the body, of whose virtues people no longer had any perception. As already, in a more vigorous age, the old German painters had preferred the meagre figures known under the name of Nazarene, and had disfigured the flesh as much as possible, or made it disappear to bring out the spiritual expression, so in a later and corrupted age, the body, which had really been degraded by luxury and vice, was destined to lose still more of its importance, and be given up a prey to the damnation of the zealots.

The consequence of this was, that the school had no reference at all to bodily education and culture, but labored much more expressly to weaken the body even in youth, by sitting still and bending over books, so that it might not become wanton. *Sapientia* was to reign alone; the ass therefore was unmercifully beaten, and left half starved in a dark corner. No one, at that time, thought of giving equal rights to body and mind, and a harmonious cultivation to both. The body was the despised Pariah; mind, on the contrary, was the only holy Bramin, and an intercourse between the two would have been considered incredible.

The theological element therefore predominated at the Protestant schools and universities. As soon, however, as the storms of the reformation were hushed; as soon as the worldly-minded courts, the citizen seeking his profits, the countryman again peacefully cultivating his lands; as soon as the laity generally had laid aside their fanaticism, and ceased to be interested in ecclesiastical wranglings — the Protestant theologians turned

their banners a little according to the changes of the wind. As the state took precedence of the church, so jurisprudence took precedence of theology, and a struggle for political and juridical action entered even the theological faculty. It contended no longer for pure ecclesiastical dogmas, but it contended the more zealously on the question, which of the Christian Confessions is the best instrument, the most faithful handmaid of secular monarchy. Thus, then, they intermeddled with civil jurisdiction by maintaining the existence of witches, and by kindling the witch-fires, which now, for the first time, were prodigiously multiplied.

Meantime, the church and school were not destined to precipitate themselves to destruction in this politico-juridical by-path, though they had already gone far. They had stood the first trial of servilism, of denunciations, of police officiousness, in short, of political hydrophobia. Most of the university professors and school inspectors of that time would not have stood in the way, if all holiness and all knowledge had disappeared in a new Protestant scholasticism, which, like the more ancient scholasticism, preached up, in barbarous Latin, a still more ungodly system of darkness.

Thomasius — who is not yet sufficiently known and prized, the noblest spirit of his age, who saw through its faults with wonderful clearness — stood forth to rescue his nation from this new scholasticism. He is famous only for his victory over superstition, and for the abolition of prosecutions for witchcraft, which that brought about. What he purposed besides has been mostly forgotten, because he was unable to accomplish it, in his too

miserable age. But we were indebted to him for the victory of the German language over the Latin in learned literature, for the elevation of the philosophical over the theological, juridical, and medical faculties, and consequently, at the same time, the victory of freedom of thought and studies over the servilism which had already crept in, the immeasurable development of all scientific ideas, which were still slumbering in the germ, and which now, for the first time, were able to shoot up luxuriantly, after the ancient triple wall of the three prevailing faculties had been broken through. Thomasius wished for still more; he wished to remove entirely the distinction of the faculties; he believed there ought to be only one, universal, human culture; he wished to see again free and natural men made out of the ossified slaves of church and state.

As he dared to reject, with righteous scorn, the doctrine, then predominant among the Protestants, that every thing which comes from the secular prince comes directly from God, and that, on this account, princes should all be Lutheran, he incurred the peril of life and of freedom. Before the prelate Pfaff, in Tübingen, the greatest defender of that servile doctrine, was the court preacher, Masius, in Copenhagen. Against him, Thomasius writes, "I am of opinion that it is an unbecoming thing to recommend one's religion to mighty potentates for temporal interests. It is one thing to charge true religion with being opposed to the interest of the common weal, and another thing to affirm that it promotes the temporal advantages of great princes, in and for themselves. The former

is clearly false, as even the fathers of the primitive church of the Christian religion have often spoken to this point. But the second does not follow from this. True religion aims only at everlasting well-being. This, however, is not necessarily connected with temporal, not to mention that temporal interest is such a ductile phrase that it can easily be turned and formed after every one's opinion." But no man could then be permitted to say this. With great difficulty Thomasius escaped from Leipsic, where chains were preparing for him, and all his property was confiscated. At Copenhagen his work was burned as treasonable, for no one could be permitted to doubt that whatever may come from the king of Denmark comes also from God. And by what means was Thomasius saved? That, too, was only by the interest of a prince. The first king of Prussia lived in a natural hostility to Austria and Saxony, whose political influence over Germany he sought to neutralize by every means in his power. Hence Puffendorf was allowed to ridicule the constitution of the empire; therefore Thomasius was summoned to Halle, in order to set up a new Prussian scholarship, against the Saxon, which was then unsurpassed. Therefore the pietist Franke, the faithful friend of Thomasius, his champion and companion in sufferings, was set up, as a new Prussian celebrity, against the dismantled saints of Saxony.

Under the protection of this Prussian interest, however, the good purpose which Thomasius wished to accomplish, prospered, and, though his free spirit extended no farther, yet the German language, which he introduced again into the sciences, did, and

with it the revival of all the free studies of mind, history, and nature, which belong to the philosophical faculty. When, for the first time, he delivered a German lecture, the hair of all the professors in Germany stood on end, and every body shouted "Murder!" after him. In vain had Luther written his beautiful and pithy German; all the theologians and jurists, all the scholars, even crowned poets, wrote Latin again, and the frivolous versifiers of the then prevalent Silesian school of poetry were alone forgiven their wretched German. Hence the university of Leipsic, in 1685, denounced it "as a terrible *crimen*, unheard of since the foundation of the university," that Thomasius read lectures in German. The students ran away from the first lecture, because he was too liberal for them. The poor simpletons had no comprehension of truth and naturalness, to say nothing of what was formerly called German candor. Such it was desired the students should be, and such the students would have remained, had not the noble spirit of Thomasius produced by degrees an effect upon the poor wretches notwithstanding.

Persecuted by the hate of his colleagues, left by the heartlessness of the young without support, Thomasius could accomplish nothing in Leipsic, except by means of a journal, written in the German language for the first time, circulated all over Germany, in which he declared war against all the learned nonsense of his age. He dressed it all up, in a dialogue carried on between a practical trader, a diplomatic cavalier, a profound scholar, and an orthodox blockhead, the representative of all the learning of the letter at the

time. This dress already showed his desire to lead learning back to nature and practical life, and to overthrow the wall of separation between the Latin scholars and the rest of the German people. Afterwards he sought to gain a larger public, beyond his lecture room, by means of popular writings, even in Halle, for example, by his philippics against the witch trials; by a "Doctrine of Reason;" by an excellent work on the state, which should clear up the confused notions commonly entertained on the subject; by an essay against the torture, which then was, unhappily, of no avail.

If he had brought into play a principle of universal human and German culture, in opposition to the academical and Latin, which succeeded at a later period, at least, it must not be overlooked, also, that, as the friend and counsellor of the celebrated Franke, in the same Halle, he probably had exercised a great influence on that gentleman's educational ideas. This also serves to explain why Franke, for the first time, introduced into his orphan asylum at Halle the, so called, *Realia*, or branches of useful knowledge, subjects of instruction for use in practical life, in German and other modern languages, in opposition to the humanity system which cherished only the ancient dead languages — an example, which, it is true, was not then imitated by others. The Jesuits only favored, together with their scholasticism, as many fundamental branches of practical knowledge, particularly mathematics and mechanics, as suited with their political aims.

It was half a century before the ideas of Thomasius found admission; and this was done not without

troublesome transitions. True, people attended to every kind of philosophical knowledge, so called, along with the professional pursuits of the three faculties; but learned pedantry only passed over from them to the philosophical faculty. Scholasticism once more merely changed its object. The hair-splitting, which was formerly busied about opinions, was now applied to ancient authors, to history, to genealogical tables of princes, to etymological investigations, to a multitude of new and learned trifles. The universal character of this learned period, which extends down to the second half of the last century, was *polyhistory*, abundant knowledge, learning in detail, without criticism and without general views.

While the schools were inundated with this erudition, they suffered at the same time under the personal pedantry of the teachers. Science did not accommodate itself to the aim of the school, was not adapted to the capacities and wants of youth, and clearly and comprehensively propounded by men who took an interest in the work; in all appointments, with the exception of ecclesiastico-political servilism, no other condition was required but a stupendous and ever-increasing erudition; and youth were intrusted to men, who, if they did not use their erudition merely as a handicraft, and with pompous affectation, but were in reality great inquirers, yet were seldom fit for instructors of youth, precisely on account of their learned occupations, and the love of solitude so peculiar to the thinker. Governments still make this mistake. A multitude of learned men are still continually appointed, who are nothing but self-thinkers and inquirers; who are only

fit for solitary studies; whose character and habits, method and means of communication, are unsuited to youth; who are unable to disentangle themselves from their studies, which are too high or too deep for youth, or too complicated and unpractical, in order to communicate, in the school, the little which is fit for youthful years; to whom the school is martyrdom, and who, in their turn, are the ridicule or the torment of scholars.

As, in this unnatural union of erudition with schools for youth, the former began to predominate at the beginning of the last century, it unfolded itself, in all its consequences, apart from its educational aim. Erudition, as such, made great advances, and after *polyhistory* had spread itself over all the provinces of knowledge, began to purify itself, by criticism, from human errors, against which the mere labor of collecting had not hitherto protected it. Now, however, at first, criticism clung again to the form only, not to the substance; to the letter only, not to the spirit.

Philology, as the mere science of language, was the one thing needful in the schools. It has, therefore, on its part, become as pernicious to instruction as external observances to the worship of God. As, in one case, true devotion is buried under mechanical performances, so, in the other case, true thinking, genuine culture, has disappeared under the mechanical learning by heart of mere forms. I am not insensible to the necessity of philology — the great influence which a knowledge of language exercises upon thought; but a limit must be fixed, beyond which the mind must be nurtured no

longer with forms, but with substance. Is there not, however, a majority of philologists, who look merely to grammatical niceties, particularly in the illustration of the ancient classics, and touch upon the spirit, the beauty, the historical, philosophical, or æsthetic purport of those ancients only in miserable notes, as a secondary matter? Look at their editions. Have the hundreds and thousands who have edited the Greek poets, and provided them with notes, explained a tenth part as much as the disquisitions of Schlegel alone upon them? Do all those learned loads outweigh the few volumes of a Wieland, Lessing, Herder, Winkelmann? And is not a great deal that is noble in antiquity still unpalatable to the great public, however often the philologists have treated it, because so few independent thinkers and men of taste have interested themselves in the matter? Immeasurable as the field of philology is, it has always remained proportionably very unfruitful. The attention paid by men and institutions to philology, which has been withdrawn from other sciences, has by no means thriven as one might have expected.

Philology is a means for the ends of other sciences; but the means has itself become an end. We ought to learn the ancient languages, in order to understand the matter handed down to us in them; but the philologists regard this matter only as a necessary evil, without which speech cannot exist, and they treat the ancient classics as if they had conceived of beauty and greatness only to apply the principles of grammar. Every ancient author is to them nothing more than a particular collection of examples for grammar. We

style, never had the advantage of really learning to understand the classics. The Bavarian school system has shown that this absurdity is still considered sacred; of which the first project, which was afterwards modified, aimed at nothing less than making all Bavaria Greek, and that, too, at a time when the choice of Otho I. was not yet thought of. This Bavarian school system roused all the wrath of the dominant philologists against the oppressed but still resisting friends of practical knowledge.

But these obstinate philologists have improperly called themselves *humanists*. Humanism was something wholly different, was directed to universal human culture; and ancient languages were a means to it, not an end. But language alone is the end to this modern grammatical *mania*, and dead language too; and in the dead languages, nothing but the unusual, the strange, the difficult.

A pedant of this kind, to whom the management of a great and celebrated gymnasium had been intrusted, hunted only after unusual subjunctives, and had already made a valuable collection of them. If the pupils had opened Plato, Thucydides, Tacitus, then there began, in all the numerous class, a general beating up of the game. Nothing was said of Plato's divine ideas, of the profound political doctrines of Thucydides and Tacitus; subjunctives only were hunted up, and arranged in entomological order, like rare bugs.

The philology of *subjects*, which is occupied, it is true, only upon ancient languages, but which seeks not merely language, but its contents, its substance,

of the nation to minister to this enthusiasm for what is absolutely of no value. Not only all branches of useful knowledge, — the German language, mathematics, history, geography, natural science; not only all bodily exercise, but even religion itself, — were neglected, and all time and all labor exclusively devoted to the ancient languages. Cannot many of my readers remember, from their youthful days, that the philologists, the teachers of Greek and Latin at the gymnasia, showed themselves real tyrants, took all the hours themselves, and thrust all other departments upon subordinate and despised teachers, only *pro forma*, that the departments might at least stand on the catalogue? Can they not likewise remember that the most criminal laziness and insolence were allowed the scholars, provided they concerned only those departments that were under the ban, and nothing but offences against Buttmann, Thiersch, Grotefend, were looked upon as a sacrilege? Nothing else was required of the pupils, than to understand and imitate the delicacies of the Attic and Ciceronian style, or the difficulties of Pindar and Plautus. The principal aim, at nearly all the German gymnasia, was uniformly directed to the forming of scholars who would hand up a Greek or Latin exercise so interwoven and over-refined with artificial difficulties as to make the professors' mouths water with delight. Under the pretext of reading not much, but well, they were kept to two or three classics exclusively, of which they labored through scarcely a single work, with grammatical accuracy, in several years. The young people, therefore, in spite of the everlasting Greek and Latin, and in spite of this everlasting affectation of classical

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is to be regarded as a return from this grammatical aberration to pure humanism. These philologists of subjects, excited by Winkelmann's studies in art, and by the historical inquirers, cultivated first archeology, or the historical and technical knowledge of ancient monuments, manners, art, religion; and as it was now discovered that in ancient paganism, as well as in modern Christianity, every thing must at last be referred back to religion, the study of mythology and symbolism predominated, and, together with grammatical *minutiæ*, was for a long time in exclusive possession of the schools: for the most part, this is still the case.

The more interesting the explanation of ancient mythi was, as to the subject itself, the more complicated and bombastic it became, by the pedantry and minuteness of the learned, which had become their second nature. Where there were no difficulties at all, they were busy in creating them. The school, however, the young, were compelled to take part in all the monstrous metamorphoses of mythological study. Every new hypothesis was thrust upon the school; whatever novelty Heyne brought forward in Göttingen, or Creuzer in Heidelberg, interesting only for science, was immediately diffused by their disciples, in a hundred gymnasia, as a matter for the school, as suitable for youth.

I consider this aberration as more mischievous than the grammatical one. Nothing is more intolerable to youth than what is confused, and what is obscure. The subject, moreover, is not suitable for the age, when the sexual passion is awakened. It is time enough to be

initiated into the mysteries of the ancients when one is older, and feels, besides, a desire to devote himself to this subject. It is as absurd as it is mischievous to instruct youth collectively, in the period of the development of their passions, upon this subject. Young people will not regard the pure symbol, but only the obscene image; they will not share the seriousness of their teachers, but will laugh at the strange images of the heathen, and corrupt their imaginations thereby. To what end is all this? Nothing but the German school pedantry of the eighteenth century could beget such an abuse, and nothing but the stupid loyalty of the nineteenth can retain it; for mythology has become genteel.

The reaction of sound common sense against the pedantry of the schools, had indeed begun in Germany with Thomasius and Franke, but was not successful; on the contrary, the flourishing period of scholastic absurdity fell upon a later time. Had not the fashionable world been then possessed by the Gallomania; had not all our electors and other princes built up their little Versailles; had not the German nobility been regularly educated in Paris; had not Germany been inundated with French literature; and had not Rousseau risen up in France to teach the new religion and politics of nature; had not this new fashion, like every other new fashion, travelled from France into Germany, — we should assuredly, in spite of Thomasius and Franke, have sunk again into the Latin barbarism of the schools. But Rousseau became the fashionable writer in France, and consequently in Germany also. Rousseau spoke the word of natural

love, in opposition to ecclesiastical and civil marriage, and thereby indirectly favored the licentiousness of the French court and nobility, and consequently that of the Germans too; and, under this cloak of vice, he was even able, with some safety, to preach up virtue likewise. Whatever in him was noble, was pardoned in France, on account of existing licentiousness; consequently in Germany too.

Rousseau had demanded that mankind should by degrees strip itself of all the trumpery imposed upon it by church, state, manners, art, and costume, and go naked, in order to be educated anew under his guidance. This demand, mad as it is, was natural. Rousseau appealed from corrupted to uncorrupted human nature, to the young, and had at first nothing else to do than to purify this nature from the filth of unnaturalness, barbarism, or hyper-culture; to rescue man from all his historical, national, and social usages; to skin him, as it were, of long perukes and hoop petticoats, and lead him back again naked into paradise. A vigorous reform always begins with this. The old must always be pulled down before the new is built up, and we must always go back to the origin of the evil to tear it up by the roots. Now-a-days, we may laugh at many a grotesque opinion of Rousseau, and ridicule his human nature creeping again on all fours; but we must acknowledge that, at his time and from his point of view, as a reformer opposed to innumerable abuses and corruptions in France, which was poisoned to the very marrow by despotism, he was compelled, by a natural necessity, to run into the other extreme. Rousseau gave us then a new-born, primeval

man, naked, creeping on all fours, entirely undetermined by himself, but susceptible of every kind of instruction and culture. To furnish him with this, the German pedagogues, who adopted Rousseau, after Basedow, made their own most especial business.

Basedow set up in Dessau his *Philanthropinum*, in which he proposed to cook and brew a new mankind after Rousseau's receipt. He made a prodigious noise; but his charlatanry prevented the real good which he proposed, and a reform of the schools was not brought about by his means, because he cast away the wheat with the tares. Despised and ridiculed, particularly in the comic romance "Spitzbart," by Schummel of Breslau, his institution went down. Still he had made a stir in the matter. Practical people came after him, who were able to carry it out better than he. The honor belongs to him evermore, of having been the first, who, in independent private institutions of education, proposed not only to cultivate the branches of useful knowledge and physical education, but also to improve the method of instruction, and, above all things, to educate teachers, which was more necessary almost than to educate pupils.

That which he, a fanatic, had proposed extravagantly and ostentatiously, but not executed, was accomplished by the practical, moderate, and discreet Salzmann, in Schnepfenthal, whose normal school was the parent of all that succeeded it. In his formerly celebrated "Karl of Karlsburg, or Human Misery," he argued against the unnatural and unhealthy modes and manners of the age of perukes, with such medical and educational precision that this book has a perma-

nent value in the history of morals. He could not, to be sure, cure his contemporaries of their disease; that was first done by the French revolution. His institution continued, but remained for a long time an isolated one. The school pedants ruled unrestrained in the public institutions, and private institutions sprang not up.

Rousseau's spirit lived on, more in the paper world than in the real world. There sprang up authors for children, who wished to furnish the dear little German children what the school did not supply, under the form of "Readers" and Christmas presents. Gellert had shuffled his excellent fables into the children's hands, by smuggling them in with his religious dialogues and songs. The school pardoned the pious poet some pleasant jokes, which it would have pardoned in nobody else. By this, however, the way was opened for the popular style of trifling entertainments for children; and Rousseau's followers struck with eagerness into this path, in order to please, by children's books, both parents and children, and to take possession of a region independent of the school. Rochow had higher thoughts than any other. He wrote a "Children's Friend," for children of all conditions, without exception. But he succeeded poorly with it in those times of despotism and aristocratic unnaturalness. His book never reached the peasantry; and it was soon considered a settled point, that the question could only concern the children of the educated classes. The country boys were left to their filth and ignorance, provided only the dear little city boys, and the little squires and little counts particularly,

tasted of that Rousseau humanity. Then Weisse, of Leipsic, wrote his tedious "Children's Friend," for his well-frizzed children; and Campe wrote "Robinson Crusoe," the new Bible of all the children of the educated classes, and other children's books, in which he gave a popular exposition of the branches of useful knowledge, in an entertaining manner. Campe has great merit, and is not responsible for the excesses of his ungodly apes. His object was not merely to entertain children, but to instruct them in the easiest, and most entertaining, and most effective way; and to instruct them only in such things as might be of practical advantage to them. Hence he divided his instruction, on the one hand, into moral and physical rules of life; and into useful knowledge, or the teaching of those things from nature and history, which are most worth knowing universally, on the other; only he used too many words, and his conversational tone, which was very well suited to oral instruction, was not adapted to books. Whatever the young have to read ought to be *objective*, clear, simple, and precise; ought to be the thing itself, and not round-about dialogues upon the thing.

Campe's influence was immeasurable. Without him, the branches of useful knowledge would hardly have gained such attention, as to claim their place along with the ancient languages, at least. Campe gained over the parents and private tutors, who had for a long time been the customary idle companions of the young nobility, but now, as true educators, became the fashion even in all the rich citizens' families. These private tutors in part founded educational institutions,

or were transferred to the public schools, or educated their aristocratic pupils so well, that they too, afterwards, in high official stations, took an interest in the reform of the schools; in short, by means of the private tutors, opportunity was created for useful knowledge and an improved method.

The German private tutors merit special respect. Generally, they were young Germans of the most highly cultivated minds and of the most ardent aspirations for ideal excellence, and yet were condemned to serve in the aristocratic families, and often to be treated only like servants. Almost all the young men, who did not devote themselves to law and medicine, but to theology and philosophy, exactly the first and highest subjects, were condemned, unless they came from rich families, to this ignominious method of gaining their daily bread, at first, because most parishes, and even places in schools, were bestowed only by personal favor to clear scores with superannuated private tutors, and were procured only by having served in the capacity of tutor; afterwards, because the few places were inadequate to the numerous candidates, and every one was compelled to serve at least for a series of years as tutor. One cannot imagine an ardent young man of high aspirations in a more detestable situation. A prison may be more tolerable than this soul-killing dependence upon the caprices of an aristocrat and rich man, the impertinences of his wife and children, and the envy and gossip of the menials. But the patient German has reconciled himself to this ignominy, as to a hundred others, and, after his fashion, gathered grapes of thorns.

The institution of private tutorship was worthy of rejection, for the reason that it made a universal and uniform education impossible; that it isolated the children, tore them from society, and seemed only calculated to perpetuate, by confinement at home, domestic prejudices, which would have been worn off abroad. In a state which reverences the rights of man, every child, be his father lofty or humble, has an equal natural right in respect to instruction. Be the distinction of ranks as natural and sacred as it may in other things, in this point it is unnatural and ungodly; children as yet have no rank, and must first qualify themselves for one or another. Still further, every child has the right not only of having his body protected from the cruelty, but his mind from the ignorance and prejudices of his parents, so far as they may produce a mischievous effect upon his future life. Hence public institutions for all children indiscriminately, alone are good, and the compulsory attendance at school, which allows of no wholly uneducated scapegraces, is perfectly justifiable. According to the same principle also, education by private tutors is to be utterly rejected. I condemn it without qualification; but I must do the real private instructors the justice to say, that, without the enjoyment of temporal advantages, without thanks, amidst unspeakable sorrows of heart, they have yet done much good in the diseased age, which alone made the institution possible.

Wherever higher culture and nobler sentiments appeared in the nobility, and among the rich, it was generally the fruit of education by the German private teachers, in opposition to the corrupting influence of

French *gouvernants*, hunting companions, mistresses, gamesters, residence in Paris, and so forth. And wherever a freer spirit, a reform, however weak in the outset, a mere timid attempt at instruction, useful knowledge, made its way into the pedantry of the schools, it was principally brought about by those who had formerly been private teachers, who had familiarized themselves in private houses, with a better selection of subjects of instruction, and a better method.

The private teachers, with small means, and to the great advantage of the public, have honestly fulfilled their call to supply the deficiencies of the schools. The misery under which they have groaned is imaged truly and to the life, in a book called "Felix Kascorbi, or the History of a Private Tutor of Forty Years' Standing."

Finally, the French revolution, which seemed to realize so many of Rousseau's ideas, particularly in education, broke out. The practical French threw the Greek and Latin trumpery out of their schools forever, and introduced the branches of useful knowledge exclusively. The Germans would, undoubtedly, have imitated this on the spot, if the example had only been set by a crowned despot, like Louis XIV. or XV.; by a mistress, like the Pompadour; by a vizier, like Louvet; if it had only not been set by a free people. It was required that Napoleon should first come, to inherit from the revolution, and to legitimate these same institutions of it which he retained as emperor, that they might find an acceptance in Germany. In the time of the French supremacy, practical schools

and schools of useful knowledge, after the model of the French polytechnic school, were first really introduced into Germany. Before this, as long as the French had not returned to servilism, it was impossible to adopt any thing, even the best, from them, for it seemed to be infected by republicanism. Thus it was then possible only in Switzerland, which was republican, to adopt the new French ideas; and Pestalozzi appeared as a reformer of German education, in the insurgent, democratic cantons. The natal hour of his institution was so warlike, that he was obliged to fly with the little flock of children, who had been confided to his care, from village to village, amidst the thunders of battle.

Pestalozzi was himself like a child, and therefore his confidence in men was abused in the most shameful manner. His ideas had been stolen by the vulgarest self-interest, and he was brought into such discredit by this means, that he became a bankrupt, both as a citizen and instructor, and, after he had confessed the errors of his life, in his last noble work, died in wretchedness. How amiable is this confession of the childlike old man! How amiable was the old man himself! Honor to his ashes, and shame on his false friends, his base pupils, who so criminally made his life here a hell! Like the Infamous, of whom Tacitus speaks, they deserved to be sunk in the bogs of Yverdun, covered with hurdles. This misfortune of Pestalozzi showed, moreover, how dangerous all private education is — how small is the power of the noblest will against the influence of a petty spirit, obstinacy,

and covetousness, where the school is not an affair of the state and of society, but merely the private concern of a small company.

Meantime, Pestalozzi has not only acquired a prodigious reputation, but has really exercised a great influence upon the condition of schools. That so many schools have been grafted from his, and that new private institutions, after the model of his, have sprung up in every region under heaven, will not in truth say much, for we must look here only for the gathered scum of the science of education, the collection of the most intolerable charlatanry, braggartism, perversion, and unnaturalness; and these institutions are in general only parasite plants, which have forced themselves out of the old diseased trunk of our system of education, and which must decay of themselves, as soon as the trunk acquires a fresh and vigorous growth. Where public schools exist as they ought to be, there can be and ought to be no private institutions.

Pestalozzi has also had an influence upon public schools by his improved method of instruction. He started from the principle, that the power of imagination, intuition by forms and mathematical figures, is livelier and riper in earlier years than verbal memory and the thinking faculty; hence he operated first on the former, and brought the children, in the easiest way, by actual inspection, to that knowledge which they had before comprehended, not without difficulty, in words. This attempt, however, led him, his pupils, and imitators still farther. The science of method was made a particular study, and the attempt was made

to ascertain the limits of education by the most careful comparison of childish capacities with the aims and means of education. The Germans, to whom Pestalozzi belongs, were eminently active in this matter, but respect for truth compels me to lament that they have not accomplished so much as the English and French; for the methods of Bell and Lancaster, Hamilton, and Jacotot, have a practical value, when, on the contrary, the thousandfold experiments of our German pedagogues, and particularly the propositions of our educational literature, for the most part only serve to enrich the history of human absurdity.

Before I go into a closer examination of this absurdity, I will state the great and good results which have been accomplished since Pestalozzi's appearance, and in consequence of his labors.

One result is the improvement of the inferior schools, and of seminaries for teachers. Pestalozzi was not aristocratic; he spoke always to the people alone, and in an intelligible, popular tone; and all that is original in his instruction was calculated for the tender years of childhood, in which every man should belong only to the people, and not to a particular rank. He was a thorough republican. This his pupils could not be, in aristocratic and monarchical states. Still they wished to do something for the common people; nay, it became the fashion, and was coquetted with. To the disgrace of common sense, the Bernese patrician Fellenberg established in Hofwyl two institutions, side by side — one for the aristocratic little boys in blue dress coats, the other for country bumpkins in jackets.

Here the two divisions, in strict separation, must learn from youth up, one to look haughtily down, and one to look humbly up, to the other. The noble zeal with which people began every where to found houses of reformation, and schools for neglected children, or to reform the already existing orphan asylums, was much worthier and more useful than this charlatanry of the squire of Berne. The strange poet Falk gained great credit in this, who, suddenly metamorphosed from a satirist to a pious Christian, at the sacrifice of every thing of his, — his time, his convenience, — picked up in the street the most neglected children, and at last was actively supported by the government in Weimar, as the father of a numerous community of such little scape-graces.

This private activity, worthy as it was of respect, was yet far less important than the care which was devoted to the public schools for the people, and to the seminaries in which the common school teachers were to be educated. Here the ideas and impulse of Pestalozzi gained a real blessing for our nation. It was, indeed, a great blessing, that the importance of the inferior schools, and of the earliest instruction, should be universally acknowledged; that the melancholy fate of the village schoolmaster should almost every where gradually be improved; that the culture of the age should penetrate even to those regions where hitherto the catechism and the rod had reigned alone. Although mistakes were made here; if here and there too much was required for the village schoolmasters, or if they demanded too much for themselves; yet it was the very publicity and great number of the public schools on

which every extravagant demand must founder; and in private institutions alone was an entirely loose rein given to absurdity. Among the men who have accomplished most by writing, oversight, and example, for the seminaries, and the instruction of the common people, Niemeyer in Halle, Schwartz in Heidelberg, Harnisch in Weitenfels, (formerly in Breslau,) Graser in Würzburg, stand at the head. Fortunately, there are in this matter more meritorious than celebrated men.

Something, though not so much, has been done for the practical schools, and schools of useful knowledge, in the cities. As these cannot be so isolated and simplified as the village schools; as they exist as hated rivals in the neighborhood of the gymnasia in the cities; and as a contest is still waging in respect to the measure of what they do, — a malediction, a barrenness, still rests upon them. Here Pestalozzi's spirit has operated beneficially; but the way of reconciling it with the circumstantial demands of German learning, and various erudition, has not yet been found.

The revival of the two most ancient educational principles, gymnastics and music, is to be classed with the reform of Pestalozzi. Pestalozzi made the capacity and want of the child the measure of education: this could not fail to lead to a better appreciation of the corporeal powers and the wants of youth. But an effeminate age did not think of gymnastics until the defeat of Jena had shown, in a manner but too striking, the consequences of this effeminacy. Then, and not till then, was felt once more in Prussia the want of an education which should be able to form young

heroes, more vigorous than their fathers; and while the Bond of Virtue (*Tugendbund*) was laboring in another way, by writing, to raise again the love of country, Jahn opened the first gymnasium in the Hasenhaide, near Berlin, as a model school for bodily exercises, according to which the whole people were in future to be formed. But this political motive tended afterwards directly to the ruin of the whole thing. After the victory, no heroic young men were wanted; nay, they were thought dangerous in peace. It was believed that young people would be unable to keep quiet, and that, if they found no external enemy, they would make the first trial of their strength in the overthrow of the state itself. Much as there was of the comic in the affair, inasmuch as it was caricatured by coxcombs, and soon entirely suppressed, while yet in the germ, yet it had in the back-ground its serious character. How could the enervated *diplomats* and hollow-eyed *employés* help shrinking before a warlike German youth, blooming in full health of body, vigor, and swiftness of foot? They acted very wisely in shutting them up, and forbidding good health; in guarding the degenerate boys, crouching over their books, from every breath of fresh nature, and in exhausting their strength by overloading them with new mental tasks. The entire German youth were condemned to the fate of Caspar Hauser, chained to the wall in the darkness of the world of books, to lead a seeming life of the mind, deprived of the fresh air, in order that they might consent, like invalids, to be put into leading-strings in the light of day.

Pestalozzi has accomplished a great deal for music.

In this sudden return of love and repentance, there is something rather moving; and, on the whole, not much is lost thereby; for children are either too innocent to abuse this momentary power which the elders have ceded to them, or, if they do so, and torment the old folks too much, the latter, of their own accord, give up flattery and take to the rod.

The overbearing disposition of pedagogues themselves is of more importance. Since they have learned their own value better, most of them try to put on airs of superiority. The new eagerness of the lower classes, generated by the revolution, to imitate the conduct of the upper, and to put on the appearance of greater gentility than they actually possess, blends here in a peculiar manner with the German love of originality, which every where seeks after something peculiar. When we consider the unhappy union of erudition with teaching, the *polyhistory* and pedantry of former times, and that, in reference to the innovations which have already taken place in our mixed civilization, and the demands of the time which conflict with each other in many ways, a great difference of opinion is inevitable, we ought to be surprised no more at the monstrous phenomena in our schools.

That aristocratic impulse which moves society up from below, and which screws up every journeyman tailor into a gentleman, and every cook into a lady, has driven the simple schoolmasters and preceptors into imitating the aristocratic professors of the universities. If every one would but know his place, and maintain it worthily, all would in fact be equal in

with the young, and to see his own views thrive best on this susceptible soil. Every thing was devoted to youth as to a newly-arisen power; and every body flattered them, and instilled into them the highest estimation of themselves. They were by this means often thrust out of their natural position, and this violation of nature has just so often avenged itself.

It must strike every one, that children should of late play so important a part. On one side, we see them growing up over the heads of their parents; on the other side, all salvation, all hope, are placed in them alone, and even a kind of sacred power is attributed to them, such as our ancestors attributed to women.

As to the first, children have nowhere made such an uproar as among us. We see them teaching from the pulpit; coquetting at children's balls and dances, as well as their parents; in innumerable families, taking the lead in conversation, and holding the reins of authority; tutoring their teachers in the schools; forming themselves into bands of robbers; and, finally, arrested as traitors and demagogues.

On the other side, a golden age is expected of these very children; and it is incessantly dinned into their ears how much every body hopes of them; what possibly is contained in them; how much more they ought to be and to do than we, their parents; and many pedagogues openly confess that we, the parents, ought properly to go to school to the children.

The insanity of this blind love is only the natural reaction against the cruelty with which children were formerly treated, and the natural blossoms of the feelings and intellects rudely trampled under

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The overbearing disposition of pedagogues themselves is of more importance. Since they have learned their own value better, most of them try to put on airs of superiority. The new eagerness of the lower classes, generated by the revolution, to imitate the conduct of the upper, and to put on the appearance of greater gentility than they actually possess, blends here in a peculiar manner with the German love of originality, which every where seeks after something peculiar. When we consider the unhappy union of erudition with teaching, the *polyhistory* and pedantry of former times, and that, in reference to the innovations which have already taken place in our mixed civilization, and the demands of the time which conflict with each other in many ways, a great difference of opinion is inevitable, we ought to be surprised no more at the monstrous phenomena in our schools.

That aristocratic impulse which moves society up from below, and which screws up every journeyman tailor into a gentleman, and every cook into a lady, has driven the simple schoolmasters and preceptors into imitating the aristocratic professors of the universities. If every one would but know his place, and maintain it worthily, all would in fact be equal. In

rank; but, instead of feeling their honor as citizens, they strive after a ridiculous and unworthy affectation of gentility. Hence, in our schools, the hunting after distinctions. Every body there resolves to play the author, to set forth new theories, to raise himself from the mass, and to make himself conspicuous by certain scientific hobbies. Are there not, at every gymnasium, one or more teachers, who constantly endeavor to prove that they ought properly to have been called to a university, — who read philosophical lectures at discretion, or treat the particulars of the sciences which happen to be their favorite studies, but are utterly unfit for the immaturity of youth? There, one pursues the minutest points of grammar; another, the doctrine of symbols; a third rides about on an obscure ancient author, whom he proposes to edit, and thinks more of his *scholia* than his school; a fourth trains up one or two pupils to jabber with him in Greek, and puts himself to no trouble about the rest; a fifth is not ashamed to propose logic, and makes up a severe academical face thereupon; a sixth is, perhaps, a botanist, and a great lover of the cryptogame species, and so the good young men busy themselves about nothing but cryptogamy; the seventh is an ichthyologist, and counts, with his pupils, all the scales of every species of fish on the coast of China; the eighth is a particular admirer of mineralogy, and fills the children's heads with the most marvellous stones. Like the subjunctive-hunter among the belles-lettrists, there are a plenty of pedants among the useful-knowledge people, who give themselves to the most out-of-the-way

science, or go into the minutest details, and force their own pets upon children, as if it were a matter of the greatest consequence.

Thus, by the vanity of the teachers, either that which should be propounded at the higher schools, is anticipated, or their precious time is consumed in things foreign to the purpose, which do not belong to the school. Young persons, under age, are even called upon to be judges in literary controversies. Stupid professors read before their pupils what they have written against those who think differently from themselves, and then say, "Now, hav'n't I refuted him handsomely?" I myself know such a learned dunce, who triumphantly read to his boys what he had written against me.

The eagerness to gain a name at the expense of the young, shows itself particularly in the invention of new methods, and the raising of artificial difficulties, where no natural ones exist. Even the A B C has not escaped this mania of innovation. One has taught the poor children to hiss, whizz, purr, coo, lisp, growl, snarl, like beasts, in order to put something new in the place of the old-fashioned A B C, which children have still to learn afterwards; another has chosen to explain the letters from the primeval types of numerical signs; a third has taken upon himself all the trouble to make his children unlearn, first, the German they have already learned, in order to teach them, from the beginning, Mœso-Gothic, ancient High German, middle High German, and then, at length, in the regular historical development, in which the people have received it, the modern High German.

These are all matters of fact; the persons are still living. And ought we to wonder at it? So far did the late Mr. Funke go, to teach children their play, and first, to make difficult, by artificial instructions, that which comes easiest to them by nature. This method-madness extends to every thing. See, for example, the whim-whams the musical teachers invent, in order to change the ancient notation into numbers, and other quackeries.

One of the most ridiculous aberrations that could possibly happen, in an age so disorganized and so degenerate, was the attempt to emancipate the education of women, and to build on that the salvation of the world. If a few high-flying women assumed to themselves to wrest the authority from feeble men, that was, upon reflection, natural. The pitiful and effeminate character of the men must, of necessity, call out such Amazons, as have figured away in our female literature. Madame Theresa Huber was able to throw down her perfumed glove to the whole masculine world, and say, "I despise all of you; and, since I have buried two husbands, I declare it is not worth the trouble to have any." Thus, likewise, Madame Niederer took it into her head to declare, "You men don't understand the thing; you men have sufficiently shown your unfitness to guide and educate the human race; only leave the matter to us women; we will take hold of it much more skilfully, and execute it much better." Foolish as all this is, it has its serious aspect. These female educators contribute their portion, at least, to the perversion of young girls, and are sure to make

many unhappy, by putting things into their heads which frighten suitors away, or which make them unhappy in marriage. In fact, nothing makes women more unamiable, and, consequently, unhappy, than overleaping the line of demarkation which so delightfully separates the sexes, and taking upon themselves masculine occupations and cares, and usurping the circle of culture and activity, which belongs to men alone. If the hen begins to crow like the cock, it is high time to cut off her head, says an ungallant, but very good Oriental proverb.

I must take this opportunity to complain of the influence of our sentimental poetry, and particularly Goethe's. These effeminate poets have contributed not less to the perversion of women, than to the degeneracy of the men; and Madame Niederer may defend herself by the example of all kinds of Ottilias and Natalias, and other unnatural caricatures, which Goethe has forced into literature. And this Goethe is celebrated as the best painter of female characters. Yes, he has known them well; but, on this very account, the pictures of them he has thrown off are false, for they only serve his purpose in seducing women; they were not mirrors of truth, but mirrors of vanity, in which women had the opportunity, not of beholding their true nature and destiny, but only of seeing their weaknesses and vanities palliated and excused.

What Basedow had already forgotten, that is forgotten also by the aristocratic or city boarding-schools and their patrons. What Mr. von Goethe, or his Natalia, projects and recommends for imitation in a

model school, is not enough, because it is nothing but aristocratic affectations and fopperies just like the great Arcadian villages, which Prince Potemkin showed the empress Catharine in the wastes of Crimea. But even the better sort of private institutions have done no good, because they were remote from the people, and aimed at a certain ideality, which was not well suited to the present times, and to the people in their collective capacity. It was proposed to form men, and the natural state of children seemed to throw no obstacle in the way of this attempt. It was thought that their soft wax would receive any impression, and hopes were already fixed upon the ideal beings which should issue from the *Philanthropina*. But it was forgotten that education must be in harmony with the general condition of the people, or it will soon find itself abandoned by the young. Those institutions missed the end of education, because, as if the *Philanthropina* were happy islands in the Southern Ocean, they paid no regard to the world that surrounded them; or they made a wrong use of the means, by forcing forward the young in the most unnatural manner, by opening violently the buds in order to see the future flowers, and by training them not much better than dogs. Besides this, such unlicensed schools are the nests of every kind of educational absurdity, if they are not mere vulgar money speculations, whose object is fraud. We would not, however, entirely deny the necessity of a model school to test the new theories; but every school may serve as a model school, under the inspection of the state; and there is no need of innumerable and irrresponsible

boarding-schools, in which the ignorance and cupidity of charlatans, and the pedagogic insanity of reformers of the world run mad, carry on a flirtation with the vanity of parents.

Hand in hand with institutions of private education and boarding-schools went the multiplication of the objects of instruction, and overburdening with lessons in the public institutions. Both grew out of the necessity of a different kind of instruction from that which prevailed hitherto. For this reason the private institutions zealously flattered the parents, and public schools did not choose to be behindhand. Most of them were at first practical-knowledge schools; but as soon as the state itself founded practical schools, private institutions took upon themselves to teach the humanities, and endeavored, by becoming universities on a small scale, and by combining all the subjects of instruction at once, to take the lead both of the practical schools and the gymnasia, which did not teach so much. The latter, however, rivalled the former, and it was proposed to elevate all the public schools to that universality. The various favorite pursuits of the learned, the manifold requisitions of parents, and the leniency of the state, which thought all right, if the young were sitting behind the school desk, caused that increase of subjects of instruction, a selection from which has not yet been hit upon.

If Rousseau had stripped man naked, these Germans made all haste to cover him over again, with the wardrobe of all nations and ages. Rousseau would merely pump corruption out of human nature; the German reformers of the world, and philanthropists,

would also pour into him all possible good, and crammed the poor child, without heeding his struggles.

Fortunately, the pedagogues were divided in their opinions, and while one tormented the children committed to him with one folly, another plagued them with another; and so one set, at least, were exempt from the latter, another from the former. At first, they hated each other, and shunned each other's blunders from enmity; by degrees, however, they have begun to get reconciled, and have mutually adopted each other's errors; and so the unhappy youth must suffer for all pedagogical follies in a lump. Formerly, the belles-lettres man demanded one, the useful-knowledge man another boy; but now, both demand the same, and make the same claims on his time and attention, as if he could devote himself to one alone. Formerly, one pedagogue went more into religious culture, another more into moral, a third more into intellectual, a fourth more into æsthetic, and a fifth more into corporeal and social culture: at present, there are systems and institutions of education, which propose to practise all together upon one scholar. All the pedagogic cudgels are bound up in *fasces*, and nothing but the axe is wanting in them, to strike the poor boy's head off, already stupefied with much learning.

In all seriousness, while our pedagogues believe they are promoting the great and ever meritorious work of Rousseau, a new Rousseau has been long needed, to relieve the young from the pedagogical trumpery heaped upon them, and restore them again

to their original intellectual nudity, and paradisiacal innocence. Or, in other words, as the efforts of pedagogues heretofore have consisted in multiplying, as much as possible, the subjects of education, so, by good rights, there is nothing which requires to be done more urgently, than to simplify them as much as possible.

When will the German recover from his love of extravagance, — from his tendency to the illimitable? It is true, that infinite paths lie open to man in every direction; and it would be a very fine thing, if he had strength and time enough remaining to run through them all; but art is long and life is short: we cannot become every thing ourselves, and therefore cannot prepare the young for every thing. It is always quite desirable that German youth should understand Greek in the most thorough manner, in order to make all the graces of ancient Hellas, the mild clearness and vigor of her spirit, their own: for my part, I think it would be a very fine thing for our good young men to understand, all of them, Sanscrit, Persian, Arabic, Chinese, and so forth; but, on the other hand, life and practical utility have their claims as well as poetry and dead science; and it would be very well for our good young men, individually and collectively, to understand, not only French, English, and Italian, but also Polish, Russian, and Turkish. And now for the practical branches. Every one of these good young men should learn mathematics and mechanics, natural science, chemistry and natural history, astronomy, geography, and even the most necessary parts of medicine, surgery, and phar-

macy. And should the body, others exclaim, be neglected in the education of the head? By no means; our good young men must learn thoroughly to exercise, swim, ride, fence, dance, and make their toilet, carve, and so forth. But the heart, others again ask, and religion, and philosophy? Should not the young be trained chiefly to virtue and Christianity? Should not the heavenly goal be pointed out to them, elevated high above this earthly life, before every thing else? Should not the human mind, before every thing else, descend into the sacred depths of the Godhead, and penetrate to the origin of all being, instead of sporting on the surface of things?

Certainly. Why not? All that, and something more still. But these gentlemen do not consider where we are to find the time for it. It would be very well if it could be done; but it cannot. These gentlemen must make up their minds, therefore, to lower their educational demands, and not be always looking to what they would cram into youth, but also to the small capacity of youth, which cannot possibly hold every thing at once.

The remedy lies as near as can be, and it requires all the blindness of German pedantry not to see it. Gentlemen must make up their minds, first, to propose to the few only, those subjects of instruction which are good only for the few; and, secondly, to put off to a later age those which belong to later years. If gentlemen would but do this, every boy would only learn what he needs first, and not, like a stuffed goose, be filled to bursting with things which are not fit for him. Would gentlemen but

do this, only the boy would devote himself to t
ancient languages, who would have to use them
his later studies, and he alone would busy himse
chiefly with practical knowledge, and modern la
guages, in whose future calling, as a commerci
or business man, they would be of service. Wi
the theological common-places, which have be
introduced by former custom, and the philosophic
nonsense, which has been poured into the young
the lower schools and gymnasia by a later fashio
gentlemen would wait until the mind of the you
had become a little riper. By this means they woul
in the first place, gain time for subjects of instructi
of more immediate utility; and, in the second plac
they would not desecrate that which is sacred in t
eyes of youth, nor dull prematurely the feeling f
what is more elevated. It is certain that the ancie
method of instructing children at once, in bli
faith, upon the most general and simple religio
subjects, was a much better course of education th
the new method of long catechizings and rationali
explanations, and of formal philosophical lectur
at the schools, which are beneath, and sometimes f
beneath, the universities. Nothing is so mischievo
for the young; and, even in the most favorable cas
nothing is so tedious and useless as this kind of a
fectation of reasoning with children. Every one h
time enough for that in after years.

This chapter might be endlessly extended. Finall
those wizards make their appearance in institution
of education, who seek fame, by teaching the youn
intrusted to their care, *omnia et quædam alia*, thoug

they are far enough from knowing every thing themselves; whose catalogues are adorned with the lists of all possible sciences, and with whom a new name stands as good a chance as a new instrument, harmonicon, bass horn, and so forth, does with a travelling virtuoso.

And our good-natured young people are sacrificed to these vanities!

The peaceful introduction of something better has been rendered at present much more difficult, by the passionate contest between useful knowledge and the classics, which are not agreed about their boundaries, which will grant no favor to each other, nor consent to a union.

In former times, the young, who were not destined to the professions, never resorted to the gymnasia. The future artisan went to the workshop; the future merchant to the counting-room; the future soldier to the army. Nobody thought of a universal education; every one was educated according to his condition. The learned schools were accordingly calculated only for the future learned class; and, as learning then rested exclusively upon a knowledge of the ancients, it excluded that universal culture also, and the learned craft stood in its exclusiveness, in sheer opposition to all other crafts. In the last century relations were changed. The uneducated classes struggled after a higher culture, and, as this could be found only in the learned schools, the young students, properly so called, were, by degrees, joined by an ever-increasing number of boys and young men, who were not to go to the university, but merely to

pass through the school, and then devote themselves to some common calling; but as these, too, now required a more general education than the students proper, and as erudition itself extended its boundaries, the former simple instruction in the ancient languages was increased by the addition of various subjects of instruction in the department of practical knowledge. But this union was too unnatural to prosper. The claims of the old learned craft, and those of the unlearned, who required simply a general education, could not be reconciled. With the former, the study of the ancients must predominate; with the latter, this study could not but appear as partially useless; and that of practical knowledge, on the other hand, as essentially the one thing needful. Remedies were sought in every way. Either one and the same school was overloaded with classical and practical instruction, so that the scholars had to succumb to the mass of lessons, and relaxation followed over-effort; or the philologists kept the gymnasia pure from practical instruction, dislodged it again where it had crept in; and, on the other hand, practical schools and boarding-schools sprang up, in which the practical departments were exclusively attended to. This separation seems far more natural and to the purpose than the union above mentioned, except that the two systems stand in hostile opposition to each other, and each endeavors to rob and harm the other as much as possible. The boundaries of each are in dispute. Each wishes to extend itself as far as possible.

The classicists will tolerate no separate practical

schools; the ancient languages must be the chief subject of instruction, not only for the young candidates for the professions, but for all the young together, with the single exception of the lowest village schools. This was the view of Thiersch; and this was the first Bavarian school plan.

The practical men want to have the schools of useful knowledge for young men not destined to a professional life separated from the gymnasia for those who are. Mönnich has supported this view, with great clearness, in his "Journal of Education," (*Pädagogischen Blättern.*) He requires practical gymnasia for future business people, economists, tradesmen, officers, artists, &c.; and philological gymnasia for future theologians, philosophers, jurists, physicians, historians, and the learned in general.

The patrons of universal education, however, want a union of both — an instruction of all in all, as far as is possible. This view has been particularly defended by Klump.

The arrogant claims of the classicists, to force not only those scholars who are destined to a learned life, but all the rest of the young, into their schoolrooms, deserves to be utterly condemned. The flower of the male youth of a whole country must be tormented, at the tenderest age, to learn two foreign and dead languages, that one out of ten thousand among them, if fortune favors, may get enough of the school to carry on a disputation in Greek, with the professor at the philological seminary. That is but little less than to mutilate a thousand boys, so that some hundred may become squeaking eunuchs for the luxury

of the chapels. What, then, do the mass of the young gain by this ancient discipline? What does the state? The young become unfit for any thing but the life of a student, because they learn nothing else, from early years, but Greek and Latin; and then the state is overburdened with that great excess of students and candidates, for whom all existing and all possible places are no longer sufficient, and in respect to whom such loud complaints are now heard in Germany. Does science gain any thing by it? On the contrary, in spite of all these morbid efforts, classical learning is on the decline. And to what purpose are these efforts of a whole generation of scholars? There would be as good, and, perhaps, abler philologists educated, if philology occupied fewer scholars, and those more severely. You complain of the falling off of philology, but fail to observe in what the cause of the trouble consists. The true cause consists in the degeneracy of philology itself, — in the tendency to *minutiæ*. You have broken up the ancient and simple grammar into ten times ten thousand refinements, and created an archæology for your edification, in whose labyrinthine windings even you can no more find your way. One of you hunts particularly after rare subjunctives or genitives; another, after rare constructions and marginal notes of the scholiasts; and, while your vanity sets this costly dessert on the table for the young, they are deprived of wholesome, hearty, household fare. Old Donatus educated thorough Latinists who could pray and curse in Latin; but you only educate dumb writers of dissertations.

If you return to the ancient simplicity, and limit yourselves to a smaller number of young men, exclusively devoted to study, it will be all the better. But if you persist in splitting up the ancient solid trunk of knowledge, and in relaxing the severity of instruction by extending it to lukewarm scholars who have no call for the pursuit, you will reap the fruits of your perversity. I consider all those scholars as having no call for the pursuit, who are not intended for a life of study, and take a part in philological instruction only by compulsion, in order to sweat it out again in civic life, — I consider all those as having no call for the pursuit, who go to the university for no other reason than because they can learn nothing else at the inferior schools, except what prepares them for the university.

I say this for your own advantage. I could say much more in praise of that useful knowledge which you have so shamefully treated, for this is much more important than your pursuits; as much more important as the education of an entire nation is of more importance than the education of its learned class alone.

First and foremost, you deserve to be upbraided for the falsehood of the reproaches you cast upon the practical schools, as mischievous and useless, when you have yourselves hindered their prosperity. You steal from the industrious man his property, and then revile him as a bankrupt. You deprive the young plant of light and soil, and abuse it as a useless weed. It is true enough, that much has crept into practical instruction which is unfit to be there, and that one of you was quite right, who fancied he said with

so much Attic wit, that "they taught, in the practical schools, how to count the crocodile's teeth, and the hairs of the camel's tail;" but whence do such errors spring, except from the circumstance that those despised and discouraged schools, left to the arbitrary will of individual teachers, have, as yet, gained no healthy life, no substantial organization. If the practical schools were to increase, — if the state would bestow particular attention upon them, — both teachers and method would instantly improve.

The real point is, to educate the young for their future calling. Instruction in the ancient languages is proper for the future clergyman, statesman, jurist, physician, and scholar; but the future soldier, tradesman, artist, artisan, agriculturist, require instruction in the mother tongue, in the living languages, in mathematics, history, and the natural sciences. Nothing can be more certain and obvious. He who is not to be a professional man, must inevitably lose, in a course of instruction in the ancient and dead languages, the precious time of which he has such urgent need for the cultivation of the practical departments; — and who does not know how little all scholars, not destined for the university, care for those classical pursuits which they study by compulsion, — and how impossible it is to make them comprehend the necessity of such pursuits, — how soon they forget and deride that which they have mechanically and unwillingly learned, when they are again engaged in their proper occupation? How many there are, who have learned to translate Homer by compulsion, and after-

wards wish, instead of this acquisition which is so useless to them, that they were more familiar with mathematics, geography, and the modern languages, the want of which makes itself felt so soon. How ridiculous you make yourselves, by talking of the indirect advantages which your classical philology secures to the young, — of the sharpening of the understanding, by the logic of the Latin language, — of exalting the feelings, by familiarity with the greatness of the ancients, — of the ideal and refined tendency which the young receive, by being led away from the empty struggles of the present to the illusions of the past, — finally, of subduing the arrogance of the young, by the art of leaving them in perfect ignorance of the present, in order to shut them up closely within the prison-walls of a species of knowledge which is dead and gone! What are these indirect advantages, in comparison with the direct advantages of practical instruction which stare all the world directly in the face? What is the use of removing the young, by artificial means, from the present, into which they nevertheless return? The arrogance so much censured in the German youth, and utterly unknown in France and England, springs merely from the contrast of the present with that illusion of the ancient world, into which classical learning transports the young. If they could become habituated, from early years, to the wants of the present, — if they could be prepared for their calling in the present, then that want of familiarity with the outward world, that vain glory of idealizing dreamers, and that shameless

license in passing judgment upon existing relations, would disappear of themselves.

Who shall judge of the wants of national education? Shall only old, incarnate philologists, Græco-maniacs? No! If the question were merely about founding a strictly learned institution, a philological seminary, they might then have the first word. But if the matter under consideration is the education of the entire youth of the nation, and particularly of the majority of boys and young men, who are not going to devote themselves to learned studies, the decision, then, must rest, with others, with the masters of other crafts, and the reflecting and circumspect statesman must equalize the various requisitions and bring them into harmony. A soldier, a tradesman, an artist, would be no less qualified to direct the whole of education from his circumscribed point of view, if he were to stamp on it the impress of his particular profession, than the philologist. The nation does not want soldiers merely, accountants merely; as little does it want Latinists merely, and Hellenists merely.

The principle of burdening the young with every thing, — that principle which proposes to unite classical learning with practical science, by adopting the latter in the ancient gymnasia, is still more to be condemned. It does no good to patch up the classical schools, unless their true external position is restored to them by the establishment of a system of instruction in practical knowledge, in accordance with nature and the spirit of the times, at special

practical schools, and unless the young, who are destined to a studious career, are consequently separated from those who are not.

It has, by degrees, become the custom in the lower classes, at the gymnasia, by way of favoring those who are not to become students, and in order to finish, once for all, the instruction of the future students in practical science, to crowd together all possible instruction in science and language, and to press the boys to death, both physically and mentally, under the burden and multitude of books which they are compelled to lug to and from school every day. There every thing must be poured into them in the shortest space of time, that the young may hurry along as fast as they can in pursuit of their professional study. They are compelled to gulp down in a great hurry a foretaste of all the sciences, like a hot soup, merely in order to become students with the greatest possible speed, and to attain place and bread.

Unhappily it is but too true that the inferior schools are at present the *universitates literarum*, in which every thing is taught; but the universities themselves are the merest onesided preparatory institutions for this or that department of professional study. And whence comes this perversion? From the haste with which the sons of the public officers are whipped through the schools and universities, in order to become public officers and salaried men themselves. As, at the latter institutions, they learn nothing but their professional studies, and, like the stiff-necked beasts of Epicurus, go in a straight line to their trough, without looking to the right or left, it follows that every thing

[illegible] cultivated talents for all departments would be found; and every one who had passed through such a thorough course of education would feel the benefit of it all the rest of his life, both in character and circumstances, and far more true culture and true manliness of mind would be spread abroad. How many are there who bewail, in the tediousness of [illegible] life, or of a leisure employed without taste, that they have made no better use of their youth — or, if they do not bewail, deserve to be bewailed themselves. The few years which they would be compelled to add to the first period of education, would be to them a rich harvest, while so many uncounted years afterwards become nothing but a blighted crop.

The youthful students of seventeen years, who lounge about with tobacco-pipes, riding-whips, and dogs, are a satire upon the Board of Education of every country where they are met with — are a real scandal. The hot-bed education of young minds is worse; it is an offence against human nature. In spite of its evident uselessness, the study of philosophy is prosecuted at the gymnasia, without waiting for the univer-

sities. Lads fifteen years old are now engaged in the studies which require the matured intellect of thirty. Let one but look into the ages of students in former times. Even in my time, a student under twenty was a rarity; but very soon a student over twenty will be equally rare. And to what purpose this driving, this study-gallopade, and steeple-chase hunting, in which the heart is ruined, like a consumptive girl, and the intellect hurried to death, like a breathless stag? Is the young man provided for any the sooner? Does he get a settlement and a wife any the sooner? On the contrary, the downy chinned candidates may have to wait their eight or ten years. Now, might they not turn this long quarantine to good account in attending to their studies? But no; just because every candidate has to wait his turn in regular order, in such a prodigious competition, every one must get through his studies as soon as possible, and take his place in the ranks of expectants, that his number may the sooner be called for. Thus the evil grows in an increasing ratio, and the more the competition is increased, the more the time of study is diminished. What must be the end of all this? The stream which is rushing forward to university studies must of necessity be made to take a different direction; and the number of candidates must be reduced to some proportion to the number of places; and then a suitable time for preparation for these offices must be allowed every candidate — nay, must become a matter of duty.

For the young themselves, especially for those who are not designed to be students, who are made to

share the torments of the gymnasia only for society, we cannot but feel a profound compassion. To be sure it is said, this is all done for the best interest of the young; the young are to be made much cleverer than we, their parents; it is due to the young to let them learn as much as possible; the age has advanced; more is required, more is needed; and if the young are strained a little too hard a year or two, it brings a blessing for all the rest of their life. Yes! if they can but hold out; but hardly one boy in fifty has physical and mental strength enough to receive and retain every thing as it is given him. Most of them will make but a very sparing use of the benefits with which they are overloaded. Their stomach has not room enough for this excessive feeding. Some, however, are sure to be ruined by it. The consumptive, and near-sighted persons become continually more numerous. Formerly, it was something very unusual to see a student with spectacles; but now, little fellows at the gymnasia run about in them.

A still more pernicious evil is coupled with this multiplicity of knowledge — the too early and false enlightenment — the precocity of the young. People have made all haste to root out the so called superstition in the souls of children, and to substitute the so called sound reason in its place. This endeavor, laudable in itself, has yet led to absurd extravagances. In order to rescue the understanding, the heart is left to perish.

The innocent faith of children is disturbed, and the golden play of imagination torn away from them, in order to make them knowing before their time.

People moralize, catechize, and *socratize* them, upon moral, religious, and mental ideas, which break up the enchanted circle of their innocency, without securing them a higher good in its place. The love which they have from nature is stifled, by passing judgment upon parents and teachers. Childlike faith and superstition are replaced by childish precocity of mind, and the rich play of fancy gives way to a reflective decorum and primness of behavior. How can it be otherwise, if, in thousands upon thousands of child's books, the faults of the old as well as of the young are exposed, and the natural wit of children is necessarily encouraged to set itself up against the pedantry of teachers, — if the children are forever and ever preached at about the folly of superstition, and their heart and imagination are deadened, — and if they hear that decorum praised as the highest good, which points their natural but innocent vanity to a path in which it cannot fail of growing unnatural? There are ideas every where; ideas, learnedly and mechanically caught up, which are forced upon the child, which excite his thinking faculty to a precocious activity, that withers early all the blossoms of affection and imagination.

This has been recently acknowledged, and some pains have been taken to create a poetical counterpoise to the quite too prosaic modes of instruction, by an early acquaintance with the poets, nay, even by instructions how to make verses oneself. But, so far from accomplishing any good by this means, they only increase the vanity of the young people, and produce immature poets by the dozen, who after-

wards increase the mass of miserable poets or useless fabricators of books.

Educational literature has been prodigiously increased in the midst of such opposite endeavors, and above all, by the fact that every body wished to let all the world know, by writing, what he was about in school; nay, many wrote without expending a single thought upon the practical treatment of the subject. It is divided into a literature for teachers, and one for scholars. Projects and views have, by degrees, so multiplied, that special journals of education and school gazettes became necessary to record them, to review and criticise them, and, by this means, the controversy has been endlessly entangled in their mutual onesidedness. It must be confessed, that the relations of the school to the church, to the state, to the first wants of practical life, and to the higher wants of letters and culture, have been discussed over and over again, and the controversy between classical learning and practical knowledge has been carried on with as much animosity as profoundness and prolixity; but nothing has been gained, nothing has been made out of it. The isolated voice of truth, wherever it has sounded, has either not been heard at all, or has made itself understood only in a narrow circle. The prodigious efforts with which so many thousand pedagogues have clamored against each other, have, as yet, had no decided result. The state has either something else to do, or cannot tell what to resolve upon, as is shown by the Bavarian plan of education, which has often been revised. In one place, something has been attained; in another,

nothing is thought about it. Here the monarch of a school, whom nobody knows beyond the mountains, plays Sir Oracle. There an excellent book is published; but can one read every thing? We are a dispersed, disunited nation, with no great capital, no central point of mind; and, whenever any body preaches among us, he preaches in the desert.

The literature which is designed for children has necessarily been forced to follow the fashions and opinions of the teachers. We divide this literature into books of instruction and books of entertainment. The books of instruction are either school-books for learning, properly considered, or books of piety, moral admonition, and books of confirmation. Books of entertainment are collections of examples for that moral instruction — fables, tales, picture-books, and most recently, formal children's novels and children's dramas.

In respect to school-books, it is not easy to form a conclusion. If they are to be left to the arbitrary judgment and onesided views, the whims and the pedantry, the love of originality, and even the love of gain, of each individual teacher, as heretofore, we shall never attain the requisite simplification, the proper method and uniformity of instruction, which yet are so desirable. But if the state alone is to prepare elementary books, by which this uniformity would be secured, the question first occurs, Will not the state itself be onesided? Will not the influence of pedants predominate in the ministry, and the Board of Education? And so it is to be apprehended that political considerations may be mingled

up with public instruction, that the state may involuntarily imitate the Jesuits, — involuntarily introduce a system of political casuistry, — involuntarily mutilate the ancient authors, because one is compelled to go on consistently in such a career, and can never stop.

The liberty of making school-books has not, as yet, been materially checked, but it is desirable that it were. Almost every teacher wants to shine as an author, and distinguish himself by some peculiar view; to recommend himself by means of dedications, or merely to put money in his pocket. Why should the rest of us pay for their books? they say; we can make them for ourselves; and so there is scarcely a school to be found, which does not fabricate its own elementary books. But bad methods and subtleties get into the necessary school-books; and, together with those which are necessary, a multitude of useless books come into existence. Even the simplest and clearest subject grows confused — for example, grammar, by too many subdivisions and refinements; mathematics, by a bad arrangement of the materials. But that which is more difficult, in its own nature, to be comprehended in a general view — for example, geography and history, or natural history — is spun out, according to the whim of teachers, into a length of detail, which the memory of scholars is utterly unable to grasp. Look at the multitudes of elementary books in geography, in which all the square miles, all the numbers of inhabitants, all the manufactories and factories, houses of correction and mad-houses, all the countries and districts, all the cities and towns, of the terrestrial globe are put down, and which the

boys are required to learn, word for word, by heart, or at least to read at school. Look at the natural histories, in which the boys learn how many belts the armadillo has, how much longer the hind feet of the kangaroo are than the fore feet, what the drone lives upon, and how many young ones the ant-bear has, and so forth, while in the very first forest they can scarcely distinguish the beech from the linden, or in the very first field the wheat from the barley.

The case is perfectly desperate with chrestomathies, exercises in style, and so forth. In a female boarding-school, I heard a pretty young girl declaim, "The parson's daughter of Taubenheim." At present, such blunders no longer occur, it is true; but others do the more frequently. People are very squeamish; but by moralizing too much, by warning against sin, gentle innocence has its attention straightway directed to sin. And what tasteless, tedious, useless stuff, then, the chrestomathies contain, which serves merely to exhaust the patience of the young!

One of the most singular peculiarities of this literature is the blending together of antique heroism and modern debasement. In one and the same book you find, among the specimens of style, an eulogium upon Brutus and Timoleon, and a most submissive petition for intercession with some high dispenser of favor, in a matter of appointment. We are inspired by the Persian wars of Herodotus, by Livy and Tacitus; but we tremble before a consistorial counsellor. We talk of bravery against the mightiest tyrants of earth, and fawn upon a subaltern clerk.

Probably the supervision of the state over the school-books will, by degrees, become more rigid. This will be a natural result of the tendency of the times. Already freedom of instruction has been clipped down at the universities; and the less apparent, but perhaps still more important freedom of instruction at the lower schools will not escape the great shears. Church and school are incessantly sliding more and more into slavery to the state, as if they were moving down an inclined plane. The half aristocratic teachers are already court counsellors, all of them; the lower teachers will be, in a short time, mere exercise machines, who must train up the young according to the letter of the elementary book put into their hands by the higher powers, for the future service of the state, for future submissiveness. This is no playful exaggeration on my part. I think it perfectly true. If political freedom should make any important progress, then only would matters mend. If not, the school must as certainly become, in future, the training establishment for the state, as it was formerly for the church; and I should not be surprised if some scholars and teachers were to put on a civil uniform, just as formerly they wore an ecclesiastical habit. Has it not already come to this in Russia?

A medium between school-books proper and entertaining books is found in the numerous class of religious and moral quackeries, which persuade the youth to good, sometimes in the poetical, and even in the novel form, which reason goodness into them, or stir it up in them with the ladle of emotion.

The worst of these writings is, the precocious habit

of reasoning formed by the young. The "wherefore?" ought to occur of itself to the young, and then the answer cannot fail; but if it is teased out of them earlier, the renowned mental midwifery brings into the world only premature births. Something positive should be dogmatically inculcated upon the young. They want nothing else; they will never think of questioning it. When their understanding is unfolded, they will begin to doubt and inquire; and then they have an object on which they can exercise their critical powers. To attempt the promotion of truth as the result of criticism, and to begin with doubt is no better than poison for the young. The utter extirpation of every thing mystical, wondrous, foreboding, moving, as soon as they feel it, belongs to the same kind. The enchantment of nature is resolved for them into bare scientific prose. Childlike love, that beautiful wild flower, is carefully rooted out to give place to the hot-house plants, of a stiff, narrow-hearted, enjoined, inculcated morality. Children have the credit of virtue only in what they do from submission to a rule; and however good, noble, or amiable, they may be by nature, nothing is thought of it until a stale reflection has been superinduced — until the impulse of their nature has been bent to a spiritless obedience to the commands of duty. And what duties? Is not every thing imposed upon the unprejudiced feelings? We set before their eyes, not only vice, but virtue, before they are in a condition to practise them, or even to know them; and they are overburdened with rules, of which they forget one while remembering another.

As we set ourselves violently against the natural morality of children, so we do against their natural religion. They are even compelled to reflect upon the subjects of religion as early as possible, and thoughts are tortured out of them before their feelings have come to maturity. For a long time great pains were taken to make the element of wonder in religion suspicious in their eyes, in order to guard them against superstition. At present, a middle course has been struck out, which can lead to no good. We dare neither to believe entirely nor to doubt entirely, and we force the young into a state which is neither [illegible] the other, from which three evils may spring, and nothing more, all three of which are attended with the utmost peril to religion — indifference, which springs from the tediousness and uncertainty of religious instruction; scoffing at religion, or a return to the grossest superstition; according as men choose to save themselves, in one way or the other, from the condition above described.

If we proceed further to the books of instruction for German youth, we observe in them a singular contradiction to earlier instruction. Boys are forced to [illegible] prematurely a habit of thinking, and young men, who are really ripe for thought, are kept away from it by being desperately overloaded with merely empirical knowledge addressed to the memory.

The evangelical pedagogues, hand in hand with the church, have [illegible] to this rationalist reasoning a babble of [illegible] thing we [illegible] gained by that. The [illegible] is all in [illegible] yawn,

think about something else, and become more petulant than before. They are so far from being gained over to the side of what is noble, that their young hearts are hardened, and noble feelings are made merely tedious and ridiculous in their estimation. It was a long time before I was able to conquer the loathsome recollection of the pious books I was compelled to read in my youth, and the involuntary aversion they caused to every thing connected with religion and morality, and to interest myself again, with the thinking power of my manhood, in eternal and sacred things. This will prove to have been the case with thousands: religious cant neither moves nor warms us; it only hardens and chills the heart. That which is short, decided, severe, suits the young best; and diffuse moralizings, applications, or over-sentimental discourses, and pathetic attempts at emotion, leave them cold. But yet the pedagogues, although they have always something to do with children, will not learn that childlike emotion is precisely the most manly; that is, it is always quiet and bashful — a proof that all genuine emotion is of this kind, and that the sentimentality which goes further is nothing but an effeminate trick or affectation. Would that the pedagogues might exchange their own weakness and perversion for the vigorous nature of youth. In no case whatever, is a diffuse, and feeling, and moving discourse, suited to children; never; and, when it is put into the mouths of children themselves, it is a sheer untruth, and is so considered by every child. Where in the world will a child hit upon such fine forms of expression of himself, as he is made to

learn by heart on festival occasions, birth-days, and the like, and to gabble by rote like a parrot? Where will a child, if he is really moved, find words — and, besides that, well-arranged and nicely-chosen words — for his emotion? And yet the whole educated world at present unite in requiring that the teacher should speak to the heart in this diffuse and agreeable style. The old catechetical instruction appears to this enlightened and sensitive age too rude. But the only thing that can justly be censured in the old and literal mode of proceeding, is the learning by heart those irrational books of apothegms, so called, the songs of Gellert, and so forth, the flatness and insipidity of which must naturally weary children to death, and make religious instruction first odious and then ridiculous to them. Moreover, many of those apothegms and songs are so scandalous and disgusting, that we cannot help wondering what is the use of our consistories and synods, if they do not abate such a nuisance. For example, I once heard a clever little girl repeat from memory, with the most amiable look of innocence, the following strophes, from one of those miserable books of apothegms, — a part, if I mistake not, of a song of Gellert, — as a school task: —

> "Corruption doth his features mar,
> And tells the horrid tale afar
> Of vice that eats his body up."

Things of this kind can never be sufficiently censured. But reasoning on religious matters, or trying to play the sentimental with children, is just as much to be repudiated. Or can we consider these diffuse

expositions, the pious reflections, lectures, and fatherly letters, in which our sensual hypocrites teach young girls concerning their own innocence, and want to accomplish them in the art of modesty, as if it were not a thing of nature, — can we consider these ungodly books a whit less filthy than that old, well-intended song of the pious Gellert? Books like the celebrated "Consecration of the Virgin" by Theresa Huber ought to be burnt. The more moral and amiable every thing sounds in them, the more certainly ought they to be burnt. The instruction of girls in subjects belonging to their sex ought always to be by word of mouth; nay, in most cases, it should be silent; that is, it should be mere example, demeanor, and nothing more. Mothers never require written instructions to that end; their own experience makes them competent to instruct. All the literature of those moral discourses for daughters, sacred offerings for young women, and so forth, is superfluous, if not mischievous; or is it not the height of unnaturalness for Theresa Huber, in the above "Consecration of the Virgin," to deliver long discourses upon modesty, femininess, and other like matters? What maiden is there who is not modest by nature? How could she become so from a book? How could she learn any thing but bare dissimulation from a book? And if she is modest, to what purpose, then, is the book? What other effect, then, can this book have upon her, than to make her reflect upon modesty, which, it is well known, never does that virtue any good? Girls should be approached, not with reasoning, but with the unchangeable letter of the

law, and their natural and childlike faith should not be destroyed before its time, by a premature sophistication and enthusiasm. The time for enthusiasm and sophistication comes later of its own accord; but then the mind is grown stronger, and is more penetrated with the reality of things, and less inclined to extravagance or levity. If we take the wishes of husbands as a criterion, every husband will certainly be well satisfied with a wife who walks simply and naturally in the faith of her fathers, but most certainly will not be contented with a female enthusiast, who has been perverted by an everlasting twaddle about the feelings and a regular training up to sensibility, and still less with a female scoffer, whom the rationalists have pressed dry with their wooden hands, like a flower in a herbarium.

It may well be a noble wish to conquer entirely the ancient night of barbarism, and spread every where literary refinement and the treasures of intellectual culture; well may it always be, at least for a time, a favorite thought of young men, to see the ideal of all intellectual perfection personified in the beloved object, and the richest and most cultivated mind in the most beautiful body; but it is a result of the earliest experience of man, that we live upon earth, and not in heaven; that on earth the necessary must take precedence of the useful, the useful of the agreeable, that the span of our life, otherwise brief, is yet filled up with toil and trouble of every kind, and has but small space left for those delicate blossoms of culture. And even supposing that men had the requisite opportunity, yet their own stiff-necked nature

would rise up against it. Whoever knows man — particularly whoever knows the fair sex — must admit that his nature has far too much original power, self-will, and isolation, to adapt himself readily to every tame plan of education. Into the intellectual laboratory, where the inclinations, and resolves, and hidden knowledge of woman are produced, the eye of man seldom penetrates — his instruction, never.

Instead of talking our pittance of knowledge into women who know so much from nature a great deal better than we do, and do not want what we know better than they, we men ought first to spread among ourselves a more genuine culture.

By far the greatest number of what we have called quackeries are designed for young females. They reappear under a hundred new titles every year. In particular, the teachers and patrons of private institutions make themselves busy with them; for the swathing-clothes plan of education, and the boarding-schools, have always gone hand in hand, because nobody but the masters and matrons of boarding-establishments, who wanted by such means to drum up boarders, could have hit upon the idea of flattering parents by the most delicate treatment; nay, by a real deification of their offspring. In the state, as in the domestic circle, the child is treated without any further compliments, and nothing more is seen in him than an unripe man, out of whom a ripe one must be made. But in boarding-schools parents are flattered with the idea that there is something extraordinary in their children, and accordingly a delicacy is affected in the treatment of them, which

is mischievous in most cases, and hypocritical in all. Hence, though Mr. Wilmsen says, "Let all slavish obedience be banished, that the child may be made conscious of the dignity of his human nature," and though he talks about a sagacity in education, according to which every single child is to be treated this way or that, agreeably to his individual disposition, and with the most delicate attention, we hold all such fine words to be mere humbug and hocus-pocus; for, on the contrary, nothing in the world is better adapted to the young than a real military discipline and uniformity, and nothing is more mischievous than for every child to hold, as it were, his own court, and to have every body on the watch for the manifestations of his high and mighty temperament, and governing themselves accordingly; and, upon every trick he is guilty of, to be merely reminded of his dignity, by courteous forms of expression, instead of being whipped. The entire proposition is absurd for this reason, if for no other, that it is impracticable. The children will be treated afterwards as they were before — like little barbarians, who are very dear, to be sure, but still are barbarians; and if Mr. Wilmsen feels such an irresistible necessity to talk about freedom and the dignity of man, we must beg him to address himself on that subject to men, and not to children.

Still we are ready to shake hands with Mr. Wilmsen as a real old fashioned German gentleman; for to adjudge freedom to women, and dignity to boys, but to go without freedom and dignity himself, would have been these many years the distinguishing mark of a German, were the nation to be judged according to the good-

natured majority of its authors, and by the phenomena of a period again passing away. But at all events it is a very characteristic fact, that exactly in the age of perukes and pig-tails, when German men were sunk almost to the lowest step of masculine weakness, and effeminacy — nay, to a kind of fanaticism in servility — they were stirred up more zealously than ever to emancipate the fair sex, and to adore the dignity of man in their own children. The German still nowhere belies his good nature; and while he despises himself, he takes pleasure in thinking that others at least are better.

The entertaining literature for children, properly so called, is still more abundant than the religious. Germany is flooded with it. Here the pedagogues do not labor alone; the matter has been used for book speculations by the publishers. Entire magazines of children's books, as of other children's toys, are established, and a real rivalry in trade is carried on. The book-makers are able to do this, because there is no union among the teachers, and because the love of fashion goes so far, that people will give only new things to children. About Christmas time the booksellers' shops are overrun with parents and friends of children, who buy up all the brilliant little trifles that the last fair has supplied. The old folks snatch most eagerly at the tinsel, just like the children themselves. But the pedagogues, too, coöperate with the booksellers, and are always writing new things, not to improve what is old, but to get money and a name by them. Against this deluge of children's books the genuine children's friend struggles in vain.

It is worthy of observation that these books are

calculated more for the parents than for the children themselves, because parents are to select and pay for them and but a few have tact enough to find out what is adapted to the feelings of the child. Hence cockneyism and precocious morality have found their way into books even for the tenderest years. The parents want something solid and rational, and the poor children must want it too; enough, if they see pretty little pictures with it. The tales of wonder — that genuine poetry for childhood — have been long despised and condemned. What is the use of these childish things? was the exclamation; and yet it was children they were thinking of. People were afraid that such tales would implant superstition in the child's soul, or at least that they would exercise the imagination too much, and draw the mind away from learning. Hence they invented instructive narratives, and examples from the real world of childhood, about the pious Gottlieb, about the inquisitive little Frank, about the dainty little Lotty; and, with this common-place prose, stifled all the natural poetry in children. But while they were deprived of every thing beautiful, to which their young hearts are so much alive, or on which they form themselves to a true manliness, both heart and fancy were perverted, in order to cultivate by their aid the yet undeveloped understanding. No picture, no story was allowed to affect their young souls, without somebody's telling them at the same moment what it meant — what the moral of it was; and this dry explanation took away the effect, together with the poetical charm. The child must no longer learn unconsciously; he must take in every thing with

a consciousness of what he is doing; must see into the purpose of every thing.

Romanticism, however, was again in blossom; and Tieck, Arnim, Fouqué, restored again the old tales of wonder for children. Hence it came to be understood, that the moral should, to be sure, continue to be the main point, but that children must have always a pleasant entertainment too; and now books poured in like a deluge. Then the child's novel appeared, which has followed, in almost all directions, the novel literature of grown-up persons; and, as our novels are known to be divided into the domestic and historical, the same division extends to narrative books for children.

The domestic novels for children form the beginning; they are older than the historical; they belong to the times of domestic happiness, after the manner of La Fontaine, of Voss's Louise, and of Starke's domestic life, and are still continued, although the tables are now turned, and whereas, formerly, only happy marriages and the bliss of domestic life were described, recently our scribbling ladies, Pichler, Schopenhauer, Huber, Chezy, Hanke, Tarnow, and so forth, have generally delineated only unhappy marriages, adultery, and the life of old maids. The domestic novels for children correspond still to the former species, and run over with father's love, mother's love, brother's love, sister's love, grandfather's love, grandmother's love, uncle's love, aunt's love, teacher's love, and so forth, and with all possible sentimentalities and softnesses, domestic comedies and hypocrisies. The coxcombry of virtue, and the twaddle about feeling in these books, cannot fail to exert a bad influence on children, and must either appear

to them ridiculous, or train them up to dissimulation. True domestic virtue never has so much to say for itself; genuine feeling is silent; and, if my children should ever come to me with such pretty expressions as we find recorded of clever and pious children, in thousands of these child's books, I should scold them as affected fools, or whip them as accomplished hypocrites. But if I were a censor, in the Roman meaning of the word, I would have the authors of such miserable books subjected not to the critical rod alone. Were I Napoleon, I would always carry with me some of these books, along with Goethe's *Werther* (as Napoleon really did,) in order to be constantly reminded, that a nation which has such books, readily submits to any kind of treatment.

END OF VOL. I.

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